THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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An Illustrated Wee
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Ben

JAN. 7, 1922

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HARRY LEON WILSON—ISAAC F. MARCOSSON—HUGH MAC NAIR KAHLER
HUGH WILEY—MAXIMILIAN FOSTER—HOLWORTHY HALL—GARET GARRETT

Make New Year meals more tempting-more healthful-with Del Monte

Plan your cold-weather menus with due regard to their appetizing appeal—but be just as careful to see that they have the proper balance to insure their healthfulness, too.

The wide variety of delicious fruits packed under the DEL MONTE Brand and their many simple, economical uses offer you endless opportunity to delight tired appetites and to add that fresh, wholesome element so needed in the winter diet.

In proof of this, try the recipes suggested below. Note how easy they are to prepare—how thrifty—how truly delightful and satisfying. And then, for more than 500 other equally tempting, convenient and economical ways to put new variety into every-day meals, write for a copy of our 64-page book, "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." It will be sent free if you address Department E, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

Just 4 ways to serve Peaches

Just four of the many simple, economical ways in which you can use a single Del Monte product—Canned Peaches—to put summer freshness into winter meals.

Just four dishes—but they illustrate your endless opportunity to delight tired appetites—to put a new zest into every-day meals—with the many delicious varieties of canned fruits, vegetables and food specialties that Del Monte makes available all the year round.

PEACH PIE—Put sirup from 1 large can DEL MONTE Peaches in sauce pan, add ¼ cup sugar and cook peaches a few at a time until glazed. To sirup add 1½ tablespoons corn starch mixed with 2 tablespoons cold water and cook until thickened. Reserve 6 halves of peaches, cut remainder in thin slices and add thickened sirup. Fill baked pastry crust with the peaches, garnish with reserved peach halves and with meringue.

PEACH SALAD—Drain one large can DEL MONTE Peaches. Fill wet flat mold with orange jelly mixed with ½ cup broken walnut meats and ½ can DEL MONTE Cherries. Set in refrigerator overnight. Turn out jelly and cover with peaches, using a little melted jelly to stick them. Serve with mayonnaise and remainder of cherries, on lettuce.

PEACH COCONUT PUDDING—Mix ½ cup of corn starch with ½ cup cold water and add 2 cups of hot milk, cook in double boiler 15 minutes, and add ½ cup of coconut. Line a wet mold with DEL MONTE Canned Sliced Peaches, pour in pudding and when cold turn out on a serving dish.

PEACH ISLAND—Place 6 halves DEL MONTE Canned Peaches in a serving dish. Beat 2 egg yolks with 2 tablespoons of sugar and ½ teaspoon salt, add 1 cup of hot milk, cook in double boiler until thick, cool, add ¼ teaspoon of vanilla, fold in 2 beaten egg whites, pour over the peaches and sprinkle with coconut.

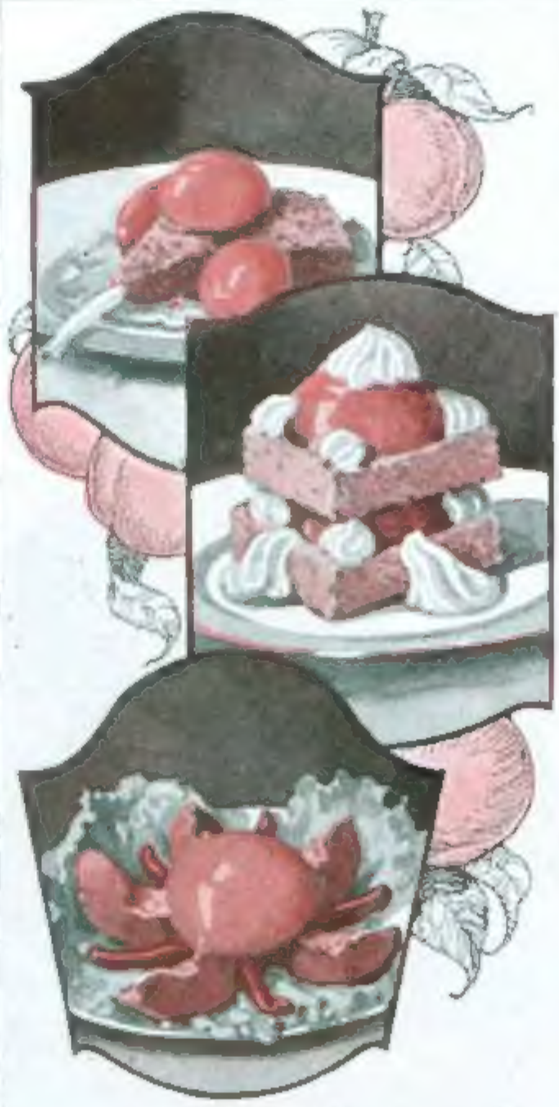
Pears make delicious salads

Here are a few suggestions that will help you brighten every-day meals with the light, fresh touch so needful at this season of the year.

You'll like Del Monte Pears just as they come from the can, served on lettuce with French dressing. Fill them with cottage cheese, moisten with onion juice and sprinkle with paprika, for another treat—or simply garnish with pimientos on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise.

For more elaborate service try Del Monte Pears filled with chopped walnuts and dates, sprinkled with grated cheese. They're really delightful.

Remember, too, that Del Monte Pears make many desserts that are just as simple and delicious as these salads. For instance, serve halves of pears on hot gingerbread with hot sirup from the pears. Put them in orange gelatine for a pleasing variation. Fill the centers of halves of pears with grated pineapple and sprinkle with coconut, for a pleasant dessert surprise. Baked pears, too, are easily made, and very tasty. Sprinkle them lightly with brown sugar and a little cinnamon. Then bake only until the sugar melts and the pears are heated. And don't forget pear pie and pear shortcake—two other rare treats that everybody likes.



-and Del Monte Apricots see what you can do with a single can

One of the best ways to prove the real economy of Del Monte Fruits in adding tasty, healthful variety to every-day meals, is to try the following group of recipes—all made from a single No. 2½ can of Del Monte Apricots—each in adequate portions for six people.

Apricot Cereal Chops (For Breakfast)

Make a stiff mush from 1½ cups of boiling salted water and ½ cup of oatmeal. Pour into a wet loaf pan and cool. Cut in thick slices and shape to resemble chops, roll in crumbs and brown in a frying pan. Insert short lengths of uncooked macaroni in one end, arrange on a hot platter, surround with ½ cup (½ can) DEL MONTE Apricots and serve all with the hot sirup from the apricots.

Apricot Salad (For Luncheon)

Slice ¾ cup (½ can) DEL MONTE Apricots and 3 DEL MONTE Red Pimientos, arrange on lettuce and serve with either mayonnaise or French dressing.

Apricot Charlotte Russe (For Dinner)

Cut a sponge cake into squares and split each square. On each layer place slices of DEL MONTE Apricots, about ½ cup (the remaining ½ can). Dot the top of each piece with whipped cream and serve.

This same economical use is possible with all Del Monte Fruits.

for FRESH *Pineapple at its best you must buy it* CANNED

For pineapple is at its best only when ripened in the fields where it grows. And ripe pineapple is too fragile to stand shipment when fresh.

So in order to bring it to you at its very best—as they know it in the tropics—with natural ripe flavor and mellow goodness—we pack Del Monte Pineapple right where it is grown—in the most fertile spots of sunny Hawaii.

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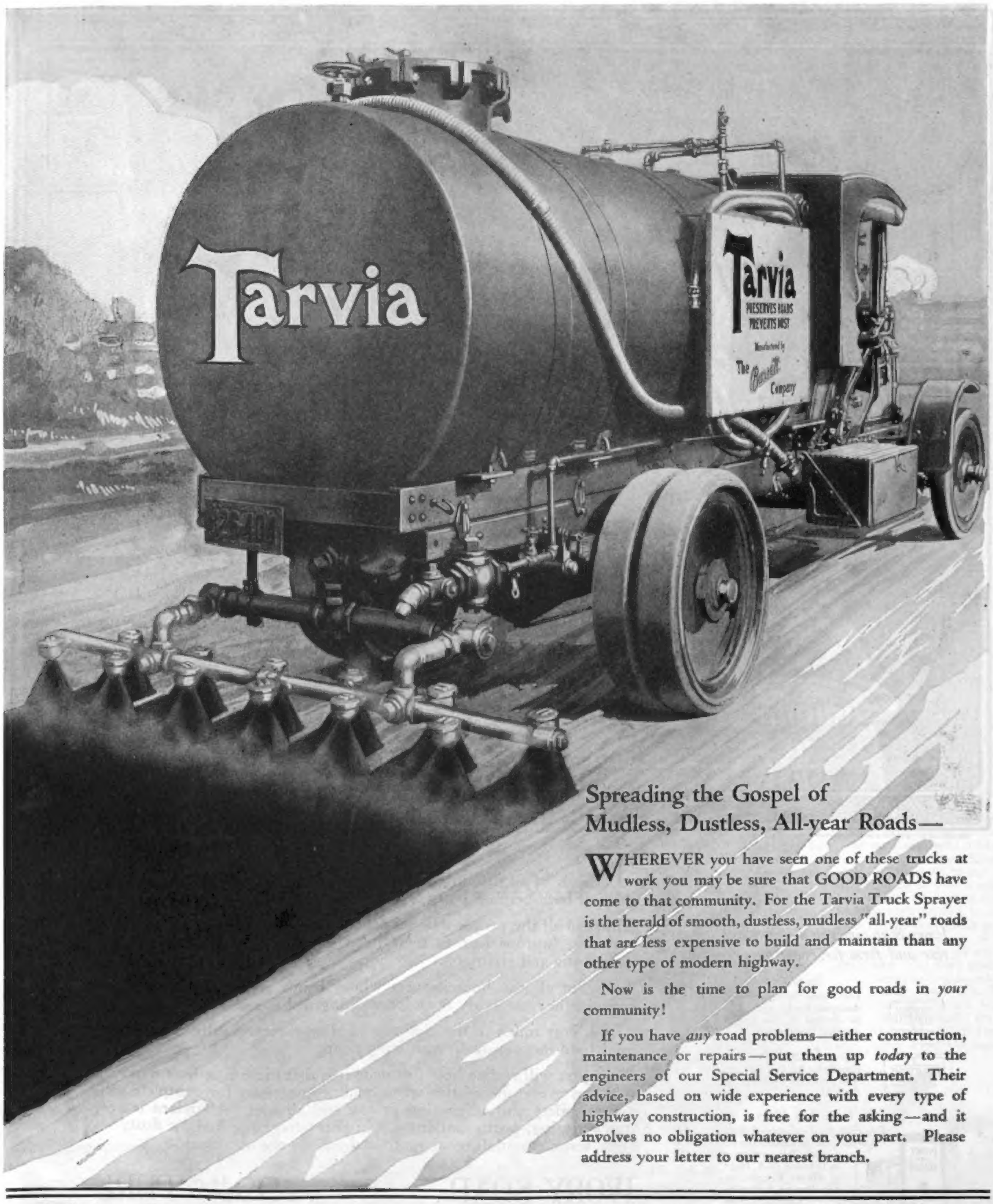
And there are endless ways to serve it—as a relish—in salads—or in desserts. Try sliced pineapple and tomato with mayonnaise; jellied pineapple and celery; or sliced pineapple, the centers filled with cottage cheese, sprinkled with chopped walnuts and served with French dressing. In desserts serve it with marshmallows—or with rice—also as a tasty addition to tapioca or cornstarch puddings. However you prepare it, it lends a new touch of healthfulness and a sure appetite appeal.

There's a Del Monte variety for every menu need-an appeal that always tempts



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George Horace Lorimer
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A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
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YOUTH WILL BE SERVED

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

ACT I

TIME—*Roughly, Upper Silurian-Lower Devonian.*

SCENE—*A popular watering place. It consists entirely of water, although advertising unsurpassed pelagic and littoral conveniences.*

CHARACTERS—*A group of elderly marine vertebrates of the Cambrian period; sluggish, deep-bodied fishes who nuzzle the bottom ooze. They may be identified by the solid skull roof and a bony armature of the general head region.*

Well above these, engaged in merry aquatic sports, the free-swimming younger set. These differ from the conservative bottom dwellers, being of a slender body structure and of a more aspiring habit.

At rise of curtain a middle-aged couple, MR. *and* MRS. BOWFIN, *feed a slow way down stage along the bottom. They are a comfortably appearing pair save that the wife wears an expression of settled worry that has aged her. From time to time she glances above to where the young people divert themselves.*

MRS. BOWFIN: Dear, dear! Where can those children be now?

MR. BOWFIN *(a stout, sedate fish with eyes a little dulled, gulping a titbit from the ooze before replying):* Oh, around somewhere. Playing up near the top, I suppose.

MRS. BOWFIN: I'm always afraid when they go up there. They're so reckless, the way they flop. Suppose one of them flopped right out of the water and drowned. Or suppose one slipped and fell down here to the bottom, perhaps with a broken fin. I declare, I worry and worry!

MR. BOWFIN: I've done all I could. I've talked to that boy by the hour. No thanks for it either. I don't think he even listens. I'll tell you one thing about your brats, old lady—you've brought 'em up to have no reverence for age, no respect for their elders. I don't know what they're coming to. Restless, always wanting something new, impatient of restraint. If you want to see an impudent flirt of the tail try to discipline that boy.

MRS. BOWFIN: I'm so distressed about daughter. Out till all hours, swimming about with the Lord knows who, flaring up if I so much as say a word. I've lost all control of the creature. *(She looks anxiously toward the surface but her eyes are blinded by the radiance from that strange upper world.)* I wish I could see who she's with now. Yesterday it was that young Dipterus. Do you know what I hear? *(She glances about to make sure she is not overheard.)* I hear his family claims to have lungs—lungs, mind you, in a fish! Really, this place is getting more promiscuous every year.

MR. BOWFIN *(jocosely):* Lungs, hey? Say, that's rich. That's a good one. What in time does a fish want of lungs? You better keep Gannie away from that set. She might get ideas. Haven't you already told her what a young fish ought to know?

MRS. BOWFIN: I'm doing all I can. Don't I talk and talk? Heaven knows when I was her age and my mother talked I listened. I never waved my fins and called her a poor fish. It seems that's the latest rowdy slang. It's what your daughter called me no later than last night when she swam in from one of those everlasting near-the-surface parties—a poor fish!

MR. BOWFIN: That's nothing. The boy called me to my face an old skate. But what you going to do when they have no respect for age? I swear I don't know what this generation is coming to with all the freedom we allow it. It's good to be modern, to keep up with the times, but perhaps we've been too modern. Anyway, try to keep 'em away from that raffish lung set. We've lived fifty-odd years without lungs and I guess what was good enough for us and our grandfathers is good enough for them.

MRS. BOWFIN *(with a sluggish movement lifting her worried face and calling loudly):* Gannie! Gannie Bowfin!

[There is renewed commotion above, causing a shower of pearls to ascend, but no heed is paid to the call. Meantime a corpulent grandsire, his forehead swollen with wisdom, has nosed a heavy way through the slime until he is near the couple.

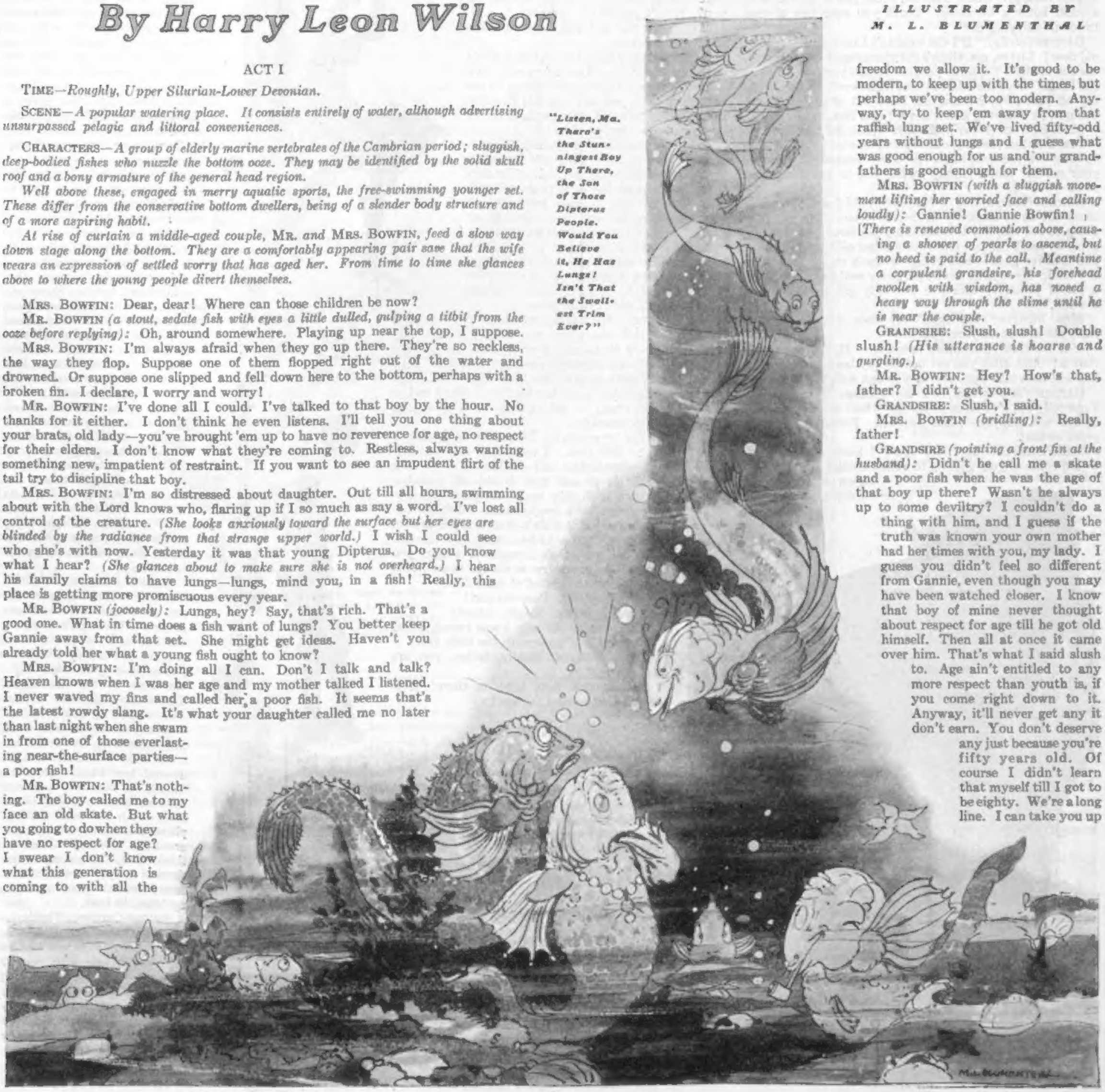
GRANDSIRE: Slush, slush! Double slush! *(His utterance is hoarse and gurgling.)*

MR. BOWFIN: Hey? How's that, father? I didn't get you.

GRANDSIRE: Slush, I said.

MRS. BOWFIN *(bridling):* Really, father!

GRANDSIRE *(pointing a front fin at the husband):* Didn't he call me a skate and a poor fish when he was the age of that boy up there? Wasn't he always up to some deviltry? I couldn't do a thing with him, and I guess if the truth was known your own mother had her times with you, my lady. I guess you didn't feel so different from Gannie, even though you may have been watched closer. I know that boy of mine never thought about respect for age till he got old himself. Then all at once it came over him. That's what I said slush to. Age ain't entitled to any more respect than youth is, if you come right down to it. Anyway, it'll never get any it don't earn. You don't deserve any just because you're fifty years old. Of course I didn't learn that myself till I got to be eighty. We're a long line. I can take you up



"Listen, Ma. There's the Stunningest Boy Up There, the Son of Those Dipterus People. Would You Believe It, He Has Lungs! Isn't That the Swellest Trim Ever?"

the coast a piece and show you the fossilized cadaver of your Great-great-grandpa Brachiopod; he talked in his time just the same as you're talking, even before backbones were invented. He's one of the oldest things along here and he may get into a museum some day, but even at the age of ninety-eight million years he won't inspire the least respect. They'll give him house room, but they won't reverence him. If age couldn't live for youth in his time I guess it can't be done to-day. *(He turns and slithers off, wagging his tail dogmatically.)*

MR. BOWFIN: Poor old dad! I've noticed he was failing.

MRS. BOWFIN: Second childhood; that's what ails him. *(Again she raises her heavy head and calls to the sportive group above.)* Gannie! Gan-NIE!

[A form defines itself, emerging from the upward rain of pearls, and descends to within a few feet above the anxious mother. This is GANNIE. *She is a fine specimen of the fringe-finned ganoid, from which the first land quadrupeds will presently derive. To be sure, she does not know this. She bothers not at all about any purpose she may be serving unbeknownst.*

GANNIE *(slightly impatient):* Well, mother?

MRS. BOWFIN *(almost timid in the presence of this challenging beauty):* Child, I should think you'd want to stay around home a bit more. Don't you ever tire of that frivolous carrying-on?

GANNIE *(airily):* If I did wouldn't I try something else, old dear? Listen, ma, there's the stunningest boy up there, the son of those Dipterus people. Would you believe it, he has lungs! Isn't that the swellest trim ever? He was showing off just now, holding his head out of water till we thought he'd drown, and it never fazed him.

MRS. BOWFIN *(to her husband):* What did I tell you?

MR. BOWFIN *(weakly, dismayed by this tale of daring and by some new radiance in the eyes of his daughter):* Gannie, your mother and I simply forbid you to have anything more ——

GANNIE *(interrupting):* Now, now, old dears, you really must not be so absurdly Mid-Ordovician. I'm not only going to see more of this stunning Dipterus boy but he's going to teach me *(she ecstatically waves all her fins at once)* you'll never guess—he's going to teach me to go out on dry land. He says he knows perfectly well I can do it with a bit of practice; and I'm the only girl up there he's noticed.

MRS. BOWFIN: My child—my poor child! *(Despairingly she wrings her front fins.)*

MR. BOWFIN *(with heavy sarcasm):* Ho! That's rich, that is! And after you get out on dry land I s'pose your fins will turn into legs, hey, so you can walk?

GANNIE *(very serious):* I don't know. Perhaps. All I can tell you, I've come to the age where one knows great things will happen—must happen. Perhaps things as great as that.

MRS. BOWFIN: My poor dear; I knew nothing good would come of your getting in with that fast set.

GANNIE: Oh, ma, don't, don't! I'll tell you one thing, if ever I have a daughter I'll know how ——

MR. BOWFIN *(again with heavy sarcasm):* Yes, and after you get legs I s'pose you think some of 'em will turn into wings so you can fly, hey? That's a good one.

GANNIE *(still serious):* Nothing would surprise me, dad. Can't you two remember when you were young? Didn't you feel this way, as if all sorts of wonderful things were just around the corner, waiting for you? Didn't you feel it, mother?

MRS. BOWFIN: If I did I stayed home and learned better.

GANNIE: I may learn better, but it won't be by staying home. Don't you see? It's in me. I have to obey; something in me that came from you two, yet it's stronger than both of you and stronger than me. I love you both—but good-by!

[There is a flourish of fins, the fillip of a vanishing tail. Far above an ascending rain of pearls marks the flight of the daring ganoid who has gone to gamble with destiny. Perhaps in after æons she will briefly revisit the old home. Considering what we have learned of her temperament it will almost certainly be in a bathing suit that has been loudly criticized above. Husband and wife now regard each other blankly, but by degrees come to believe that GANNIE *didn't really mean it.*

MR. BOWFIN: Don't worry, mother. She'll be back for supper. But where can she have got that silly talk—something that came from us two and yet it's stronger than both of us and stronger than her! Isn't that the limit for a flapper like her? By Jove, I'd go up there and see her make her bluff if I didn't feel so logy. I really ought to get out more. I'm a good thirty pounds overweight.

MRS. BOWFIN *(dreamily):* Of course, in a way, I know what the chit feels. I remember one summer when I went with father and mother to —— *(She seems to recall the present and breaks off quickly.)* Don't talk overweight. My scales are positively distressing after a hearty meal. I'd follow her up myself if it didn't flutter my heart so.

GRANDSIRE *(who has drawn near again):* By the way, that increase of weight you remark in yourselves is always to be noted just before the period of extinction.

MR. BOWFIN: Poor old dad!

MRS. BOWFIN: Really, father!

GRANDSIRE: If only I was twenty years younger I'd 'a' gone with the little girl.

MRS. BOWFIN: Really, father, you are too absurd!

GRANDSIRE: Say, hold on there! How about that respect for age?

CURTAIN

ACT II

TIME—*Upper Paleolithic.*

PLACE—*A shelving level before a cave halfway up a mountain side. At its edge a precipitous and useful cliff descends some hundreds of feet to the valley floor, through which a river bends in silvered perspective.*

CHARACTERS—*Two sedate elderly men; prominent citizens. The son and daughter of these. Wife of first citizen. A grandsire.*

The two prominent citizens are discovered beside the cave entrance. They squat in the sunlight and importantly discuss affairs. The wife of the first citizen a little distance off is cracking marrow bones as a dessert for the evening meal. The grandsire busily fashions a flint lance point.

FIRST CITIZEN: I swear I dunno what we're comin' to. Take that gal of ours, Neandy. Of all the stubborn, hot-headed, willful —— Say, know what she's doin' now? Well, you may think I'm a liar, but she took the hide of that last saber-tooth tiger I beaned, and what you reckon she done with it? Made something she calls a skirt. Yes, sir. Wears it right smack around her. Her ma and me was that shocked! First we tried to pass it off as a joke, but she wouldn't have it that way. No, sir. Says it's a sports skirt and she's goin' to wear it to parties. Gosh, I was ashamed to look at her in it. And you ought to heard her sass when her ma yells to her to take it off. No respect for age a-tall. Of course it's her ma's fault—allus been too easy with the minx.

SECOND CITIZEN: Mebbe you think I ain't got my troubles. Know that boy o' mine? What does he turn out to be but a sissy! A regler sissy. Serves us right for keepin' him, to be sure, but that was his ma's fault. She raised a fine row when I was goin' to chuck him over the cliff on account of him bein' deformed. How he ever come to be born to us is past my guessin'. His ma and me both has got about the slantin'est foreheads in the hull county, if I do say it myself, and look a' him. Forehead goes up darned near straight on him, like a cliff or somethin', and he ain't got hardly any ridges at all over his poor eyes. I s'pose that accounts for his bein' a sissy, like I'm a-tellin' you. Know what he done? Wantin' to git married up with someone, he goes to his gal and asks her—asks her will she! Say, when the poor mollycoddle told me, I was that dumfounded I bet you could 'a' took that medium-sized hatchet there and keeled me over with one good whack on the skull. "You darned sissy!" I says. And me at that very moment polishin' up the good old stone ax that I perposed to his mother with twenty year before. Forehead or no forehead, I'd like to know where they git these notions. I'd 'a' finished him off right there, but somehow I kinda didn't like the cuss's looks. He's right spry and soople, in spite of his forehead. But what're we a-comin' to anyway?

FIRST CITIZEN: Gosh a'mighty! Don't ask me. We got no control over 'em any longer. This gal's wearing clothes ain't the worst. I ketched her dancin' with some young cub only last night, right out here in the moonlight. There the shameless critters was, hoppin' up and down, an' I give you my solemn word they wasn't ten feet apart, her with this scandalous hide around her waist. Say, it's funny, ain't it, how you can take an innocent thing like a saber-tooth hide and make it plumb indecent by wrapping it around a woman? Come to think of it, this young squirt she was carryin' on with looked funny-headed—goin' straight up from the eyes.

SECOND CITIZEN: That's the insect; that's our Clarence. And wouldn't it be just him to pick out a jade like yourn? Fine mess, I must say.

[The grandsire has regarded each speaker in turn with a lively interest, but has kept silently to his flint work. Up the rocky trail that leads to the shelf come the couple under discussion.

(Continued on Page 85)

"Oh, Ma, Come Over Here and Get the Lovely View"

"We Wouldn't Even Have Geometry if It Hadn't Been for the Triangle"

SATURDAY MONEY

By HOLWORTHY HALL

The Little Piano on Which Stuart Was Evidently to Pay Installments of Thirty Dollars a Month for Life

FROM his advance notices she had already put him down as a hero, and on sight she thought him the handsomest man she had ever met; so his preliminary symptoms of interest in her were doubly flattering. And indeed, in this present ninth inning of chivalry, he could very well have been sent in to bat for Lancelot or D'Artagnan; at college he had been a famous athlete, and he looked it; he was blond and boyish and smiling, jovial among men, deferential to women, and afraid of nothing; and he wore at all times the air of one who has been predestined to succeed and never to be perky about it. In other words, he was what Lancelot himself, from the players' bench, might have called a goodly and gentle knight of no mean prowess—and Katharine, when she went home, said that she had met a peach.

Now at the outset she had merely been flattered, but after he had called upon her once or twice, and radiated at her, and failed to conceal that for all his mightiness he was somewhat awkward and embarrassed underneath, she began to grow introspective. The evidence pointed to a fact; and whether or not she chose to regard that fact as a miracle, she couldn't go back on the original evidence; Stuart was virtually sleeping on the doormat, and at the faintest whisper of rivalry or trespass he charged. And so, though her heart was ready to burst with pride of him, she waited until one day their eyes clung together a little longer than usual, and Stuart simply took possession of her and kissed her.

For a considerable period thereafter they said nothing audible, but it was mutually understood, through the medium of the dumb alphabet, that they had agreed upon a future. And then, when she was still feeling very new and fragile and detached from reality, when life seemed to her as full and complete as though she had just finished her fifth waffle, Stuart threw out a question which fell upon her like an intellectual sandbag.

"There's only one thing about it," he said reluctantly. "Could you manage for a while, do you suppose, on fifty a week? Or don't you want to take that much of a chance on me—just yet?"

To be sure, in confessing to herself that she loved him—and she had done this a fortnight ago—she had likewise dared to visualize a home, but she had thought of it not as a certain cubic area, dotted with chairs and tables and roofed with a rent bill, but merely as a haze of idyllic atmosphere, punctuated by a husband. She had been dreaming along the vague, exquisite lines of a Whistler etching, and Stuart had bluntly introduced not only the topic of the frame but also that of the brass tacks which held it together.

And there was something else: Stuart's bearing and his associates—his social standing was a few rungs higher than hers—and his prodigality in the matter of roses and taxicabs had given her the impression that if not exactly made of money he was at least plated with it. The bald arithmetic which he had just quoted was a revelation—not because his salary was too little for her but because it seemed so ridiculously inadequate to Stuart himself. She found time, even in the merry-go-round of her emotions, to wonder if his employers were quite sane. Why, at that rate, they would have tried to hire Napoleon, and give him the pay and allowances of a lance corporal!

But from the ambush of his shoulder she said softly: "What difference does it make if we are poor for a little while, dear? Nearly everybody is, at first. Oh, some day we'll have a lovely place in the country, with a garden and a lawn and a fountain—and beautiful things—and servants—and automobiles. Of course we will; but—if you really want me, Don—I don't care if we have to begin in two furnished rooms. Honestly, I don't. As long as it's—with you."

Now if, instead of offering herself on the altar of his poverty, she had broken forth into the language of a longshoreman, his expression could have held no greater degree of consternation.

"Begin in —— Do you think I'd let you sit around on a red plush sofa, and smell yellow soap and cabbage cooking? I'll admit I'm not very much of an athlete, but, by George! I know enough not to keep a—an orchid in a—in a coal hod!" Here the orchid wilted. "Now look here; my father always said I could count on a thousand dollars for a wedding present. We're going to take that and rent a young apartment and you can fix it all up to suit yourself, and there ought to be something left over, at that. Why, if I had to come home at night ——"

He paused and repeated it.

"If I had to come home ——" He paused again; they kissed each other. Stuart drew a long breath. "As I was saying," he went on, "if I had to come home and look at a lot of chromos and marble-topped tables and lace tidies and china dogs on the mantelpiece, and remember you'd been cooped up in that kind of a shanty all day, I—I couldn't stand it, Kay. I couldn't. That isn't where you belong."

Katharine also breathed deeply, and sat up straighter. Reality was looming through the mist of dreams. The orchestra had finished the overture; the play was on.

"Father always said he'd give me five hundred, too, Don."

"Well! And then you talk about furnished rooms!"

When she took out the pins and let her serious thoughts down, she was practical beyond her years; so while Stuart was thinking only of their combined capital she was intent on his salary.

"But, Don—is it wise to begin so expensively? Wouldn't it be better ——"

A few minutes later she realized what a glorious sensation it was to be carried off her feet and dominated by such a man.

His methods of argument would have done credit to a trained debater of the Stone Age; but she adored him all the more because he didn't waste time in trying to convince her, but merely overwhelmed her—for the sake of her own comfort and ease.

Fascinated, she told herself that she wasn't one of those pitiable women who have to think of marriage as a lottery. And so many of her friends had begun in boarding houses; and in one of them there had been a student of the trombone, and in another of them the landlady drank. And rather than subject her for as much as a single week to any of these sordid possibilities Donald would rather postpone their wedding until a suitable apartment could be located and the owner beaten down to reason.

"But what did you mean by daring to say that about my taking a chance?" she demanded with vehement affection. "As if you aren't the brightest, cleverest, strongest man I ever knew! As if you aren't sure to go ahead and be a wonderful success!"

"Main strength doesn't count such a lot in the bond business," said Stuart. "But you do need good shoes."

"Don! You're going to be a big, big man in Wall Street before you're through. Of course you are. I just couldn't be married to anybody but a success. Oh, it isn't just the money—it's accomplishing something. And I don't expect it all at once either."

"That's good," said Stuart gratefully.

"Of course I don't. We'll have to wait for it, and work for it, and save money like everything. And I'll help you, Don, I'll help you all I possibly can. I'm an awfully good manager, truly. And I'll do all my own work, too—I want to. You wait and see. But I'm so proud of you now, dear, and you've got to keep me proud of you always. You will, won't you? Promise."

"Well," said Stuart at length, "it would be a pretty mean man that wouldn't make a promise at this stage of the game—wouldn't it?"

"And—and Don! From now on—from right this very minute—you've got to stop being so extravagant. Especially if we're going to have an apartment. You can't take me to another single theater, or pay for another single taxicab, or—or send me any more flowers, or—or anything. You'll be sensible, now, won't you?"

He took his oath on it—the same oath which under similar circumstances every right-minded girl administers and every right-minded man accepts with a mental wink; he committed himself to a policy of the most Caledonian economy; and then on the following morning she had her roses, as usual, and also on the next morning and the morning after that. She felt like a fairy princess, but she reproached him nevertheless; and for the ensuing month she continued to reproach him daily. Some of her married friends, however, consoled her with the information that

all men were just like that before the ceremony.

They began, then, in a tabloid housekeeping apartment on the upper East Side; the street was none too fashionable in itself, but it was warmed by the certainty that just around the corner the social register was active. The building was a trifle shabby, the elevator was in a state of chronic invalidism and, as to the rooms, Stuart said that he couldn't draw a long breath in any one of them without creating a vacuum; but after Katharine had made her tenth rearrangement of the furniture the effect was soul satisfying.

It was soul satisfying, but it was also slightly principle wrecking. She had been taught that economy is nothing but a different form of revenue; she had been brought up to believe that domestic genius doesn't lie in going out and buying everything one wants at a retailer's, but in using one's own imagination as a substitute for cash. She had been fully prepared, for example, to convert an old cot bed into a luxurious divan; any carpenter could have built the foundation, and any upholsterer could have finished it.

At a Tennis Match She Watched Him With a Pride That Almost Suffocated Her

"Sure!" said Stuart humorously. "'Send for free booklet—How I Made a Four-Dollar Chicken Coop for Eighteen Seventy-Five.' No, my lady, you're not going to have any trick divan. I weigh a hundred and eighty, net, and I'm no knockabout comedian."

"But, Don, we can't afford to buy a new one when we've got an old one we can perfectly well use—can we?"

"If you carry that idea far enough," he said—"if you carry it as far as the kitchen and work it out on the eggs, I eat elsewhere! No, let's not go in for any makeshifts; I want you to have something you'll be proud to own."

And over her head, literally and figuratively, he ordered a piece which she had earlier admired.

She had planned to send to a catalogue house for an unfinished dressing-room table, to enamel it herself, to cover it with cretonne to match the curtains, and thereby to save a dozen dollars.

"Not so, old lady," said Stuart. "You're going to have the table that goes with the bedroom set. I'll tell you what you can do if you've got to fake something; you can fake an ironing board. But no wife of mine is going to hang her switch ——"

"Don!"

"Except on a brand-new, up-to-date switchboard," said Stuart, the incorrigible. "And that's this particular dressing table—and the nominations are closed."

She had conceived a score of artifices to make the little apartment bright and brave, at little cost, and Stuart would have none of them.

"Woman, we had fifteen hundred dollars to spend, didn't we? And we've spent five of it already, haven't we? And what for? Carpets and saucepans and all that sort of practical rot, haven't we? All right, that was your five hundred we spent, and we're just beginning on my thousand. So let the orgy commence."

And in this wise her logic was gradually put into the discard. Why did she yield? Because she was twenty-two and in love with a giant, and in love with yielding.

Abruptly she was in complete possession of a husband and of a daintily furnished apartment. Granted that there was precious little residue in the bank, yet she had the utmost faith in Donald to increase it; and in the meantime it was surely inspiring to sit among the treasures he had bought for her. Indeed as she gazed about her she realized that in any less magnificence Donald himself would have looked out of place, declassed, like a thoroughbred condemned to the shafts.

He had thought nothing of himself and everything of Katharine, and with tears in her eyes she resolved that she would be worthy of his devotion and generosity.

His devotion and generosity weren't warped by time. Each evening, when he came dashing in with all the impetus of a small typhoon in a large hurry, he had another gift for her, another surprise—a book, an armful of carnations, a pound of salted almonds, a something which he called a gimcrack, which was supposedly useful, or a something which he called a gizzick, which was ostensibly to make her laugh.

"Here, old lady," he would say indulgently. "You're the only wife I've got, and this just naturally looked as if it belonged to you."

Occasionally she felt more like the guardian of an undisciplined small boy than like the chatelaine of a future Rothschild, but she was ideally happy, and she never missed an opportunity to get home a riposte upon her cynical married friends. It was two solid months since the minister had said "Amen" over her devoted head, and she still had fresh flowers on the mantel continuously. And if she sometimes wondered whether Donald weren't more lavish than he could afford, why, there was Donald's own estimate of the case to soothe her.

"Oh, it's like any other kind of undertaking," he assured her. "It always costs a lot to get under way."

She had only to look at him in order to be consoled; it was plain that the world was at his feet instead of being a burden on his shoulders. It was a definite privilege to work for him, to exercise close surveillance over the marketing, to act as her own staff of servants; especially since he deplored, so often and so loudly, the lack of a maid to relieve her.

From the day of their engagement she had been so radiantly and publicly proud of him that even before they were married she had acquired the title of Donald Stuart's press agent; and now, day by day, she strengthened her claim to the title. "Why," she said, "Don simply gives me everything. I can't think of a thing in the world I want that he hasn't thought of already. And he's a wonderful bond salesman, simply wonderful. Why, most of the time I haven't even the faintest idea what he's talking about. But you know who his customers are? Some of the biggest men in New York. Everybody likes Don. He can be anything he wants to be. President of a bank, or head of the Stock Exchange, or anything. And he does everything so easily—without looking as if he's more than half trying; business or tennis or anything else."

It was this last remark, repeated once too often, which brought a sudden warning to her. This was on the evening of a very small dinner to the McKee Spencers—McKee had roomed with Stuart at college and was the nephew of Stuart's present employer—and at a moment when Stuart had left the room to answer the telephone.

"Oh, yes," said Spencer heartily. "Don's a perfect wizard. And if it hadn't been for his disposition he'd have been the greatest tackle that ever played football."

She started. "If it hadn't been for his disposition?" As though Spencer had said that Don would be handsome if it weren't for his face or pleasant if it weren't for his temper!

"Why, yes. Don had the weight and the speed and the brains and all the luck in the world, but he was so blamed good-natured he wouldn't just go out and chew up a man unless the other fellow bit him in the ear or something. Of course if the other fellow did, why there was a hurry-up call for the water bucket. And then in class it was the same way; he made everything look so easy he made everybody else sore; and it's pretty much like that downtown too. I mean, everybody's crazy about him, and he's quick as a cat, and he always gets all the breaks in his favor, but he's so everlastingly good-natured he won't fight for business unless he has to, and he's never had to. Sort of waits for the world to come to him, you know, as if it was one of those lightweight tackles he didn't want to hurt. But Lord! Doesn't he make the game look simple though?"

Stuart came back, beaming, from the telephone, but for the remainder of the evening Katharine was slightly meditative. The Spencers finally sardined themselves into the elevator; Stuart turned to his wife.

"Well," he said, "that went off all right, didn't it?"

She nodded. "Yes, and it only cost five dollars and seventy-eight cents for everything put together. I painted the place cards myself, and the fruit cocktail was only ——"

He had put his arm around her, and now he tightened it until she had no breath left to conclude the sentence.

"You're a brass-bound wonder, Kay—but we ought to have had the Spencers next week." He laughed exultantly. "Remember I had a telephone call when you were serving the salad? Well, next week I collect an extra three hundred dollars, velvet."

She caught her breath. "Three—hundred—dollars!"

It rather cooled the lecture she had put on the grill for him. It would put them well on the road to fortune.

"Yes, ma'am. Three hundred food getters. Three hundred rent stavers. The price of six thousand packages of chewing gum. Didn't I tell you I'm always pretty lucky, old lady?"

She clung to him rapturously. "It isn't luck, Don! It's you. Oh, I'm so proud of you! We'll put every penny of it in the bank, won't we?"

He was amused by her excitement. "Well—almost."

"Almost?" she echoed. "Why not all of it?"

He patted her as though he expected to hear her pur. "Because, sad to relate, my commissions last month weren't quite up to my drawing account, so I ran in the hole a bit. About a hundred."

She stood very still. "Don—you don't mean to say you owe money? You've spent all there was left—and owe money besides?"

"Now little girls," said Stuart soothingly, "don't have to worry their heads about it. That's what us big tough guys is for. Why, what was the sense in bothering you about it? Only if we'd waited a week you wouldn't have had to hold Micky Spencer down to five seventy-eight, or whatever it was—and him after givin' us a silver water pitcher for a wedding present! What do you say to a celebration over the week-end? Like to run over to Shawnee?"

Diplomatically but firmly she sat on it. She was pasturing her mind afresh on what Spencer had told her; she was reflecting that just as there is a wall over which the adorable precocity of the neighbor's offspring jumps into sheer impudence, so was there a barrier at which Stuart must presently halt and identify himself, either as a good-natured spendthrift out of love of his wife, or as a man of destiny out of respect for her.

From what she had known of business before she was married, she had imagined that there was one approved method, one fixed procedure by which young men redeem the prophecies of their college valedictorians. She had been steeled, then, to sit by Stuart in wifely silence and embroider monograms while for an hour or two he selected the white meat from a book on economics or foreign exchange or international law. Then on Saturday night they would stroll together to the savings bank and protrude, say, 20 per cent of Stuart's weekly earnings through the wicket. By these simple means, she thought, one climbs the ladder of success and kicks off into the great abyss of oblivion those who are less deserving.

She had recognized, of course, that until they were fairly well settled this schedule was impractical, because a man couldn't be expected to perch on a package box and memorize legal precedents, or investigate the manners and customs of the elusive lira or the deceptive franc if he were to be interrupted at five-minute intervals to cut a picture wire or find the tack hammer or kiss an injured finger.

But the settling process had been slow, and in the meantime it had been very pleasant and very exciting to belong to Stuart's charmed circle—to go to all the best plays, to dine, to dance, to play bridge of an evening, with people straight out of the bluebook. It had been so bewildering and so queenly to sit enthroned as a bride and to have merchandise tossed at her that she hadn't shown a properly autocratic spirit. But she told herself contritely that if hereafter Stuart should display himself as too easy-going or too irresponsible it would be her own fault as much as his. He professed to worship the ground she walked on; she would put her foot down and make him prove it.

"I've wondered," she said, "if it wouldn't be a good idea for us to stay home oftener, Don. So you could study."

"Study?" he snortled. "Study what?"

Haltingly she explained herself, and when she had finished he laughed tolerantly.

"I've seen that stuff too: 'Learn Osteopathy in Your Own Room on Fifteen Minutes a Day.' So you'd rather have me do that than take you around, would you?"

"That isn't it, Don! I'm having such a beautiful time, but—we've got to look ahead, haven't we?"

"Have I starved you yet?"

"No, dear—and three hundred dollars is splendid—but after we've paid those bills we must put the rest of the money in the bank, and we must economize, and we must begin planning ahead."

"All right," said Stuart cheerfully. "That makes it unanimous. We'll be Mr. and Mrs. Tightwad."

His ready consent was an encouragement to her; she foresaw that they would soon build up a fund with which, as a weapon, they could assault Opportunity and club her into submission whenever she chose to rap on the door, as per advertisement. Stuart, however, showed intermittent leanings towards disarmament. Katharine's birthday arrived, and he was tempted by some cut-steel slipper buckles and a set of Victor Hugo; and as he said cheerfully, he could stand any influence whatsoever except temptation. Also, those who had been thoughtful with wedding gifts had overlooked the need of an electric toaster, bronze book ends for Katharine's desk, and a standing lamp to illuminate the book ends. But these last items, said Stuart, producing them one by one, were

outside the covenant, because they were basic necessities and permanent fixtures.

She went over to him and plucked at the top button of his waistcoat.

"Dearest, you're so generous, and I know you want me to have everything the other girls have—but did you ever stop to think that most of them have rich husbands? Really rich?"

"You stick around a while," said Stuart comfortably, "and I'll furnish you with one of those too. I'm lucky. And then I'll buy you the sort of place you belong in."

She twisted the button; and twisting it she proceeded cautiously to outline her thoughts. Donald was obviously on the upgrade; he was making money easily, and out of sheer benevolence he was impelled to spread it on Katharine as fast as he conveniently could. If he truly loved her, however ——

"Well," said Stuart, "I've done everything but set it to music, haven't I?"

—— he would take her word for it—she didn't want things; she wanted insurance.

"Oh," said Stuart, "I'm carrying twenty thousand."

Not life insurance, but career insurance. Was it fair for Katharine to act as her own cook and bottle washer, only to have Donald dispense, every few days, more money for gimcracks and gizzicks than the wages of a cook would be? Decidedly not. To a certain extent she herself earned those wages, didn't she? And if she preferred to have them salted away for the future instead of laid out on herself, could Stuart deny her the boon? Because, to be perfectly frank, she was overjoyed to polish the silver and broil the steak and swab out the sink, for pure love of Donald, but she wasn't at all inclined to do it for roses and salted almonds and bronze book ends. Did he really understand what she meant?

He assured her that he did, and that he honored her for it.

"All right, Cleopatra. If you don't like the way Mark Antony ran the shop, watch and see how Mark-down Antony does it!"

And with this to hearten her she felt morally justified in enjoying the slipper buckles and the set of Victor Hugo.

And yet, when the next day of reckoning came he was slightly further in debt.

"But I don't see," she said perplexedly, "how it could happen. I've run the house so cheaply, and you've really been awfully good, Don; you haven't ——" She paused; instinct had reached out and nudged her. She bristled in accusation. "Donald Stuart, have you done something you haven't told me about?"

He grinned sheepishly. "Well, when we were engaged you said the one thing you liked best was opera." She sank back, dumfounded. "And they opened the subscription list two weeks ago—and you have to pay cash in advance—and everybody else goes—and we wouldn't be at the theater so much, so that cuts down the price—and I got punk seats; only ninety-nine dollars for the whole season. And we've saved money all the month, haven't we? And you said you liked it!"

"I do like it, Don. I adore it. But haven't you any character at all? Haven't you any strength?"

His smile was conciliating. "Why—you know how strong I am. I'm so strong I have to put my clothes on carefully, for fear of tearing them."

She turned on him with full intent to capitalize McKee Spencer's biography of him and, metaphorically speaking, to bite Donald in the ear for his own good. "Don, I don't believe it's just generosity: It looks like it, but it isn't. It's just conceit. It isn't for me at all. It's only to make me a sort of window display, so people can see how prosperous you are. Be honest. Isn't that it?"

He declined to be insulted. "Might as well be conceited, hadn't I? Never did anything important enough to be modest about. Except get you."

She wavered. "But in my family every bill was paid the day it came in, and we never bought anything we couldn't pay for."

"That's a good scheme too," said Stuart imperturbably. "But my family had better credit. Never mind, Kay, we'll save something next month—absolutely."

And without the appearance of more than half trying he hoisted his income yet another notch. Simultaneously, however, he remembered that Katharine four months ago had remarked that the ultimate in luxury was a fitted suitcase. She could appreciate his thoughtfulness, yes, but she had once considered him a financial genius, and her idol had pulled up lame. He was talking now about a piano—he had never ceased to regret the loss of her music—and she wished with all her heart that she had never learned to play anything larger than a jew's-harp. He was talking about moving out to a cottage in Westchester so that Katharine wouldn't be cooped up in a noisy city any longer. She didn't dare to mention the name of anything she liked, or Stuart would rush out and buy it for her, and return, transfigured, to place it in her lap. And the amazing part of it was that somehow he avoided the embarrassment of duns. As his debts grew, so did his commissions; he was always and increasingly behind scratch but never actually in trouble.

Another woman might have argued that under the circumstances she might as well open her mouth and shut her eyes and deafen her conscience. But Katharine clung to her ethics; she couldn't debate with Stuart, because he simply overwhelmed her; she couldn't appeal to him, because his open-handedness took precedence over her plaints; but at least she could follow her personal course as she preferred to engineer it. Therefore she continued to stretch the domestic dollar until it took upon itself the majesty of an eagle; and only once during that year did she make a single purchase which was unavoidable. The motive was curiously feminine; she longed, for just that once, to buy something unnecessary for herself, instead of having Stuart order half of Fifth Avenue wrapped up and sent home for her. And besides, it was her own money—the remnant of fifty dollars which had come to her as a Christmas gift from home. With the balance of it she had secretly paid the cleaning woman and the iceman, so as to be of a little tangible help to Stuart, even if he never knew about it.

She had been shopping, and en route from an unfashionable costumer's, where model gowns were sold at refreshingly low prices, to a wholesale hat shop, where bargains were always indicated, she passed a pawnshop—rather a de luxe pawnshop, with neither broken mandolins nor oily revolvers in the window, but a select group of personal adornments, marked for sale. And among them there was a necklace—an unobtrusive, slightly exotic string of glass beads, plebeian of origin, but quaint enough to do for simple occasions. The price was five dollars.

She went in; the proprietor became alert. Then spontaneously she had a change of sentiment; and to pave the way for a quick retreat she said: "Those glass beads—I'll give you two dollars for them."

The pawnbroker shuddered. "Lady! Two dollars! I mark them five, and I give you my word, I lose money. But for you—four-fifty."

"Two dollars," she said firmly, and turned.

He caught at her sleeve. "Well, for you, this time—I make it three and a quarter."

"No, thank you. Good afternoon."

"Lady," he said, and his voice was throbbing, "if I die in the gutter—two-seventy-five, Lady! One moment! Would you want to wear 'em out—or put 'em in your bag?"

For a week afterwards she indicted herself because she had wasted two dollars when Stuart owed three or four hundred; and yet whenever she looked at those childish beads a thrill of possession came to her. They were her own choice, bought with her own hand, out of her own funds; and they gave her infinitely greater satisfaction

(Continued on Page 34)

Just a Small Surprise for Her—He'd Noticed That Her Jewel Case Was Getting Seedy—So Here Was One He'd Happened to See Advertised

BUBBLES

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

THE investment house—or so the place was called—was on one of the upper floors of a big downtown office building, and as Charley Halpin stepped into the elevator and waited for the car to start he had for a moment to fight off a panic-stricken impulse to bolt back into the street again. The truth, in short, is that money, like conscience, often makes cowards of us all; and to this Charley was no exception. In his inside pocket was the check he had received that morning from the lawyers.

The amount was eighteen thousand dollars. Added to this, the check—it was on a bank in Philadelphia—was duly certified. Consequently it was as much actual money—so much cold, hard cash, in fact—as if he'd had it all in bank notes. That wasn't all, either. The eighteen thousand dollars, a legacy from a distant relative, his mother's aunt by marriage, was more money than he'd ever had in his life before. So little wonder he was nervous. Little wonder, either, that Charley's young wife had shared this nervousness. To make assurance doubly sure she had pinned the check into Charley's pocket with a safety pin; but though she had, Minnie Halpin's fears had not subsided entirely. As she'd said, her tone significant, there are more ways of losing money than by merely dropping it out of one's pocket. "That fellow Jackson—take Jackson now ——" she began.

"Now, now!" Charley interrupted irritably.

Jackson, it seems, was a friend of his—a new friend, to be sure, but still a friend. He wasn't going to hear any slams on Jackson.

"I know," said Minnie; "but you remember what happened to father!"

Charley remembered perfectly. A *soi-disant* friend, some years back, had separated Minnie's father from the savings of a lifetime; and but for that treachery she and Charley, with their joint income, might have moved into the city, not just petered along, as Charley had begun to term it, in a second-rate suburb like Creekhurst. But never mind. Impulsive as he might be,

"Say, Have You Got the Money—the Check?" He Wheezed

Charley was not the sort ever to go back on a friend; and having said as much, at the same time adding that he'd made his plans—that he knew to a T what he was going to do with his money—he jammed on his hat and darted off for the morning train. Her face troubled, Minnie watched him to the gate.

"Well, whatever you do," she called, "I wish you'd see Mr. Gimly first."

"Bunk!" he growled in return.

Gimly, it appears, was also a friend of his—a long-tried friend, it might be said, too, and in more ways than one; but though he was, Charley had decided recently that Gimly was getting to be something of a bore. Safety first, at any rate, seemed Gimly's only outlook on life; and though Charley meant to be cautious and to take no chances, there was no reason why Gimly should treat him like a kid with a handful of spending money. Deaf to Minnie's plea, he hurried on.

The 8:44, as he saw from his watch, was already due; and though ordinarily he went up to town on the 8:08, this allowing ample leeway to reach the office and punch the time clock before nine A.M., to-day he had made other plans. In fact, if the office, the white-goods house in Worth Street where he was employed, saw Charley before eleven o'clock, or even noon, the office would be in luck. True, he had a momentary qualm as to what Mr. Van Fleet, head of the unbleached-muslins department, might think of it; but deciding that he'd telephone his boss, Charley also decided what he'd tell him.

Investments—that was it. He would say his investments were detaining him. Naturally, as Mr. Van Fleet had been told about the inheritance, though Charley hadn't told him the amount, the explanation would do. Mr. Van Fleet, in fact, was always worrying about what his subordinates did with their savings—about the way they invested what they didn't spend; but as Charley's pay was fifty a week, and until recently it had been only thirty-five, he had always dodged these well-meant inquiries—the boss' concern for the money he didn't spend. As if there'd ever been any! Now, however, it was different. For once in his life Charley was a man of property, of consequence; and as he stopped to buy a morning paper, then hurried briskly along the station platform, the day was brightened by more than one instance that he was no longer just Charley Halpin, no longer just a clerk in a Worth Street dry-goods house.

A little knot of commuters stood at the platform's end, and as he neared them he was hailed effusively:

"Hi, there, old top! Ridin' up in th' club car, what?"

Charley was. For the moment, though, he was somewhat nonplused by the greeting. Bangs, the man who'd hailed him, was chairman of the greens committee at the Creekhurst Country Club; and heretofore, whenever Charley had drifted into his ken, the chairman had seemed too interested in the neighboring landscape to see that the mere dry-goods salesman was part of it. But, then, if money does not make the man it may still make friends for him, and Charley hid a sudden grin. Bangs, it appeared, was a bond salesman in the city. As it was evident, Bangs had designs to sell him some of his bonds; but Charley, it seems, had made other plans. Edging away from the bond-and-golfing gentleman, he stopped to shake hands with another acquaintance—Mr. Wiltsy, president of the local bank.

It was Mr. Wiltsy, rather, who stopped to shake hands with Charley; and the president was still pump-handling Charley affably when Runkle, the town's foremost realty operator, hurried up. His greeting, too, was cordial.

"Just the boy I wanted to see!" he proclaimed loudly; and drawing Charley away from the reluctant banker, Runkle lowered his voice confidentially. "You drop in see me, old man," urged Runkle. "I've got something good I want to put you next to."

Charley hid another grin. They were all alike, he saw. In fact, though he'd hardly needed the warning, his friend Jackson had already warned him of sharks like Runkle, just as he'd warned him of bond fellows with their flabby issues like Bangs. For that matter, he'd also told Charley to keep an eye on Wiltsy too. Old Four Per Cent was what he termed the banker. Four per cent! Four measly little dollars on the hundred! Jackson's disgust had been evident. Charley, in fact, was still grinning furtively when the train came in, and avoiding the three he jumped aboard and took a seat by himself. Then, leaning back, he crossed his knees comfortably, his new smart shoes with their new spats negligently stretched out before him.

It was one of the few times he had ridden in the club car. It was also the first time he had ever worn spats, and he gave them a furtive glance. Many of the other men wore them as he saw, however; and, reassured, he felt a little less self-conscious. A moment later he opened his morning newspaper.

The baseball news was usually Charley's first concern; but this morning, somehow, the doings of the Giants and Pirates, the Yankees and the Indians seemed to have lost their savor. Turning to the pages farther on, Charley glued his eyes on the long columns of figures printed there—the financial news. It was new territory to him, but he made out vaguely that Liberty First 4's were 89.90, Liberty Third 4¼'s were 92.60, Victory 4¾'s were 96.70. His attention, though, did not linger long on this dry pabulum, for after a brief study of the rows of cabalistic numerals and figures his eyes wandered from the page. His face lighting, a hint of color on his cheeks and the paper quivering as he held it up before him, he leaned back in his seat.

For ten minutes he sat absorbed. For ten minutes, perhaps more, the humdrum, commonplace world in which he'd lived and moved so long seemed to slip out from beneath Charley Halpin's feet. The air he wore now was as if he trod the mountain tops. Eighteen thousand dollars! Eighteen thousand in cold, hard cash! The amount, in its magnitude to him, was like a draught of heady wine; but all at once, with a sudden quiver of alarm, he dropped the newspaper and fumbled hurriedly in his pocket.

The check was still there, still where Minnie had safely pinned it, however; and breathing with relief he sank back in his seat, his eyes birdlike, bright, his mind again dwelling on the money. With that wealth in his pocket, the money that was his, new worlds for the moment opened out before his vision. He was like Cortés standing on a peak in Darien.

Eighteen thousand! First of all, though this was the least of what he figured, he could lift the mortgage on the house in Creekhurst; he could also build the sleeping porch, the new bathroom besides, that Minnie long had dreamed about. That wasn't all, either. The tiny garden he and Minnie labored over so earnestly in the spring and summer he could enlarge; he might add to it also the pergola and the fountain with the goldfish in it. Charley's

dream was soaring now. He could repaper all the rooms and lay a new carpet on the stairs. But even this magnificence did not end his vision.

There was the car he'd always longed to have. What's more, the car would be no mere tin can, no flivver. It would be a car that a chap like him needn't be ashamed of; a car you could drive up to the club in and not have to apologize. Naturally, with the car he'd have to build a garage; and when the garage was built —— At this point, though, Charley's mind, in its effervescence, leaped off at another tangent. Why talk of building? Why figure Creekhurst in his plans at all? As Jackson had said, the place was nothing but a dump, and with that money the city was the place for Charley. The city was where men like him made their homes.

The thought, however, gave Charley another thought. It was a good deal like a jolt besides. Homes in the city cost money. You can't get a home there for nothing.

So far, of course, Charley hadn't had time to look the matter up; but for all he knew, as he now told himself, a house there, if he bought it, might set him back as much as seven or eight thousand dollars. The house at Creekhurst, anyway, had cost forty-five hundred, and city houses must be more. And even if he only rented a city house, the rent might be as much—why, as a thousand or twelve hundred! Nor were flats much less. If he took a flat, the flat, of course, would have to be the sort a man like him would have. It would need to be on a good street—one of the big avenues, say—and it would have to have eight or nine rooms and a couple of baths. For all you know, he figured, a flat like that might cost seventy or eighty a month. Eighty cold, hard plunks! Why, some fellows had to pay, he'd been told, a cool hundred a month for theirs!

The thought gave him pause again. Twelve times eighty makes nine hundred sixty—a thousand bucks, call it—and at the reflection the frown puckering his brow grew concerned. Hurriedly he glanced at the list of Liberty and Victory Bonds again. The highest issue paid 4¾ per cent, and with a pencil he made a hasty calculation. Eighteen thousand at 4¾ per cent yields only eight hundred fifty-five dollars a year. Why, in the city it wouldn't even pay the rent! And yet Liberties were what that old stuff Gimly—Old Safety First—had wanted Charley to invest the money in!

His frown now had turned into a scowl. Somehow the hoard of dollars in his pocket seemed to dwindle. The more he thought of it the more they dwindled too. True, there had been a time—a time, besides, not so long ago—when with eight hundred and fifty-five extra dollars in his pocket Charley would have thought the world his oyster. But blind now to this, he went on figuring. As Gimly grudgingly had told him, there were other bonds besides Liberties. If you know how and where to look for them there were some—good bonds too—that paid as high as 5½ per cent, or even 6. But though Charley, searching in the paper, presently picked out some like these, he derived little comfort from the fact. Eighteen thousand at 6 per cent yields only a thousand and eighty a year, and even that would no more than pay the rent.

She Had Pinned the Check Into Charley's Pocket With a Safety Pin

The rent, too, was but a part. Interest at 6 per cent might pay the rent, but it wouldn't pay, too, for the car he meant to buy, or run the car when he'd bought it. Much less would it pay the other expenses. There'd be the servants, for one thing; and the cost of the dinners and parties he meant to give, for another. And when he bought his car he might have to hire a chauffeur too. As Jackson had said, anyway, in the city big men don't drive their own cars; they hire a man to do it for them.

It was pretty tough. It was a raw deal, in fact, that he should have to wake up like this, all the joy taken out of life. So far from being the rich man he'd felt himself, he was beginning to feel he was nothing but just a fellow with a little extra money in the bank. Nor did his view change much when he began feverishly to figure his eighteen thousand at a higher rate—8 per cent, 9 per cent, then 10. What Jackson had said seemed right. Eighteen thousand, unless a chap knew how to use it, was after all nothing but a shoe string. Jackson? He paused, the pencil suspended in his hand. The name for some reason seemed to strike a responsive chord; for Charley sat up suddenly, his eye leaping. Snatching up the paper once more, he scanned its financial page.

Again he sat absorbed. Again the color crept into his cheeks and his look grew bright, birdlike. The paper quivered in his grasp. Now, however, he was no longer studying the list of bonds. It was at the page headed New York Stock Exchange he stared; and wetting his pencil between his lips, all at once he began to figure feverishly.

It was in larger figures, bigger totals that Charley figured now. Twice eighteen is thirty-six; and tacking three 0's to the figure, he set a dollar sign in front of it—thirty-six thousand dollars! That was better; but Charley didn't stop there. Three times eighteen is fifty-four. Four times eighteen is seventy-two. Seventy-two thousand dollars! Six per cent of seventy-two thousand dollars is four thousand three hundred twenty dollars a year; and, his excitement evident, to this he added another row of figures—twenty-six hundred dollars—his salary at fifty dollars a week for the year. The grand total was six thousand nine hundred twenty dollars; yet even this did not halt him. One hundred eighty thousand dollars—ten times eighteen thousand—is, at 6 per cent, ten thousand eight hundred dollars a year!

He was still at it when the train reached the city. More than that, the more he figured the more the fever brightened in his eyes. Then as the train stopped and he saw Bangs, the bond-and-golfing gentleman, bustling up the aisle toward him he hastily put up his pencil and bolted from the car. He had no time to waste on Bangs now; on bonds, either. Slipping into the crowd, he hurried toward the Subway. A minute or so later he boarded a downtown train.

The train was an express. It did not stop at Worth Street; but as it flashed past the station a qualm stabbed Charley—the remembrance that he'd forgotten to telephone the unbleached-muslins department. As he clung to the strap, though, his thoughts absorbed, he did not dwell long on that. Three hundred sixty thousand dollars—call it three hundred thousand flat—yields, at 6 per cent per annum, eighteen thousand a year. It was as much, in short, per annum as the sum total of the original.

Only once on his way to the downtown investment house was his exuberant buoyancy checked. It was at the instant he reached the building and stepped into the elevator. What if Jackson was mistaken? What if Jackson had made some error in his calculations about the investment? True, eighteen thousand might be nothing but a shoe string; but if instead of only quadrupling, or even doubling it, what if by some slip-up it might be lost? A sudden moisture beaded Charley's brow; but as he shook with the momentary terror the elevator shooting upwards cut short his chance of escape. An instant later he stood at the door of the investment office.

The place was crowded. Through a haze of cigar smoke Charley saw groups of men sprawled about on rows of

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Throwing a Five-Dollar Tip to the Waiter, He Thrust Back His Chair

RELATIVITY

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

He Shook His Head Over the Realization That Kip Had Actually Made Carlton Laugh—and Before Noon Too!

SO APPARENT was Mr. Garfinkle's approval of the new suit that Whitney Kenyon suppressed a minority report as to length of sleeve and lie of collar. It fitted pretty well, he informed himself; at least as well as if he had followed his previous custom of buying his apparel ready-made, and he felt sure that Mr. Garfinkle would resent lay criticism of his handiwork. The triple mirror which embraced him reflected only a faint resemblance to his memories of Kip, but it was hardly fair to hold Kip's tailor responsible for this.

"Fine!" he agreed as he stepped back.

Mr. Garfinkle beamed upon him and performed a quaintly expressive gesture of hands.

"I give you my word, Mr. Kenyon, you might be your own brother, even," he declared.

Whitney felt an inner warmth. Mr. Garfinkle's opinion was professional; if he detected a likeness it must certainly be visible to the less percipient eye of the amateur. He grinned faintly.

"I paid fifteen down," he said, extracting a scuffed wallet from the pocket of his old coat. "Fifteen and forty is fifty-five."

Mr. Garfinkle riffled the bills brilliantly.

"You got it a bargain, Mr. Kenyon." A final inspection, achieved with the round head cunningly slanted, seemed again to remind him of Kip. "You ain't heard from your brother lately, h'n?"

Whitney shook his head. Kip had quit writing three years before. People were beginning to forget that there had been two Kenyon boys; he hardly ever heard comment now on the contrast they had presented. It was natural enough for Mr. Garfinkle to remember, of course; Kip had been a steady customer of his, and had done him credit.

"If you get a letter you gimme the address? I like to write him myself."

Whitney nodded, impressed by the evidence of Kip's amazing knack at friendship. He might buy a hundred suits from Mr. Garfinkle without implanting in him this persistent and personal interest.

"All right."

He removed the new suit in the minute cabinet, screened by Mr. Garfinkle's noble bulk. He would have liked to wear it back to the office, but he checked the temptation firmly. There was no sense in getting it wrinkled at knee and elbow merely to impress Fenton and Miss Capps and the others.

"Send it up this afternoon, will you? I want to wear it to-night."

Mr. Garfinkle's consent somehow conveyed the idea that this service was a sensible concession. Whitney thanked him. He departed with a feeling of achievement which reconciled him to the signs in other tailors' windows, where inviting fabrics were displayed at figures considerably below the price he had just paid. He'd gone to Kip's tailor just as he'd always intended. It was worth the difference. Aunt Ella couldn't say anything this time.

Even his father might notice it. Whitney wasn't sure that he wanted him to; it might only emphasize the difference between the brothers, remind his father that the clever son had disappeared, that only Whitney was left. George Kenyon never commented on the contrast between his boys, as Aunt Ella did; but Whitney guessed that he was more acutely conscious of it than she was. He'd never looked quite the same since Kip had gone.

The edge of his satisfaction dulled. After all, it was silly to imitate Kip, even in such a superficial matter as clothes. He'd only make them more aware of the essential unlikeness. It was like the old story of the jackass which dressed up in the lion's skin. He regretted the fifty-five dollars now. He might just as well have put twenty of it into the savings and loan.

His desk failed to welcome him as it usually did; he felt suddenly reproached by the safe, featureless routine which occupied him. Kip wouldn't have been satisfied for a month in the job which his brother had placidly held for two years. They called him a correspondent, but he realized that the title overstated the fact. He might as well have been the machine into which he dictated. The letters were all alike; half of each was written from form paragraphs; even those which he dictated in full differed only in minor and trivial details.

Two years of it! He could look ahead to twenty more, too—years distinguished only by infrequent and niggardly advances in his pay and leading to the drab old age of mediocrity. He'd always earn a little more than it cost him to live, and by the time he was too old to work he'd have saved enough to finance the remaining years; but—he thought of Kip's restless brilliancy, of Kip's flashing ideas. No wonder Aunt Ella talked. Yes, he'd been silly to waste his money on Garfinkle's tailoring. It didn't even make him look like Kip. His mind made no attempt to continue these meditations as he attacked his afternoon task. It was as docile as Whitney himself in its obedience to rule. Between one and five it was singly dedicated to the letters in the wire trays, making no excursions from the appointed course. Sometimes Whitney realized this trait, and saw in it another proof of his narrow limitations. Kip could do one thing and think at the same time about a dozen others wholly unrelated. Whitney couldn't.

He dealt faithfully with the trays, but even here he was conscious of a handicap. He couldn't read a letter with a single photographic blow of the eye, and in the same instant decide on the reply, as some of the other correspondents could. He had to stop the machine after each one and waste a minute or two in arranging his answer. In order to keep pace with the others, therefore, he could afford no mistakes, no pauses in his actual dictation. Sometimes he even made notes on the margins to guide him—a shameful expedient at which fellows like Fenton would laugh if they caught him at it. But his trays were clear at four, and the finished letters the messenger brought him for initialed signatures were nearly all correct. At five he was abreast of the others.

Abruptly, as he rose from his desk, his thoughts returned to his personal concerns, resuming at the point where they had been interrupted. He'd been silly. It was a mistake to do or say anything that might remind them of Kip. And Garfinkle's label on the package would certainly set Aunt Ella talking. He ought to have worn the new suit home. It didn't make him look so much like Kip that she would have guessed its source. As it was, she'd chatter all through supper on the subject.

And he suddenly saw his father's face, wearing that queer look that always came on it when Aunt Ella talked about Kip.

At the transfer corner, while he waited for the Oakwood car, he bought a copy of The Rolling Stone. He turned at once to the advertising pages at the back, where the editors conducted a lost-and-found department for missing people. Vaguely he approved of this as an editorial device. These close-set pages offered reading strangely interesting—appeals from grown-up foundlings for light on their identity, cryptic messages which might convey news and warning to fugitives, formally worded legal notices, and again and again a simple, artless cry that begged a wanderer home.

Whitney Kenyon's eye plodded down the columns, searching. It was there again—the old three-word message to Kip. He shut the magazine and frowned a little as he swung to the choked platform of the car.

His father had always liked Kip better than Whitney. This was natural enough. Whitney had no quarrel with a preference in which he shared. Everybody liked Kip; he had a gift of instant popularity wholly wanting in Whitney. But the evidence of George Kenyon's persistent hunger for Kip seemed to reproach the younger son, expressed and emphasized his failure to accomplish a secret ambition.

He ought to have come nearer than this to filling Kip's place at home. If he'd been any good his father wouldn't keep wanting Kip back the way he did. Whitney Kenyon thought of the new suit waiting for him at home; that was a step in the right direction anyway. If he couldn't resemble Kip in any other way he could at least try to dress like him. Perhaps it would help. Sometimes lately he'd fancied that his father was beginning to enjoy his company in that queerly different way in which he had liked Kip's. Perhaps in time, if Kip didn't come home, Whitney would serve as an adequate substitute—even with Aunt Ella.

If Kip didn't come home! He was instantly ashamed of something like a wish that Kip wouldn't. Of course he wanted Kip back, not only for their father's sake but for his own. He'd missed him, too—missed him awfully. Nobody'd be gladder to see Kip than Whitney. And yet—it puzzled him to discover that he contemplated the possibility of Kip's return with a definite apprehension. Slowly he traced this home; it had something to do with Laura Finlay.

That was it, of course. Laura had seemed to cease comparing him with Kip lately. He felt that he had begun to possess a sort of individuality in her sight; that he had become Whitney Kenyon instead of Kip Kenyon's dull younger brother. His mind groped toward a definite formulation of the thought. It wasn't that Laura liked him or admired him any more than before; it was just that she'd stopped thinking of Kip when she saw Whitney. He realized the absurdity now of that half-formed wish. No matter how long Kip stayed away, Laura wouldn't ever—he had an uneasy sense as of a mental blush at the monstrous impudence of the idea. Laura ——

"Prentice Parkway!"

He scrambled to the step as the car jerked forward, and the jar with which his heels struck the asphalt reproved him for indulging in such moonstruck reflections. He walked deliberately, carrying himself erect, a faint scowl gathering his brows. This, as he neared the house, he carefully erased. Aunt Ella had got into the way of meeting him at the door lately—she'd always watched for Kip's home-comings in the old days—and she had a funny trick of drawing wild inferences from a fellow's expression. It would save a lot of talk to come in looking normally blank.

But the door did not open as he approached it. He fumbled for his latchkey and unlocked it, at once faintly relieved and displeased. Aunt Ella's voice from the living room conveyed an unmistakable excitement:

"Is that you, Whitney? Come in here. Somebody wants to see you."

He seemed to know it in advance. Queer that he wasn't altogether delighted as he moved toward the doorway. He struggled with the ungracious, rebellious thought.

"Hi, you old scoundrel, Whit!"

Kip swung his hand to the encounter in a wide, horizontal arc, patting Whitney's shoulder smartly with his left palm and grinning with his old flash of perfect teeth. Again Whitney was surprised by his mental reaction. Kip had come home, after all this time, and all his brother thought about was his looks! Kip was handsomer than ever. Whitney seemed to see himself in an imaginary mirror. Nothing good-looking about him!

"When—when 'd you get in?"

Whitney hated himself for the stupid question. He didn't set up to be a brilliant conversationalist, but even he might have found something better to say than that! Just facing Kip seemed to make him feel clumsy and dull again. But the speech for once carried a real significance. Kip's face changed; he looked almost ashamed for an instant, and Whitney noticed shadows and lines in his face which had not been apparent till now. He spoke in a new key too.

"That's a mean thing to ask, Whit. I'm not bragging about the private car that brought me home this trip. If you want to know, I got in on a string of empties, and beat a railroad dick in a neat two-twenty, or I'd have been phoning you from a coop, I suppose."

He glanced at his sleeve. Whitney saw that he was wearing the new Garfinkle suit. He wondered why he wasn't angry about it. The sound of the latch interrupted his thought. He found himself holding his breath as his father's step sounded in the hall, as he watched George Kenyon's face go blank and still and saw it as suddenly come alive. A deep dislike of spoken sentiment woke in him. He was afraid, in spite of his experience with his father, that he might slop over now. There was, he felt, something indecent about his witnessing this scene.

But George Kenyon only said quietly, "Well, Kip!"

Whitney was curiously relieved. He watched their hands meet and approved of the brevity of the clasp. He might have known that they'd carry it off. Kip was talking.

"I've been a fool, father, or I'd have come back long ago. I wanted to breeze in with bells on after all my talk, and I was ashamed to sneak back on my uppers. But the other day I picked up a magazine and that ad hit me between the eyes. I saw I'd been looking at it wrong. I'd been thinking about my end of it instead of yours. I just jumped a freight and came ——"

"That's right, Kip. Glad you did."

Whitney observed a sudden resemblance between his father and brother. George Kenyon's eye had become youthful and careless like Kip's; he was good-looking too. That was where Kip got it, of course. He wished Kip would stop talking about it all. He'd said enough.

"I've been every kind of an ass, but I'm wise now. I'm through. I want you to know that ——"

"All right, Kip." George Kenyon glanced at Aunt Ella. "How about food, Ella?"

Whitney recognized the phrase. It was one of his father's tricks—calling his meals by the one inclusive word, a mild family jest to be greeted eternally by a tolerant smile. It occurred to him that he hadn't heard this one for a long time.

He ate his dinner in silence, aware that it expressed Aunt Ella's emotions in quantity and scope. Nobody seemed to notice that he had little to say, even when Kip jollied him, making a joke about the borrowed suit and imitating Mr. Garfinkle's speech and gesture.

Of course he was glad to have Kip home again, but he surprised a delighted approval in Della's eye as she served the ceremonial brick of ice cream. Even Della saw the difference; he marked her unrebuked transgression against the table statute. If she had served Whitney first Aunt Ella would have corrected her. But Kip—that was different.

Everything would be different now. He was ashamed of himself for allowing his mind to hold this thought so steadily. After dinner, when he spoke of his appointment, offering to break it in honor of Kip's return, the heartiness with which they all excused him only heightened his self-contempt. He needn't have asked; with Kip at home it didn't matter whether Whitney stayed or went. He tried to grin at Kip's instructions to give Laura his love. Things would be different there too. Somehow it was this difference which seemed to matter most.

II

THE old constraint descended on him as he faced her in the dingy comfort of the Finlay living room. Always he seemed to be reproached by a sense of his absurd unfitness when Laura Finlay's glance encountered his; a natural awkwardness became almost a paralysis; a normal economy in speech gave way to blank silences. Lately, though, there had been moments when he had felt strangely at ease in her presence, when the inner voices which jeered at him had been still. To-night they mocked him more scornfully than ever. He broke his news bluntly on the heels of Laura's greeting.

"Kip! How splendid!"

She showed the same effect of glow he had observed in George Kenyon. The mere good nature with which she had made Whitney welcome warmed to an eager interest which she never showed in him or his concerns. A stream of questions—where had Kip been all this while? Why hadn't he written? How was he looking? She supposed he must have had all sorts of exciting adventures.

"I didn't have much chance to talk to him." Whitney evaded a direct answer. He couldn't tell her about the freight train and the new Garfinkle suit, and something very deep in him forbade a lie, even in Kip's interest. "He'll tell you all about it," he added. "He told me to—to remember him to you."

She laughed excitedly, and he saw that she was pleased. Somehow he resented this, not on his own account, but on Laura's; it wasn't fitting that she should feel complimented by Kip's trifling courtesy.

"Pretty near time to start," he announced. "The first show'll be about over."

He wished they were going to a play instead of the movies; you couldn't talk at a play. It was already clear that Laura meant to talk chiefly about Kip, and the topic, he realized, had become almost hateful. Under cover of her acquiescence in his silence he judged himself severely for this attitude. He couldn't help being dull, but there was no excuse for meanness. He ought to be as glad as anybody that Kip had come home.

Laura scarcely followed the tenuous thread of the filmed plot. Several times obscure figures near them turned impatiently in rebuke. Somebody, in the tense moment of the third reel, emitted an indignant hiss. Afterward, over sirupy saucers of ice cream, he listened stolidly to reminiscence. He was almost glad when he could say good night. It was a relief to walk through the still street. What was the matter with him? Why wasn't he glad that Kip had come back? Hadn't he always missed him as much as the rest? Hadn't he always known that Kip was clever and popular? He was behaving like a sorehead, a short sport.

He threw away his cigarette before he turned in at the home gate. Aunt Ella couldn't stand the smell of smoke in the house, and she had a hawk's eye for a discarded butt on the little plat of lawn. They called to him as he closed the door and he managed to answer gayly. The living room was a little too hot for comfort. Aunt Ella's atavistic instincts had demanded a gas fire in the asbestos hearth as part of the ceremonial welcome. Kip lounged in the morris chair, his heels on the narrow ledge above the grate. The posture was at once familiar and suggestive. Aunt Ella would have scolded fretfully about the woodwork if those heels had belonged to Whitney, or even to George Kenyon himself. Whitney noticed that Kip was smoking, too—quite manifestly by permission.

"Laura surprised?"

Kip grinned at his brother affably. Whitney wondered why the smile and the tone should nudge at a slow resentment. He nodded and grinned for answer. There was no room before the hearth, where the three chairs seemed to serve notice that four would be a crowd. Nobody moved either. He went toward the inner door, faintly relieved.

"Guess I'll turn in," he announced. "Getting late—for me."

"Same old dormouse, eh?" Kip chuckled. "Healthy-wealthy and-wise stuff, Whit."

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He Seemed to be Reproached by a Sense of His Absurd Unfitness When Laura Finlay's Glance Encountered His

THE TIDE OF FORTUNE

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE Wildcat, carrying double, lifted his fiddling feet and let Lady Luck aim them at whatever road she pleased as long as it was Memphis bound. In the frost of early morning he trod agile, to hear him tell it. Just then, to his burden of duplex ambitions, a persimmon tree branching against the horizon up ahead served as an added incentive to speed. Three hundred miles south of Memphis and several meals behind his ration schedule, he carried twin cravings. One was named Memphis and the other Cap'n Jack.

"Neveh leave each does us meet up wid 'em again."

He sighted the persimmon tree and its breakfast message. He issued a sharp command to his mascot goat, marching behind him.

"Hot foot, Lily! Double time dem hind legs! Brekfus' table waitin'! Step wid de music!"

He supplied the music, bending Sis' Eliza an' de Talking Gin to his persimmon ambition.

Sis' Eliza had a husband whut acted like a lamb,
Handed her his wages every pay-day night.
Kept a-workin' steady till his job went—bam!
E-liza's husband's job was haulin' nervous dynamite.

Sky bound, headed fo' de promis' land,
Sky bound, "Saint Peter, I shoots you fo' de key."
Sky bound, wid a lily in each hand,
Sky bound, Peter tol' him, "Don't you bother me."

The marching pair arrived at the breakfast tree and Sis' Eliza was dismissed.

"Goat, rally roun' dat grass an' see kin you pos'pone starvin' to death whilst I 'sorbs dese p'simmons de good Lawd done sent.

"Whuf! Whut you craves depends on who you is. Whuf! Bes' p'simmons I ever did see. Big as chilblains. Jus' like 'em. B'longs to who gits 'em, an' swells biggest when de frost hits 'em."

He began to bust all established records for persimmon eating. At first he stood erect under the tree, stooping to reap his yellow breakfast, and then with the weight of half the crop heavy within him he crawled westward across the frosted grass, eating as he went. He reached the margin of the food-bearing area and began cutting a sun-bound swath along the back trail. When the shadow of his devastating progress lay like a band of gray across the orange-blotched circle under the tree he again stood upright.

"Whuf! Dat's de noblest brekfus' Ise et since de stevedo' shock troops surrende'd de groceries at de Battle of Vin Blank."

He called to his goat: "Lily, is you et yo' full ration?"

Lily, leaning heavily against the briers of a blackberry bush, managed to emit an affirmative reply that had its origin near the center of a bushel of grass. "Blaa-a!"

"Come on den, you fo'-legged lawn mower! Ain't no finger bowls on dis table. Git marchin'! Us is Memphis bound whah at ol' Cap'n Jack is waitin' an' a-cussin' his p'odigal nigger."

In the grateful morning sunlight the Wildcat resumed his northbound prowl. A little ahead of him the grass-gorged mascot lolled along in slow time with the droning exposure of poor Sis' Eliza and the Talkin' Gin.

De dynamite was early, Eliza's man was late,
Now he's heaven bound in pieces on de angel's freight.

Sis' Eliza weep an' wail fo' goin' on a week,
Mournin' wid her grievin' eyes a-startin' in to pine.
Preacher come a-prowlin' round, comfortin' de meek,
Laborin' in de vineyard wid de clingin' vine.

Preacher stayed fo' supper ev'y now an' then,
Smack his lips—"De good Lawd He said 'Feed my lamb.'"
Chickens kep' a-dwindlin' in de widder's pen,
But Eliza craved religion, so she didn't give a damn.

The mascot goat began to punctuate her master's song with detours toward little clumps of roadside grass.

"Stan' Still, Goat, Till Us Baptises You Loose F'm Dat Sweet Raimeat"

"Goat, you sho' is de digestinist varmint in de worl'. Did a sugar mill see you, ol' mill say, 'Take de cane; Ise marked fatigue.' Did you eat trees de sawmill men git a lifetime furlough."

"Blaa-a!" Lily agreed as well as she could with a grass-cluttered set of vocal organs, munching in time with the Talkin' Gin chorus:

Saint Peter say, "You looks all mussed."
"Ise been dat way since de dynamite bust."

Eliza set a bilin' kittle on de fire,
Filled it up wid juniper an' sassafras mash,
Aimed to give a ruckus fo' de preacher an' de choir,
Preacher say, "Jes' you an' me—fo'git dem trash."

Sis' Eliza started ladlin' out de homemade gin,
"Whuf!" Ol' preacher smack his drippin' lips to thank Sis' Liz,
Den his feet dey got to itchin', "Dancin' ain't no sin,"
Crack his heels together once an' up he riz.

"Goat, halt! At ease! Unwrap dat mil'tary bearin' f'm round yo'self. At res' whilst I sees is my pussonal feet still 'quipped wid shufflin' brains."

In the dust of the roadway, while Lily and an imaginary audience consisting of Sis' Liz and the ol' preacher burned with envy, the Wildcat removed his shoes and then took his feet for a dog walk.

"Dey remembers!" The dancer started slow, announcing each measure to his audience. "De rabbit prowl—rabbit hears de houn's bayin'—rabbit climbs de tall timber—coon on de lo' limb—bam! Ol' coon hits de groun'—rabbit keeps a-climbin'—polecat restin' hisself on de middle limb—ker-bam! Ol' polecat splashes heavy in de dismal swamp—rabbit keeps a-climbin'—grizzle bear on de top limb—bam-lam-boom! Grizzle bear squashes all de houn's when he hits de groun'—de rabbit dive—kick ol' grizzle bear in de face, fo' times lef' an fo' times right ——

"Wham—Lawdy! How come!"

The dance was abruptly ended on the third kick to starboard. Preceded by a grunt of pain, the Wildcat emerged from the center of a dust cloud which had veiled his violent exhibition, hopping on one foot and holding the other in both hands.

"Foot, you foun' somethin' you didn't lose." Sideways out of his eyes the foot holder squinted to see how many toes were missing. He found the toe detail present in full strength. Gratified, he put on his shoes. "Serve me right. Folks whut is got shoes gin'ally wears 'em, 'less dey is 'flicted wid de brain feebles. Whut de man mean, leavin' a ol' anvil layin' in de road?" He clawed around in the dust which had been his dancing stage, searching for the anvil. "Well, I be dog! Lily, look heah! Ain't no anvil—nuthin' but a ol' mule shoe. Sho' had de mule kick. Might knowed dey was mule grief some place in dat toe mis'ry. Mule shoe, howdy an' good-by. Fare thee well!" He cast the iron shoe far into a clump of brush.

Before resuming his march he addressed his imaginary audience. "Preacher, you win de dance contes'. Horseshoe shows where Lady Luck been; mule shoe marks de devil's road. Git to dancin', preacher, befo' yo' feet gits A. W. O. L."

Preacher got to dancin' an' he went hog wild,
Got to goin' noble an' started in to yell;
"Sis' Eliza, fill de dipper fo' yo' angel child!
I craves my wine an' wimmen an' dey ain't no hell!"

Hell bound on de primrose road,
One-horse sinner wid a two-horse load.

Preacher was a-dancin' four-eleven-forty-four,
Yells, "Watch dis foot-loose demon whirlin' round you, 'Liza Liz!"
Right when he was steamin' come a knockin' at de door,
Preacher stopped like he was hit wid lightnin' room-a-tiz.

"Lily, I bet dat ol' preacher felt like my foot when it got de howdy-do to de mule shoe. See kin I limp some. Ol' Cap'n Jack see me limpin' he say, 'Wilecat, quit dat limpin' befo' I kicks you loose f'm yo' pussonal 'natomy whut kain't limp 'less you hiccup."

Sky bound, fo' his home on high,
Sky bound, with a feather in each hand,
Sky bound, just beginnin' to fly,
Sky bound, grazin' de promis' land.

"Who dat?" Eliza holler. "Who beatin' on dat door?"
A dwindlin' voice come soundin' f'm de night,
"'Liza, dis yo' husband. Ain't gwine to leave no more,
I win dat wrasslin' battle wid de dynamite!"

Ol' preacher started leavin'—he busted through de wall,
Whilst Eliza opened up de cabin door,
A-lookin' and a-callin'—never seed no one at all,
Den she throwed a 'niption fit across de floor.

Sky bound, hear de angels sing,
Sky bound, kain't hear anything.

De preacher still a-gallopin' de sinful road,
Sis' Eliza she repented loose a load of sin,
Said she'd 'a' backslid mighty light if she'd 'a' knowed
De ruin dat wuz brewin' in dat talkin' gin.

"Goat, dat's all. Dat learns you never to pester wid dynamite. Gin ain't so bad 'less you gits reckless an' tries to swim upstream in Gin River. Float wid de current, but look out fo' de big eddies whut drags you under. Dog-gone,

I sho' craves to git wid Cap'n Jack, 'specially now dat de winter weather is so ravagin' in de land."

By the time night had fallen the craver and his mascot goat were about twelve miles nearer Captain Jack than they had been that morning. Lying down in the frosts of evening and trying to sleep didn't make any gilt-spangled appeal, and so the hungry pair continued their march throughout the night.

At dawn the Wildcat sought a sun-swept gully a little off the road. There, protected from the chill wind, he curled up with Lily beside him and snored himself forty miles away from mule-shoe luck.

"Same as de A. E. F., 'ceptin' cooties an' rations. Hot dam, Lily! Whah at is de ol' mess sergeant? Whah at is Lady Luck? Git to sleep, goat! Say yo' prayers dat Lady Luck don't rush past us, does she come dis way."

II

NORTHBOUND and acutely conscious of an empty stomach that for two days had been as superfluous as a stakeholder in a crap game, the Wildcat welcomed a trio of church steeples rising against the horizon before him.

"Hot foot, Lily! Where dey's churches dey's a town, an' where dey's a town us gits a job. Craves me a job. Kain't eat 'less us works—kain't eat steady. Eatin' ain't nothin' 'less it's de steady kind. I had enough now-an'-then rations in de A. E. F. to las' me till ol' Gabriel sputters de las' 'sembly in de brass hawn on high. Double time yo'self, goat! Lady Luck likely waitin' where you sees dem fact'ry chimbleys agin de sky, behind dem churches. Us is luck bound! Ramble!"

Near the edge of the town, almost smelling the gravy, the Wildcat stepped out at a four-mile pace. Lily, trotting along behind him, heard her master mask his appetite in a thin veil of song:

Luck bound, on my fiddlin' feet;
Luck bound, an' a-cravin' to eat;
Luck bound, where de rations wait;
Ise luck bound at a gallopin' gait.

At the edge of town the singer growled an order toward his mascot:

"Slack up yo' gallop, Lily! Slow down befo' some deppity marshal thinks us is runnin' away f'm whah somebody lost somethin' whut was took."

Rich in experience, the Wildcat passed the churches and the residence district of the little town without halting. He hesitated for half a minute before a little restaurant on the main street, and then, without stopping, resumed his course.

"Dat grub smell just like heaven! Drives me like de long-lash leather burnin' mule hide. Come on heah, goat, to whah de work is waitin'. Kain't buy no rations wid talk. Fo' bits do mo' talkin' wid de res'rant man dan all de whut-you-wuz words in de world."

He plodded down the streets of the town until the substantial buildings had given place to the broken residences of the poorer element of the community, and presently the gate of a stockade surrounding a sugar refinery confronted him. He addressed the watchman at the gate.

"Ise lookin' fo' a job. Whah at is de man whut hires de hands?"

The watchman discouraged him.

"Ain't hirin' no hands."

The Wildcat looked hard at the watchman, and by reason of a similarity of complexions ventured some more language.

"Boy, don't tell me no ain'ts. Ise so hungry Ise fish deaf when de aint's is spoke. I ax you, whah at is de man?"

The watchman conceded a point.

"You finds him in de li'l' shack by de boilin' mill. Dat's de office. Walk in, does you crave to. All I tells you is double up so you won't land so heavy when you comes out."

The Wildcat walked to the office shack and entered it. A moment later he faced the superintendent of the sugar mill.

"Cap'n, suh, me an' Lily craves a job o' work so us kin' eat." A gentle gesture with the hand that held his hat indicated the mascot goat.

"Who is Lily?"

"Dis heah goat. Luck mascot. Whaheveh Lily is ol' Lady Luck gwine come prowlin' soon o' late."

The superintendent was no more superstitious than the average man who dodges ladders and picks up pins and avoids thirteens, but the sugar market was feeble and he couldn't afford to take a chance with his luck. The Wildcat had him hooked.

"What can you do?"

"Cap'n, suh, mos' any liftin' jobs, up or down, or workin' wid a shovel. Ise good wid animals an' mules. Mules I reg'lates. I rules mules. I knows some 'bout machinery—shovelin' coal an' on an' off wid wateh valves. Steam valves I ain't learned. Place gits cloudy so quick wid steam a boy kain't think jus' which."

"Come with me. Three dollars a day."

"Cap'n, suh, you means Ise hired?"

"You're hired. Come on here."

"Hot dam! Come 'long, Lily, to whah Lady Luck is waitin'! Foller de cap'n an' tread gentle befo' I knocks you nine miles f'm pay day!"

Following the guide toward the meeting point with Lady Luck, the Wildcat and Lily walked from the office and crossed a hundred-foot open space to a tall boarded building which looked old and tired and which housed a battery of six huge wooden molasses-storage tanks. Inside the building he became conscious of the humming of a myriad idle flies, noting that an equal number were silent at their feasting.

He mounted a narrow stairway leading to a platform thirty feet above ground level. Here, standing before an intricate system of pipes and valves and batting at a cloud of buzzing flies, he listened to orders.

"These six valves painted red are the molasses feed valves in the pipe lines that fill the six wooden tanks below us. The numbers show you which is which—tanks numbered the same way on those boards nailed to the staves. Number Four is feeding now. Takes about an hour to fill a tank. When the molasses gets to the red danger mark—you can see it painted there—shut off the feed valve and fill the next tank. By the time Number Six is filled Number One ought to be empty. That's all. You know how to work it?"

"Cap'n, yes-suh! Sho' do!"

With his appetite dictating the text of his reply the Wildcat would have taken a chance on operating an airplane and a submarine with his right hand while juggling the theory of relativity with his left if success had meant hoe-cake and ham gravy.

"Cap'n, suh, you say dat pourin'-out stuff is 'lasses?"

"That's it."

The superintendent called down to a man standing in the web of the piping system below. "Stay with those outlet valves now, Demmy. New boy handling the overhead feed up here." He turned to the Wildcat for a final word. "Your shift is twelve hours on—ends at midnight, begins at noon. Two whistles."

"Cap'n, yes-suh."

Just then the working shift might have been as continuous as human error without having much effect on the Wildcat's immediate future. What he wanted most at that moment was to be left alone with his work, for here was a job a boy could eat.

"Betteh dan a res'rant job. Nobody kin count 'lasses. Neveh miss a few 'lasses wid so many on hand. Stan' back f'm de edge, Lily, befo' us has to strain you out wid de res' of de flies."

Five seconds after the superintendent disappeared down the stairway the Wildcat reached a cupped hand under the surface of the dark liquid in Tank Number Three.

(Continued on Page 77)

In the Dim Light Suddenly Appeared a Rush of Jets of Demon, and Each Jet Was Trying His Personal Best to Unwrap Himself Free From His Oozing Shroud

THE DRIVER

By GARET GARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

X

ONE evening as dinner was finishing Vera looked at me across the table and said, "Won't you come sometime to tea when father can't have you all to himself? He hates tea." I was startled and absurdly thrilled; but the curious feeling was that I became in that instant an object of curiosity and solicitude, mingled, as one marked by fate for a certain experience. I got this particularly from Natalie, who glanced first at me with an anxious expression, and then at her sister.

"We are always at home Sunday afternoon," said Mrs. Galt.

I was the only caller the next Sunday. Galt did not appear. Tea was served in that middle room, between the parlor and dining room, which was a domain over which Vera exercised feudal rights. That was why it was more attractive than any other part of the house. It expressed something of her personality. Conversation was low-spirited and artificial. Natalie was not her sparkling self. Mrs. Galt was in her usual state of preoccupation, though very gracious, and helpful in warding off silences. I do not know how these things are managed. Presently Vera and I were alone. I asked her to play.

Her performance, though finished and accurate, was so empty that I said without thought, "Why don't you let yourself go?"

"Like this?" she said, turning back.

And then, having no music in front of her, she played a strange, tumultuous Russian thing with extraordinary power. I begged her to go on.

Instead she left the piano abruptly and stood for a minute far away at the window with her back to me, breathing rapidly; not from the exertion of playing, I thought, but from the emotional excitement of it. Then she called me to come and look at a group of Sunday strollers passing in the street—three men and two women, strange, dark aliens, full of hot, slothful life.

The men around their middles wore striped sashes ending in fringe, and no coats, like opera brigands; the women were draped in flaming shawls. All of them wore earrings.

"What are they?" she asked.

Immigrants, I guessed, from some odd corner of Southern Europe, who hadn't been here long enough to get out of their native costume.

"They will be drab soon enough," she said, turning away.

I wanted to talk of her playing, being now enthusiastic about it, but she put the subject aside, saying "Please don't," and we talked instead of pictures. There was a special exhibition of old masters at the Metropolitan Museum which she hadn't seen. Wouldn't I like to go? It came out presently that she painted. I asked to see some of her things and she got them out—two or three landscapes and some studies of the nude. She had just begun working in a life class, she said.

"Very interesting," I said, trying to get the right emphasis and knowing instantly that it had failed.

She gathered them up slowly and put them away.

"They are like your playing," I added; "as you played at first."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean you somehow hinder your self-expression."

"I do not let myself go? Is that what you mean?"

"Precisely. What are you afraid of?"

"Then you believe in letting oneself go?" she asked.

"Well, why not?"

"Suppose one isn't sure of one's stopping places?"

We became involved in a discussion of the moralities hitherto, present and future, tending to become audacious. This is a pastime by means of which, in first acquaintance, two persons of opposite sex may indulge their curiosity with perfect security. The subject is abstract. The tone is impersonal. Neither one knows how far the other will go. They dare each other to follow, one step at a time, and are both surprised at the ground they can make. There is at the same time an inaudible exchange, which is even more thrilling, for that is personal. This need never be acknowledged. If the abstract does not lead naturally to the concrete, then the whole conversation remains impersonal and the inaudible part may be treated as if it had never occurred. That is the basic rule of the game.

Her courage amazed me. I began to see what she meant by supposing that one might not be sure of one's stopping places. She had been reading France, Stendhal, Zola, Shaw, Pater, Ibsen, Strindberg and Nietzsche.

Mrs. Galt reappeared. "We are debating the sins of Babylon," I said. She smiled and asked me to dinner.

That was the beginning. We went the next Sunday to the Metropolitan Museum and one evening that same week to the theater. What we set out to see was an English play that everyone was talking about. At the last minute she asked if the tickets might be changed. And when I asked her where she would go instead she naïvely mentioned a musical comedy much more talked about than the English play, for very different reasons. Afterwards when I asked her what part of the show she liked best she said, "The way people laughed."

Life transacting thrilled her. Contact with people, especially in free noisy crowds, produced in her a kind of intoxication. We walked a great deal in the pulsating streets, often till late at night; and that she enjoyed more than the play, the opera or any other form of entertainment. Her curiosity was insatiable. She was always for going a little further, for prying still deeper into the secrets of humanity's gregarious business, afraid, yet venturesome and insistent. She would pick out of the throng whimsical, weird and dreadful personalities, and we would follow them for blocks.

Once at a corner we came suddenly upon a woman importuning a man. She was richly gowned and not in any way common. He was sinister, sated and cruel. She had lost her head, her pride, her sense of everything but wanting him. We were close enough to hear. He spoke in a low, admonishing tone, imploring her not to make a scene. She grew louder all the time, saying "I don't care, I don't care," and continued alternately to assail him with revealing reproaches and to entreat him caressingly, until they both seemed quite naked in the lighted street. The man was contemptible; the woman was tragic. I took Vera by the arm to move her away, but she was fixed between horror and attraction and stood there regarding them in the fascinated way one looks at deadly serpents through the glass at the Zoo. The man at last yielded with a bored gesture, called a cab, whisked the woman into it, and the scene vanished. Vera shuddered and we walked on.

We explored the East Side at night, visiting the Chinese and Jewish theaters, Hungarian coffee houses and dance halls. Nobody had ever done this kind of thing with her before. It was a new experience and she adored it. Of what she did with it in her mind I knew almost nothing. Emotions in the abstract she would discuss with the utmost simplicity. Her own she guarded jealously.

One evening late, with a particularly interesting nocturnal adventure behind us, we stood in the hallway saying good night. We said it and lingered; said it again and still lingered. She was more excited than usual. Her lips were slightly parted. She almost never blushed, but on rare occasions, such as now, there was a feeling of pink beneath the deep brunet color of her skin.

Her beauty seemed of a sudden to expand, to become greatly exaggerated, not in quality but in dimensions, so that it excluded all else from the sense of space. The sight of it unpoised me. And she knew; I could feel that she knew. My impulse toward her grew stronger and stronger, tending to become irresistible. This she knew also; yet she lingered. Then I seized and kissed her. At the first touch her whole weight fell in my arms. Her eyes closed, her head dropped backward, face upturned. She trembled violently and sighed as if every string of tension in her being snapped.

"I'm Thinking," She Said, "What My Sister Would Say If She Saw Us Now"

How little we can save of those enormous moments in which the old, old body mind remembers all that ever happened! What was it that one knew so vividly in that coextensive, panoramic, timeless interval and cannot now recall?

The first kiss goes a journey. The second stays on earth. The first one is a meeting in the void. Then this world again.

"Vera! Vera!" I whispered.

Her eyes opened. The look they gave me was so unexpected, so unnatural in the circumstances, that I had a start of terror lest she had gone out of herself. Then I recognized it. This was she whom I had forgotten. These were those impervious, scornful carnelian eyes you could not see into. The old hot-and-cold feeling came over me again. And though she still lay in my arms, not having moved at all, it was now as if I were not touching her, as if I never had. I released her. Without a word she turned and walk slowly up the stairway, out of sight.

The next whole day was one of utter, lonely wretchedness, supported only by a feeling of resentment. I found myself humming Coming Through the Rye and wondering why, as it was a ditty I had not remembered for years. Then it came to me why—"If a body kiss a body need a body cry?" What had I done that was so terrible after all?

I went to the Galts' for dinner uninvited, as now I often did. Vera did not appear. She was reported to be indisposed. I passed the evening with Galt in his study, and left early. Natalie was alone in the parlor, reading. She came into the hall as I was putting on my coat and laid a hand on my arm consolingly.

"You won't stop coming, will you?" she asked.

"What do you mean?"

"They always do," she said. "And some of them are so nice, like you."

"Natalie, what are you talking about?"

"Father would miss you terribly," she said.

I promised whatever it was she wanted. She shook hands on it and watched me down the steps.

The next evening I called after dinner. Vera was out. I wrote her a note of expostulation, then one in anger; and she answered neither of them.

In this state of suspense an enormous time elapsed; three weeks at least. For me Vera was nonexistent in her father's house. When I was there for dinner she never came down. There was a pretense that her absence was unnoticeable. Nobody spoke of it; nobody mentioned her name. In spite of this, or perhaps because of it, I could not rid myself of the notion that I had become an object of sympathy in the household.

One afternoon I had been in to see Galt, who was ill, and as I let myself out through the front door there was Vera at the bottom of the steps in conversation with a huge blond animal of the golden series, very dangerous for dark women. She saw me obliquely and turned her attention more to him with a subtle excluding gesture. Evidently she wished me to pass. Instead I waited, watching them, until he became conscious of the situation and cast off with a large, various manner that comprehended me.

As she came up the steps toward me, slowly, but with unblurred, definite movements, hard to the ache of desire yet soft and voluptuous to the forbidden sense of touch, with a kind of birdlike beauty, I could not for a moment imagine that I had ever kissed her, much less that she had responded to a ruffling caress. I forgot what I was going to do or by what right I meant to do anything. I was cold and hopeless with a sudden sense of fatigue, and might have suffered her to pass me in silence as she wished to do but for the look she gave me on reaching the top. That was her mistake. It was the old impersonal, trampling look, to which anger was the one self-saving reply. I took her by the arm and turned her face about.

"We are going for a walk," I said, moving her with me down the steps.

I counted upon her horror of a scene to give me the brutal advantage, and it did. She came unresistingly. Yet it was in no sense a victory. She submitted to a situation she could not control, but contemptuously, with no respect or fear for the force controlling it. We walked in silence to a tea shop in Fifth Avenue; and when we were seated and the waiter came her respect for appearances made her speak.

"Just some tea, please," she said sweetly. And those were the only words she uttered.

Her defense was to stare at me as if I were reciting a tedious tale. It bored her. Once I thought she repressed a yawn. That was when I began to say the same things over again. She was without any vanity of self-justification. Not for an instant did she avert her eyes. She looked at me steadily, unblinkingly, with a kind of reptilian indifference. She could see into me; I could not see into her. At the end I became abusive. Then if at all there was a faint suspicion of interest.

"A fool there was who loved the basilisk," I said. "He who plucks that icy flame will be destroyed but not consumed. Shall we go?"

I like still to remember that she did not smile at this idiotic apostrophe. Every man, I suppose, says a thing like that once—if he can. We rose at once. We walked all the way back in silence. I did not go in, but handed her up the steps and left her without good night.

On the next day but one a note came. Would I meet her for tea at the same place?

She was prompt and purposeful. She waited until tea was served, then put it aside and spoke:

"Why do all men, though by different ways, come to the same place?"

"I know nothing about all men," I said. "It's enough to know about myself. I'm not very sure of that."

"They all do," she said reflectively.

"But I want to marry you," I said, with emphasis on the personal pronoun.

"Yes; that too," she said with a saturated air.

"Oh, weary Olympia!" I said. "How stands the score? How many loves lie beheaded in your chamber of horrors? Or do you bury them decently and tend their graves?"

"You try me," she said, with no change of voice or color. "It is very stupid. Man takes without leave the smallest thing, and presumes upon that to erect preposterous claims. Take our case. I begin by liking you. I invite you to a friendship. You are free to accept or decline. You accept. We find this relation agreeable and extend it. All this is voluntary. Nothing is surrendered under compulsion. We are both free. Then suddenly you overwhelm me by a sensuous impulse. It is a wanton, ravishing act. I resent it by the only peaceable means in my power—that is, I avoid you. Immediately you assail me with violent reproaches, as by a right. Is it the invader's right of might? Is human relationship a state of war? Don't interrupt me, please. And now, when I have come to say that under certain conditions I am prepared to make an exception in your forgiveness—for heaven knows what reason!—you taunt me of things you have no right to mention."

There was a retort, but I withheld it. How shall man tell woman she hath provoked him to it? If he tell her she will wither him. Yet if the sight, smell and sound of her provoke him not, then is she mortally offended. He shall see without looking, and be damned if he looks without seeing. It is so. But she divined my thoughts.

"If a woman gives it is quite the same," she went on. "Only worse, for in that case he presumes upon what he has received by favor, to become lord of all that she has."

"I lie in the dust," I said.

"I know the pose," she said with a lighter touch. "Happily it is absurd. If it were not that it would be contemptible."

"Well, pitiless woman, what would you have a man to be and do? Let us suppose provisionally that I ask out of deep religious curiosity. I may not like the part. How should a man behave with you?"

"I dislike you very much at this moment," she replied. "By an effort I remember that you have saving qualities. Did you hear me say that I was prepared to make an exception?"

"It may be too late," I said. "What are the terms?"

She frowned, hesitated and went on slowly:

"It is my castle. You may dwell there, you may come and go, you may make free of it in discretion, agreeably to our joint pleasure, provided you forgo beforehand all rights accruing from use and tenure."

We debated the contract in a high, ceremonious manner. It was agreed that the bargain, if made, should terminate automatically at the instant I should presume to make the slightest demand upon her.

"As if, for instance, I should demand the key to the chamber of horrors," I said whimsically.

"Exactly," she replied.

I stipulated—not in earnest, of course—that she should make no demands upon me.

"That was implied," she said. "We make it explicit."

When at last I accepted unreservedly she put forth her hand in a full, generous gesture; and the pact was sealed.

We walked homeward on a perfectly restored basis of friendship, changed our minds at the last minute, went instead to a restaurant, then to the theater, and passed a joyous evening together

When I Looked at Her Again She Lay Face Downward in the Pillows, Weeping Convulsively

XI

STEADILY the American giant grew worse in his mind. There were yet lower depths of insolvency. The passion to touch them was like the impulse to collective suicide in the Dark Ages. Bankruptcy ceased to be a disgrace, there was so much of it. Hope of profit was abandoned. Optimism was believed to be an unsound mode of thought. All this was a state of feeling, a delusion purely. The country was rich. The unemployed were fed on fine white bread, and an unlaundered linen shirt cost fifty cents. Every catastrophe was bound to happen.

On a rainy Wall Street morning in mid-December, with no sign or gesture of anguish, the Great Midwestern Railroad gave up its corporate existence and died.

It was a shapeless event. Ten men sat around the long table in the board room, smoking, fidgeting, irritably watching the time. These were the eminent directors. They were men whose time nobody could afford to waste—enterprisers in credit, capital, oil, coal, metals and packing-house products. They wished the obsequies to begin promptly and be as brief as possible, for they had many other things to mind. Yet the president, with nothing else to do, had kept them waiting for nearly five minutes. This had never happened before. However, when he came and silently took his place at the head of the table he looked so dismal that they forgave him, and the ceremony might have been brought off with some amiability of spirit but for a disagreeable incident at the beginning.

The disturber was Jonas Gates, a dry, mottled little man, indecorously old and lewdly alert, with a shameless, impish sense of pleasantry. He practiced usury on a large scale as a kind of Stock Exchange pawnbroker, lending money to people in difficulties at high rates of interest until they had nothing more to pledge, and then cutting them off at the pockets. He knew some of everybody's secrets, and much more than he knew he guessed by the magic formula that he was sure of nothing worse about himself than was generally true of his neighbors. He was hated for his tongue, feared for what he knew, and respected for his wealth, which was one of the largest private fortunes of that time.

This Jonas Gates, cupping his hands to his mouth and making his voice high and distant, as one calling to the echoes, inquired at large: "Are there any stockholders present?"

Everyone was scandalized. Several were without pretense of concealing it. He surveyed their faces with amused impudence. Then spreading his hands at each side of his mouth and making his voice hoarse, like a boy calling into an empty hogshead, he inquired again: "Are there any stockholders present?"

It was a ghastly joke. There is no law forbidding

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NEW TRAILS IN BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

IS THE rapid progress of science an unmixed blessing? Has man been devoured by his machines? Has the machine, which was meant to be the slave of man, become the master and man the slave? Has the machine driven man out of his field of activities by replacing his brains and skill with its automatic labors? Have machines undermined the physiques of human workers, weakening their characters and destroying their self-reliance? Can there be pride in creative effort when products are produced by machines?

A number of clever writers who have studied the trend of present civilization declare that labor-saving machines increase labor and time-saving devices destroy leisure. They claim that machines beget machines, and that the result is a gigantic and wasteful consumption of natural resources to make products which man does not need. It is further asserted that the domination of man by mechanism has transformed a favorable to a destructive environment, and has fostered communism, enabling the unfit to become completely parasitic upon the fit.

It is also true that many people deplore the advances of science because science has been used to destroy lives and make war more frightful than it has ever been before. It cannot be denied that scientific research is responsible for the ravages of the submarine and airplane, and for the horrors of noxious gases and high explosives. But is there anyone who would be willing to give up the advantages of the telephone in order that the submarine might not be provided with listening ears? Surely we would not consent to the discontinuance of the science of chemistry so that armies would not have noxious gases, and it is certain we would not relinquish our hopes of conquering the air for the sole reason that aviators might destroy defenseless people in launching attacks from the clouds.

The Uneven March of Progress

THE arguments of the critics of the present machine age are far more interesting than true. Perhaps it is a fact that the telephone, the fast express train and the wireless have made us restless. Perhaps with all our progress in science, thought to-day is no more enduring than it was a century ago. Perhaps we are developing cinematographic brains in which images are fleeting and which do not produce literature and works of art equal to the products of earlier generations. However, we are lengthening the span of human life by conquering disease, lessening drudgery, multiplying life's joys for those who indulge temperately, and increasing the individual's productive capacity far beyond what it was in times past. Mechanical power has not destroyed the spirit of work but it has reduced poverty. So-called commercialism and the submergence of the individual into groups and classes have not impaired character, if we are to judge by the heights of self-sacrifice men rose to during the serious days of the World War.

It is easy to prepare a rather convincing indictment of life to-day, but it is just as easy to show that the peoples of yesterday had shortcomings more numerous and no less serious than those which now prevail. The history of the United States is one of the world's most recent documents, yet it records that our most worthy forefathers burned witches for the supposed practice of an evil craft. In China the progress in science has been backward. No one can say that the Chinese have been spoiled by speedy travel or the utilization of modern conveniences. In that country the individual has remained himself, yet poverty exists in high degree, and the population of one of the most thickly settled countries on earth is practically stationary, largely because something like seven children out of every ten that are born die in infancy. If science is bad, certainly ignorance is far worse. At any rate, the die is cast beyond recall, and no one should forget that the future welfare of the United States is entirely dependent on the maintenance of our position as the leading nation in the world of science, engineering and invention.

Many of those who see calamity ahead because such a large number of people spend their lives watching machines work have failed to discern the primary cause of the chief ills that now beset us. The principal trouble to-day is due to man's uneven advance in the march of civilization. While we have become great in mechanical skill, we have remained clumsy in economics and politics. While we have developed precision instruments of such delicate construction that it is possible to determine the deflection of a steel beam extending from a wall when a fly alights on the disengaged end, we have failed to discover a way to eliminate destructive political patronage based on clandestine trades.

The Government's mental process at times appears similar to that of the Kentucky mountaineer who was the stern father of three likely boys. A stranger approaching the squatter's cabin one day observed that two of the boys were crying while the smallest appeared to be happy and carefree. The father, grim and reflective, stood in the door of his cabin, and the traveler inquired the source of sorrow of the two older boys.

"Wal, friend," said the mountaineer, "it happened like this: To-day is the youngest boy's birthday, and as I didn't have any money to get him a birthday present, I just naturally licked the stuffin' out of his two brothers and didn't lay a hand on the kid."

In like fashion, Uncle Sam, when unable or disinclined to help one group or class of citizens, often attempts to soften the sorrow of the disappointed ones by adding to the burden already being carried by some opposing class.

Second only to political inefficiency as a national menace, and chief of all our economic ills, is our present wasteful and unscientific marketing practice. Frequently the producer and the long-distance carrier combined receive only one-fifth of the selling price of an everyday commodity. For years farmers generally have been underpaid for production, while consumers have had to pay exorbitantly for marketing service. Though hundreds of examples illustrating this condition might be cited, one is sufficient, for it is typical of the many. In Georgia last year watermelon raisers received an average of 7.5 cents per melon; the freight rate on the railroad to Baltimore was 12.7 cents per melon. The consumer paid $1 for each melon, which would show a marketing expense of 79.8 cents against a growing and transportation expense of 20.2 cents. It needs no argument in such a case to prove that the farmers failed to get a fair share of the wealth they produced.

War Inventions in Times of Peace

THOUGH it would be interesting to discuss ways and means to bring about effective action and clarity of thought in economics and politics, the present moment is no less propitious for an inquiry in the field of science to determine the likely trend of business and industrial practices when the nation recovers from the current depression and conditions generally again become normal. Few people realize in full what great advances have been made in scientific research and discovery during the past few years. The application of new principles to business and industry has been so delayed by the slowing down of trade and commerce that in worrying about our unemployment and other problems we have quite forgotten the value in everyday life of the advances we have made in chemical and technical fields. Practically everything that was devised to make war terrible can and will be used to make business more profitable.

There is good reason to believe that if disarmament conferences between the nations fail to make future wars impossible science will step in and effectively accomplish this desired end. Though talk of war is not pleasant and should be unnecessary, it would be a good thing if all the people in America and throughout the world were carefully and fully informed as to the type and character of the next war if one should occur in the future between first-class nations. The next war will be one of extermination of one people by another. We know now that very little dependence can be placed on the rules of international law. The Hague codes were designed to make war a clean, merciful business, conducted as a gentlemanly sporting event. One reason wars have occurred is because a lot of folks believed they could be confined to prescribed areas and fought to a finish under Marquess of Queensberry rules. What the world needs is to know the whole truth about the next war.

Any future war will be carried into the very homes of the citizens of the belligerent nations. The medical fraternity

(Continued on Page 28)

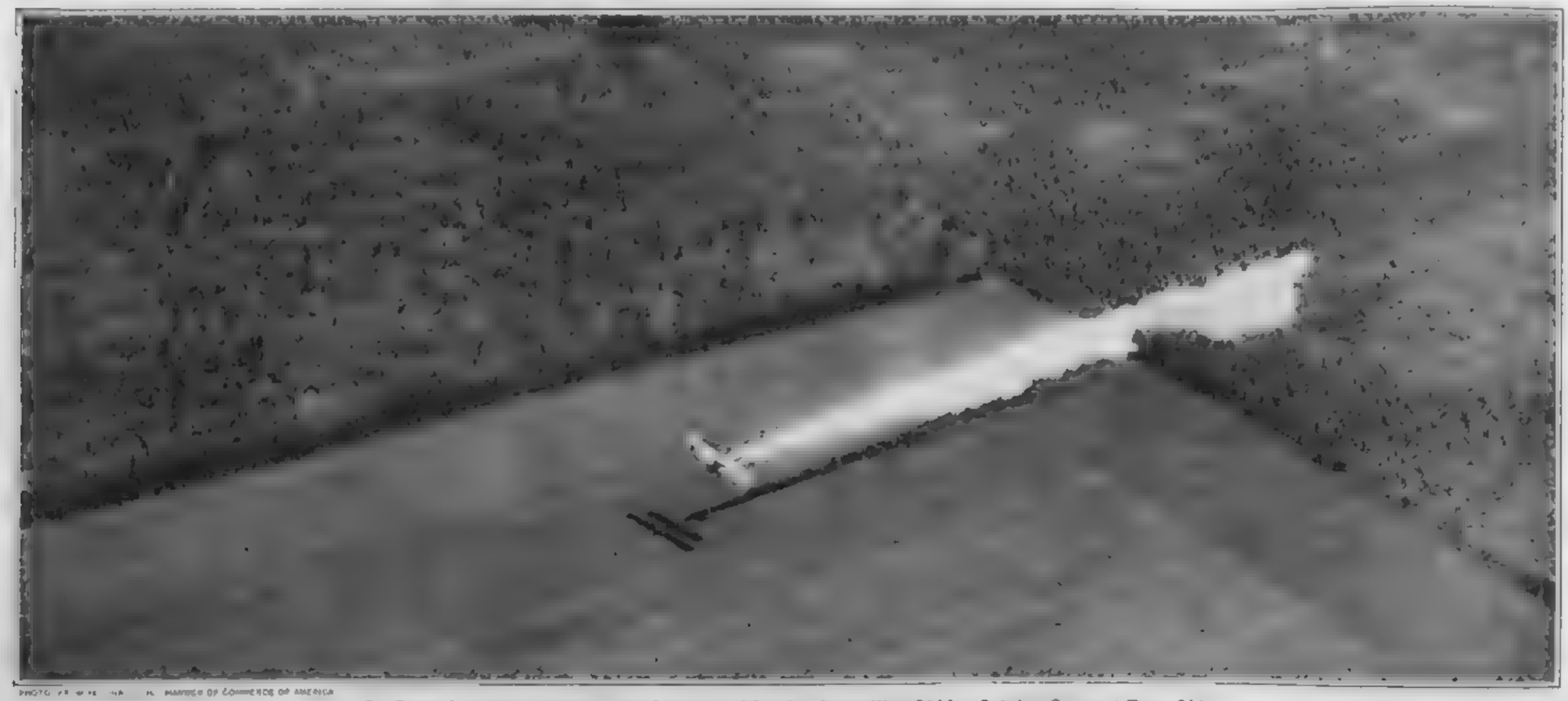

PHOTO BY U. S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE OF AMERICA

An Army Airplane Spraying With Arsenate of Lead a Caterpillar-Ridden Catalpa Grove at Troy, Ohio

MEN OF AFFAIRS

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

XXIV

EVERYONE agreed it was a difficult morning on the Stock Exchange, although for that matter a great many mornings during the past three weeks had been the same. The bottom had fallen out of innumerable cans. Persons with scarlet or greenish-white faces were waving their hands and calling on the Deity to explain the collapse of cast-iron securities. If there had been a threat of war things could hardly have been worse.

The worst of it was that none of the big sellers seemed disposed to give their reasons for unloading. Mr. Hilbert Torrington, when asked why he had sold huge quantities of oil shares, courteously replied to all and various that he had no observations to make. The oil market, particularly that controlled by Hugo van Diest, had slumped fifteen points in three days, and the others had fallen sympathetically. And now, as though the oil collapse were not enough, appeared Ezra P. Hipps unloading Estuary Rails at a price that would hardly pay for printing the scrip. Ten days earlier the Estuary had looked like a cinch, and Nugent Cassis, who had a reputation for sanity, had been buying it by the yard. Here was stock at nineteen shillings being offered at fivepence, and no rush to take it up, even at that price. Everyone knew that Hipps was the moving spirit in the Estuary. His holdings were enormous.

"In heaven's name, man, what's the idea?" was shouted at him from every side.

"I'm out," was the only answer he condescended.

Nugent Cassis was beginning to lose his nerve, as emphasized by the fact that he was continually winding his watch or pulling at his precise gray beard. His usual air of calm ill humor had deserted him and, as Lord Almont laconically remarked, "Poor old Cassis is flapping in the wind."

"Can't understand their motive," he repeated over and over again.

"If they believe they've got Barraclough tucked safely away, what can they possibly gain by this stock juggling?"

"They are laying a false scent presumably," said Mr. Torrington.

"They must be aware that we know about the kidnaping."

"I imagine so. At any rate, Cranbourne intends to put them wise."

"Then where's the object?"

"Our friend Richard Frencham Altar has disappointed 'em, perhaps, so they turn their attentions once more to our humble selves."

"Makes me almost wish we'd left the whole thing alone. Seventy thousand pounds in three weeks. Appalling! Appalling!"

"But consider how we shall be requited when Barraclough turns up with the concession."

"If he turns up."

"We shall know at eleven o'clock to-night."

"That's purely hypothetical."

"My dear Cassis, the world is made up of hypotheses—dreams that sometimes come true. What are you doing with your holdings in Estuary?"

"I'm selling."

The old man's eyes blazed.

"On the contrary, my friend. This is a fight, and we fight to a finish, please. By your leave we do not take the count until to-morrow morning."

"I Can't Remember"—Richard Laughed Hysterically—"What You Want to Know"

"I'm not made of money," Cassis complained

"Very well then, if you are determined to sell—sell to me."

"Are you crazy?"

"Possibly. Come over here"

Mr. Torrington took Cassis by the arm and led him to the excited group surrounding Ezra P. Hipps. The American's head and shoulders appeared above the crowd. He was offering Estuary Rails at fourpence three farthings.

Catching sight of Nugent Cassis he broke into a grin, shook his head sadly and asked, "Coming to join the party?"

"We are," replied Mr. Torrington, "in the form of purchasers. I'll buy at four-three."

The American frowned.

"Say, you serious, Mister Wise Man?"

"Perfectly"

"What'll you take?"

"All you've got."

The news went round like wildfire, and half an hour later the price of Estuaries was running up like quicksilver dipped in hot water.

"What in hell do you make of that?" Hipps demanded of his chief.

Hugo van Diest shrugged his shoulders.

"He wass a doughty adversary, dis Mr. Torrington," he replied. "Must egshpect dis sort of ting."

"Guess there's more behind it than that. What are they hoping on, anyway?"

"Donno—donno."

But the sudden appearance of Sydney Cranbourne did something to enlighten them.

"Forgive my intrusion, gentlemen," he said, "but could you give me a possible date on which we might expect the return of our mutual friend?"

Neither Hipps nor Van Diest betrayed surprise

"Our mutual friend, Mr. Cranbourne?"

"I was referring to a gentleman whose initials are A. B."

"A. B.! Wasn't that the guy who went out to look for a radium field three weeks ago to-day?"

"The same," said Cranbourne sweetly. "But we had reason to believe he changed his plans and accepted another invitation"

"You've been dreaming, dear," said Hipps.

"Perhaps I have, Mr. Hipps. The matter is of no importance, but I dreamed of the Old Bailey and of three gentlemen, prominent in financial circles, who were charged with unlawfully detaining someone against his will and endeavoring to induce him to confide certain information."

"And then, I suppose," remarked Hipps, "you woke up and knocked over your cup of early tea."

"Why, no," replied Cranbourne. "I sat up in bed and worked out details for the flotation of the radium company in which I have an interest."

Hipps looked at Van Diest, shook his head and tapped his brow.

"Sure, it's the heat," he said. "There ain't going to be any flotation that I've heard of"

"Think not? It would be a pity if you gentlemen gave way to overmuch expression of optimism. It hardly accords with your attitude of the last few days."

Van Diest smiled expansively.

"Ver' distressing, dis uneven market."

"I imagine you must have found it so."

"Poor Mr. Cassis—he was ver' green dis morning."

"Our dear Cassis is a born actor. Well, gentlemen, I won't keep you any longer except to offer my sympathy that you have found A. B. so indifferent a confidant. Good day"

And with a polite bow he turned and mingled with the crowd

"Can't quite get the strength of all that," observed Hipps as he and Van Diest passed out of the main door; "but one thing sticks out a mile: We can't hold our prisoner indefinitely. He must be made to talk right away."

"Dis evening we make the big effort."

"And assumin' it fails?"

"Dat would be a peety—such a peety."

Hipps stood thinking for a moment.

"I've half a mind to turn on the girl again. Let her vamp the secret out of him. We don't progress, you know. Say, you don't think they've a line on where we've got him hid?"

Van Diest waved away the suggestion.

"No, no, no. 'Sall right. 'Sarranged too well."

"Then I'll trot up west and buy Auriole a lunch. What time to-night?"

"At nine o'clock"

"I'll be along"

He jumped into a taxi, drove round and collected Auriole and carried her off to the Carlton Hotel. She seemed tired and lackluster, a circumstance he noted with some small annoyance.

"See here, kid," he said. "We've a big set piece scheduled for to-night and you're a participant."

"I am?"

"Sure. Our friend has proved a disappointment in the talking line."

For a moment a flash of enthusiasm burned in her eyes.

"The persecution has failed, then?"

"It's early to say so, but we've a notion it 'ud do no harm to accelerate a trifle."

"You'd hardly dare torture him more than you've done already."

"We thought of trying out one or two new effects, but supposing they fail, then it's up to you to take a hand."

"No," said Auriole, "no. You found me a failure before—let's leave it at that. My part is now ended."

"Haven't you kind o' forgotten something?"

"What?"

"My offer to you was made providing we pull off this deal. Failing that, it's canceled."

"You Can't Deceive Me," Mrs. Barraclough Declared, "It's a Bullet Wound"

Auriole's expression seemed to go very flat indeed. There was a look of disgust in her eyes.

"What do you want?"

"Maybe we shall call on you for the whisper-and-I-shall-hear act. It'd make a nice variety for Anthony after the shouting."

"You want me to make love to him?"

"Sure. And I'll try and govern my jealousy for a short stretch."

She was silent for a longish while, then she nodded.

"But only as a last resort," she insisted.

"That's a bet. Me and Van'll be trundling along in the big car about ninish—care to join us?"

"No, I'll use the two-seater."

"Back your fancy. But see here—no backsliding, mind. A very great deal hangs on his being made to talk—a very great deal," he repeated seriously.

"What do you mean?"

"Never do for a fine chap like him to die young."

"Die? You wouldn't dare."

"It's certain sure we wouldn't dare turn him out in the world again after what's happened."

"Do you mean you'd ——"

"Think it over."

And she thought it over while Ezra P. Hipps addressed himself to a liberal helping of saddle of mutton smeared with great dollops of red-currant jelly that looked to her like blood.

XXV

AN UNDERCURRENT of suppressed excitement pulsed through Mrs. Barraclough's household on the day of the seventeenth. You could feel it throbbing like the beat of a distant drum. Voices sounded different, eyes shone strangely, feet touched the ground as though it lacked solidity. A sense of electricity was in the air, like the unnatural calm that is herald to a storm. Mrs. Barraclough herself was the one person outwardly unaffected by the general mood, and set about her daily duties as though nothing were happening. She never even mentioned Anthony's name, but instead freely discussed the imminent confinement of Mrs. Brassbound, the wife of the village policeman. She loved babies and it struck her as a happy omen that the little arrival was expected on the very day that should mark her son's return from excursions and alarums.

Isabel rang her up during the morning—a trunk call—with the brave intention of expressing firm and unshakable optimism, but the effort was pathetically tremulous and finally petered out with inarticulate sobs and chokings.

"Oh, dear, dear! That will never do," said Mrs. Barraclough, mastering a powerful desire to kiss the microphone into which she spoke. "You mustn't even imagine anything could go wrong. Now what are you going to do this afternoon?"

Sn'ff! "I donno—nuffin'," came over the wire moistly.

"Then I'll tell you. You'll go round to your dressmakers and try on your wedding dress and pretend you're walking down the aisle with your hand on Tony's arm."

"I c-couldn't—b-but it's a l-lovely idea."

"Of course you could, and you've got to. After all, it's what you'll be doing in real earnest next Thursday."

Mrs. Barraclough could almost swear to having seen the smile that dried up those tears that fell a hundred and fifty miles away.

"I'll t-try," said a tiny voice. "You are a d-darling." And later in the afternoon the telephone bell rang again, and the same voice, with a brave ring to it, announced "I've got it on."

After that Mrs. Barraclough was perfectly sure everything would be all right, and walked down to the village to inquire about the prospective mother.

Shortly after she had gone Jane, who was entering the drawing-room with a silver tea tray, had a real adventure. On pushing open the door she had an impression of two black coat tails disappearing through the French windows into the garden. With perilous dispatch she set down the tray and rushed out to the gravel path, calling loudly to Flora. Flora, arrayed in a greasy blue overall, came hurrying from the garage, where she had been spending the day tinkering with the car.

"Yes, what is it?" she cried.

Jane was pointing down a grove of Dorothy Perkinses, at the end of which a stout figure in black was seen retreating.

"That old clergyman!"

"What about him?"

"I'll swear he was in this room when I brought in the tea."

"You sure?"

"Positive. I saw him pass the house two or three times this morning, and yesterday too."

"Half a mo'," said Flora, and hurried over to the writing table. "I say, haven't these papers been moved?"

"Yes, they have. My eye! Its exciting. What do you make of it?"

"Something fishy."

"Do you think—do you possibly think it's anything to do with Mr. Anthony?"

Jane's eyes sparkled like jewels at the very thought of anything so adorable.

"I bet it has," said Flora. "What else could it be?"

"Might be just a rotten burglary."

"Chuck it," said Flora. "Don't spoil a decent show."

"I don't want to. But didn't she tell you Mr. Anthony had spoofed the crowd that were against him?"

"Um! But they were a downy lot and p'r'aps after all they didn't buy the spoof."

"Wouldn't it be terrific," exclaimed Jane, clasping her hands, "wouldn't it be terrific if there was a dust-up down here and we were in it!"

"Shut up!" Flora implored. "It's a jolly sight too good to be true. Better light the spirit lamp; the old lady'll be in to tea directly."

The words were scarcely spoken before a shadow was cast across the floor and Mrs. Barraclough appeared at the window carrying a basket of roses.

"Conybeare," she said, addressing the old Devonian gardener who was trimming the borders a few yards away, "Conybeare, I am going down to Mrs. Brassbound later in the evening. I want you to cut me a nice bunch of grapes and some vegetables—nice ones."

The old fellow touched his cap and moved away. Mrs. Barraclough entered smilingly.

"And I shall want the car, Flora."

"It's all ready. I'll bring it round, madam."

"There's no hurry. Aren't these roses delicious?" She buried her face in the orgy of pink, crimson and yellowy-white blooms. "Give me that bowl, my dear."

And while she took a few from the basket and arranged them in the big silver bowl she continued pleasantly: "I always wish I were a girl again when I pick roses. There's a sentiment about them—and perhaps a danger—a nice sort of danger. You know, it's very sad to reach an age at which danger no longer exists. By the way, a very singular thing happened to me on my way to the village. I was followed, Flora!"

"Followed! But who'd dare?" said Jane.

Mrs. Barraclough pouted.

"Please don't say that," she begged. "It makes one feel so old. After all, there is no law to prevent one being followed, unless it is the law of selection."

"Who followed you?" asked Flora.

"A man," replied Mrs. Barraclough with ceremony. "A very respectable man. He revived a sense of youth in me by wearing elastic-sided boots."

"What was his face like?"

"In the circumstances, Jane, I kept my eyes discreetly downcast, but I had a fleeting impression of clerical broadcloth."

"That man!" exclaimed Flora with sudden emphasis.

"My dear, it is most unbecoming to speak disparagingly of a member of the clergy. As a girl the word 'curate' inspired in me feelings of respect and sentiment."

"There's not much to get sentimental over in that old beast," said Jane. "He's been hanging around since yesterday evening, and what's more, I'll bet he's up to no good."

Mrs. Barraclough had her own opinion of the mysterious parson who had addressed her in the lane, but she preferred to arrive at the opinions of others by her own method.

"I am sure it is very wrong to bet on clergymen, as though they were race horses," she replied.

"But honestly," said Flora, "I believe he is a bad hat."

"Well, well, well," Mrs. Barraclough acceded, "if he isn't he certainly wore one—a black-and-white straw of a shape and pattern which I believe you moderns call boaters. There, the kettle is boiling. Run along and leave me to myself."

After the two girls had departed Mrs. Barraclough stroked the end of her chin with a sensitive forefinger and murmured, "I wonder what that man is here for? It's queer. I wish I didn't think —— Oh, well!"

She leaned forward and poured herself out a cup of tea. A discreet cough caused her to start and rise quickly.

In the center of the room stood Mr. Alfred Bolt, looking for all the world like the comic-paper idea of a parson. A huge black frock coat hung in festoons over his globular form; his scarlet face was wreathed in smiles. In his hand he carried a black-and-white straw hat and a pair of black kid gloves. He placed the hat in the middle of his waistline and bowed apologetically.

"I beg your pardon—I do indeed beg your pardon."

Mrs. Barraclough was equal to the occasion and presented a perfect example of mid-Victorian austerity.

"May I ask, sir, why you enter my house other than by the front door? And also, what persuaded you to address me in the lane this afternoon?"

"My dear lady," protested Mr. Bolt with a world of unction, "I come from a part of the country where formality is unknown and where a minister—a minister of the gospel—enters into the hearts and the homes of men and of women by the shortest possible route."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Barraclough uncompromisingly.

At which her visitor expressed himself as greatly shocked and turned his eyes heavenward.

"I remark with sorrow," he observed, "that you are not a true believer. Your faith is not of the simple kind."

He could hardly have chosen an unhappier argument, Mrs. Barraclough's devotion being a byword in the parish. To be treated thus by a totally unknown clergyman was not to be tolerated. Her doubt as to the probity of this person, fostered by Jane and Flora, took definite shape. She decided to interrogate and, if necessary, expose him without further preamble.

"It is customary for visitors to be announced," she said. "I would be obliged if you would tell me your name."

Mr. Bolt sighed and seated himself heavily on the sofa, his little piglike eyes roving round the room.

"My name, madam, is the Reverend Prometheus Bolt."

"And why have you called upon me?"

Mr. Bolt faltered. He did not like this lady who pointed her every question.

"An act of civility, my dear madam. I am staying a few days in this enchanting vicinity and, hearing of your benevolent character, was persuaded to pay my best respects."

"My benevolent character! You are collecting for a charity? You are proposing to hand me a tract?"

"No; indeed, no. My visit is connected with this world, and not the next. I was informed in the village that this house was to let."

"You were misinformed."

"Furnished—to let furnished. Yes." This was a happy thought and he followed it up closely. "I should consider myself indeed fortunate if you, dear lady, would conduct me round its various apartments."

"The house is not to let under any consideration."

"Dear, dear! How disappointing."

"So if that is your only object in calling." Her hand went out toward the bell.

"I pray you will allow me to remain a moment and recover my breath. The heat of the walk you know. I am not as young as I was."

"No one is," replied Mrs. Barraclough uncompromisingly.

"How very, very true," said Mr. Bolt with outward benevolence but inwardly with a powerful inclination toward violence. "Yes, very true, although it is bitter indeed to be taunted with lack of youth. In the words of the Gospel, 'Do unto others as you would be done by.'"

"In what particular part of the Gospel does that phrase occur?" demanded Mrs. Barraclough shrewdly.

But Alfred Bolt was not a man to be caught out in the first over.

"I can only recommend you a closer attention to the Book," he replied. "Search its pages yourself, dear lady, and treasures of gladness shall be yours."

It was a nimble evasion and he could not resist a smug smile of self-satisfaction, but to avoid further interrogation on Biblical derivations he hastened to lead the conversation into safer alleys and ones more relative to the object of his visit.

"I am informed in the village that you are the fortunate possessor of a son."

"I have a son," Mrs. Barraclough admitted.

"A priceless gift, dear lady. I should like to shake him by the hand."

"Why?"

Really this woman was too trying, and the directness of the question for an instant deprived Mr. Bolt of his sense of character.

Before he had time to collect his thoughts he had rapped out the reply, "Needn't jump down a man's throat like that."

His effort to recover and mask this piece of startled irritability with a vague platitude did not deceive his audience in the smallest degree. Doubt became conviction in Mrs. Barraclough's mind. She did not know in what way this man was connected with her son's affairs, but none the less she was certain he represented a positive barrier between Anthony and success. To denounce him as a spy might, however, do more harm than good; accordingly she took up the bell and rang it, with the words, "My son is away and has been away for several weeks, nor is there any likelihood you will meet him when ultimately he returns." Then to the glowering Jane, who had answered the summons of the bell: "Kindly show this gentleman out."

"Pray do not disturb yourself," said Mr. Bolt with dignity. "I can find my own way."

And with astonishing speed for a man of his build he seized the handle and threw open the door of Mrs. Barraclough's bedroom. The action was deliberate, since he desired to find out who might possibly be concealed in the inner room; and its advantages were immeasurable, for at the very moment his back was turned Anthony Barraclough, dusty and spent, stumbled in through the French window.

Jane gave a short stifled squeak and pointed, and he was out again and ducking behind a rosebush before Bolt had time to turn and apologize for his mistake.

"Show this gentleman through the gate and down the road," said Mrs. Barraclough in a voice that did not betray her excitement by a single tremor.

"I thank you for your hospitality, dear lady," said the Reverend Prometheus, "and I trust I may have the pleasure of bettering our acquaintance."

As he bowed himself out he discreetly dropped his gloves behind a cushion on the sofa.

"This way, please," said Jane. "This way."

XXVI

THE door had scarcely closed upon the retreating masquerader when once again Barraclough slipped into the room. His clothes were white with dust, his eyes hollow and deep set, but around the corners of his mouth was just such a smile as any mother might hope to see.

"Bless your sweet bobbed head!" he whispered, throwing an arm affectionately about her shoulders. "Though why in blazes you entertain well-known crooks to tea gets me wondering."

"Oh, my dear, dear boy, wherever did you come from?" she cried, patting him all over to convince herself of his reality.

"Down the chimney, mother, like Santa Claus."

"But why, and without a word?"

"Hadn't a notion I was coming," he replied, dropping to the sofa and spreading out his legs. "I was whacked to the wide and had to stop somewhere and get me breath."

The door was flung open and Flora and Jane burst in.

"I say, that was a near shave!" gasped the latter. "Where did you spring from?"

"Somewhere t'other side of Plymouth. Keep your eye on the window, Flora. Don't want that old blackbird to get a view of me. Thanks! Fine. See him down the road, Jane?"

"You bet!"

"It's damn bad luck him being here at all. When did he first show up?"

"Last night."

"There's been a mess-up somewhere and I was looking for a clean run home."

"Home, dear?"

"Um! Back to London. How's mother's old car going, Flora?"

"Tiptop."

"Good! I shall need it. I say, I apologize for not saying how-de-do, but things have been moving to-day. Everyone feeling good? Fine! Lord, I'm tired." And he passed

(Continued on Page 58)

"I'll Go Through Their Pockets," Cooed Mrs. Barraclough, "and Take Away Any Nasty Things I May Find There"

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Graft and Graft

INVESTIGATION in several cities of a number of industries having to do with the building trades has resulted recently in the imposition of jail sentences upon various individuals.

A man walking through the forest kicks over a stone or fallen branch and a thousand squirming insects rush about in every direction. The impression made is always one of surprise, curiosity and even repugnance, no matter how much the pedestrian already knows about natural history or however often he may have kicked over rocks and dead limbs before. Thus the public conscience is always astonished, displeased and disgusted by revelation of graft in business.

Business, or industry, plays so large and increasingly important a part in modern life that it is to be assumed that ethical standards therein are not always of the highest, for the individuals who compose the organization of business, like other humans, have not yet been entirely purged of ignorance and plain ordinary sin. We all know we are weak vessels, and are well aware that the root cause of much misery and degradation is a lack of righteousness, justice and unselfishness in the human heart rather than any lack of ingenuity in devising particular institutions and forms of government. This we admit freely enough when we say so glibly that the millennium is a long way off. It is an easy subject to generalize about, but it hurts like everything when it comes down to concrete cases.

But a certain amount of investigation, disclosure and even muckraking is a good tonic for the industrial body politic. The tone of any organization needs jacking up now and then. Methods of inquiry may be brutal and unfair. The motives of the investigators may be anything but disinterested. In the loud outcry of graft discovered the public may never hear the small voice of constructive accomplishment which the defendant really has to his credit.

Business is far too powerful a weapon of public welfare to be allowed to become incrusted with abuse. The very existence of the race depends upon its being in the main clean. There is no known substitute to do the work of the world. Other forms of organization such as politics, municipal ownership, state and Federal government, socialism, communism, dictatorship of the proletariat—these do not appear to be any cleaner, and they certainly are less effective. Incidentally politics has a prior and even more intimate claim to the word "graft" than has business. Labor unions do not seem to be wholly free from the weakness of mistaken policies. Indeed it seems to be rather commonly accepted that serious mistakes, even from the point of view of members only, resulting in disastrous defeats, have been made of late by some of the unions. Moreover, when graft is discovered among the employers its duplicate is often found among the leaders of corresponding unions.

A small group of parlor radicals waste a lot of good quality of white paper and their own time—although not much of anyone else's—in berating most of the present labor unions on the ground that these are stupid and conservative. The idea is that if the unions were only sufficiently radical—that is, if they were only enough like the soviet ideal—they would not only be cleaner and more effective than existing labor organizations but thoroughly fitted to take the place of business itself. This dream, however, lacks both theoretical and practical substance.

It is perhaps unfortunate, but it is a fact that very few people in this or, indeed, in any civilized country produce their own living. Even the majority of farmers raise only a small fraction of what they need to live upon. The individual does not provide his living; it is provided for him by the business system. This means there must be organizations, and in the last analysis there are only two forms of organizations, business and government. Which of these two is the better fitted to provide for the race?

There are twenty million homes in this country and in only six million are there wires for electric light and power. If the highest standards of comfort for the nation are to prevail a large part of the remaining fourteen million homes should be supplied with the same great source of energy. But progress in the extension of electricity has thus far been made not only by private enterprise, but in a corporate form, unafraid to step over the jealousies of local, municipal, county and even state boundaries. It is not the municipally owned plant that has pushed out the limits of this great force. Its amazing development has come from private initiative.

It is said that business has no motive except profit, and great harm is done thereby. But no other organization has yet appeared except the political, which must rest either upon votes or military force. Certainly votes do not always bring the best men into office, and even those who are elected are not spurred to do their best.

"I have found that men commonly drop a third of their former energy and efficiency after even a short season on the government pay roll," says a man who has had ample experience in both business and government employ. "They find themselves in an atmosphere of buck passing. But human beings grow only as they develop responsibilities. The Government, however, merely goes back to the trough for more money."

Too eager a search for profits means an evil growth in business from time to time. But such evils are corrected and the standards of business morality and responsibility are steadily rising, whereas there is no evidence of a removal of the dead hand of vote-catching mediocrity. Certainly the only other form of organization, the militarism of German prewar ambitions or of soviet Russia, has nothing to offer.

Business may fall down here and there, but failures are swallowed up in new triumphs of technic, organization and achievement. Business is able to move on, even though answerable to an advancing standard of law and public opinion. Its tendency should be and for the main part is to reach and spread out, always devising new and better ways of doing things despite the opposition of even some of its own elements, steadily carrying its products and services across artificial boundaries and to always wider circles of consumers.

Pride

MODESTY is the art of concealing pride. Pride is the chief source of man's inspiration. Find a man who has no pride and you have found one whose past is inglorious and whose future is without hope. It is pride that leads man to adventure, pride that steels him to endure, pride that brings him an ultimate triumph.

Pride is the natural progeny of accomplishment. When primitive man dropped from an overhanging bough to the back of a grazing deer and slew it, if primitive man did anything of the kind, he felt the same thrill that quickens the pulse and dilates the nostrils of modern man when a tabulation of the returns assures him of election.

Necessity drives man to accomplishment. A sense of satisfaction in accomplishment, which is but a wholesome pride, encourages him to greater effort and drives him abroad in search of new worlds to conquer.

The man who lacks the measure of skill or industry necessary to earn a feeling of pride will take stock of himself and find some substitute for accomplishment with which to bolster his self-respect. He will filch a sense of worth from the fact that his wife's uncle was an ambassador or the fact that he possesses a bit of property by virtue of his sire's death or the fact that he has white and symmetrical teeth. Why scold him? Pride he must have if he would be reconciled to life, and since he cannot earn it, let him get it where he can. And if this gratuitous pride—this assumption of worth—lacks the seeming of modesty that serves to make an earned pride inoffensive, why cavil? One who is wealthy may wear shabby clothes without inviting disaster, but one whose financial position is insecure must keep up an appearance of prosperity; else his creditors will have him by the heels.

Pride is so closely woven into the fabric of man's life that he cannot remove it and remain a whole man. If he thinks to trick pride by teaching himself to be humble he will end by being proud of his humility. Circumstance may select the peg on which his pride is hung; it cannot, except it beat him into the gutter, steal his pride away. If he cannot be proud of his skill as a statesman he will be proud of his skill at chopping trees.

The surgeon who operates upon a vital organ will hold a clinic and strut a little before his colleagues; the thief who makes off with your purse will display it before his fellow rascals and boast of his prowess.

If you would select the best craftsmen in a factory, select those who are proud of their skill. If you would select the best article on the merchant's shelves, select the one that has the manufacturer's name on the label. The label isn't placed on seconds. Modern business guards its pride no less carefully than its profits.

Pride keeps man decent when precept fails. It is the foundation of his character. Let a man earn the right to pride and he will say: "This man I am is a person of consequence, and certain things are beneath him. I must take care that he does nothing unbecoming to a man of my standing." Or take away his pride, shame him before his fellows, drag his soul in the gutter, and then approach him with a bribe to betray his friend.

"No decent man would do this," he will say; "but who am I to scorn what is vile? I have no shred of honor to lose."

If you observe one who seems proud without sufficient cause or whose source of pride is so commonplace and so mean as to seem contemptible, it is not the part of magnanimity to mock. If he had better cause for pride he would employ it. He but fashions self-respect of the materials vouchsafed by circumstance. You who have greater reason to be proud may tempt the sarcasm of superiors, and the wisest and wittiest of men, while strutting modestly before high heaven, may cause the gods to chuckle at his folly.

You may judge a man by the source of his pride, for his pride will select and feed upon the best that he has. If he is a general he will be proud of his rank; if he is a corporal he will be proud of the fact that his sire was a captain; if he has accomplished anything this will be the basis of his pride; if he has accomplished nothing he may yet find source of pride in his possessions; if he has neither accomplishment to his credit nor money in his purse he will be proud of his independence or his philosophy or, lacking these, will be proud of his curly hair, of his weight or of his stoicism. Pride he will have while he has grace to lift his head, and to rob him of pride is to consign him to the gutter.

EUROPE IN TRANSITION

German Trade and Shipping—By Isaac F. Marcosson

Kaiser Wilhelmhaven, Hamburg. Hamburg-American Line—Taken Before the War

BACK in the days when the German merchant flag vied with Britain's, William Hohenzollern declared that his country's future lay on the water. Two years ago this future, to repeat a well-known epigram, seemed to be behind her. To-day the Teutonic mercantile marine is reviving at an astonishing rate. Every yard in the republic is busy. Hamburg is coming back to her prewar activity and Bremen is not far behind. The almost complete loss of vessels due to enemy action and treaty penalty has proved to be a blessing, because the new fleets express the last word in ship development. No phase of Germanic recovery is more significant than the intensive movement to regain lost prestige on the high seas.

In the renewal of German shipping, just as in the rebirth of the iron and steel trade which I described in the preceding article, you encounter a curious paradox. These industries are forging ahead by leaps and bounds, and indicate a healthy economic condition. At the same time Germany is well-nigh insolvent. Owing to the collapse of the mark, political unrest and general inflation, she is threatened with financial disaster. To put it in another way, Germany as a group of productive individuals is rich; as a nation she is practically bankrupt. No other country presents such a conflicting spectacle.

Recouping Tonnage Losses

FULLY to comprehend just what is going on with regard to shipping we must go back for a moment to August 1, 1914, when the then empire ranked second among the maritime nations. At that time Germany had a fleet of 1935 ships, aggregating a gross registered tonnage of 5,240,000. This imposing cargo capacity was intimately related to the highly organized process of German trade penetration. The German shipowner and the German manufacturer were members of the same club, as it were. German freight was carried at a lower rate than the merchandise of any other competing country, all to the end that Teutonic commercial conquest of the world be clinched. No matter what remote port you entered, you were certain to find at least one ship flying the German mercantile ensign. Externally and for publicity purposes there seemed to be bitter competition between the leading freight and passenger carrying lines, but behind the scenes was a definite working agreement.

Then came the war and with it the eclipse of the German ship on the universal trade routes. But internment was merely the prelude to the larger shrinkage. Under the terms of the Versailles Treaty, Germany was forced to surrender all ships over 1600 tons and one-half of those from 1000 to 1600 tons. It meant that 5,000,000 tons passed from the German flag to the ownership of the Allied nations. In addition, Germany is compelled to construct 200,000 tons of shipping every year for five years for the benefit of her conquerors. The wiping out of the German fighting armada was largely a blow to pride and outlay for it represented expenditure and not income. The annihilation of the merchant marine, on the other hand, aimed at the heart of the national prosperity, since shipping produced an enormous revenue.

Here was a setback that would have discouraged an ordinary people. At first glance the uninformed said, "Without shipping Germany is paralyzed." But these hasty observers did not reckon with the resiliency of the Germans. The latter knew that a vital agency for rehabilitation was restoration of shipping, and they went to it tooth and nail. From an output of barely 25,000 tons of new vessels in 1919 they advanced to more than 250,000 tons in 1920. For the first quarter of this year nearly 200,000 tons left the ways and the estimate for 1921 is for not less than 600,000 tons. These figures represent ships built in German yards by German companies, and only comprise a portion of the fleet under the German flag.

Just as soon as the Germans realized the exigencies of the situation they got busy in every direction. Ship construction takes a long time, and they wanted to swing into action at once. They began with the chartering of foreign vessels. One of the first steps was to acquire by purchase or lease 10 per cent of the total Swedish commercial fleet. This gave the Germans 20,000 tons at once. Subsequently an additional 20,000 tons was secured. Dutch and Norwegian vessels were also annexed. The energetic Teutons went so far as to charter former German vessels allotted to the British under the Paris Treaty. With millions of British-owned ships lying idle, the English were not averse to making this kind of deal. Incessant chartering of alien vessels enabled Germany to begin her export trade without much delay, and she resumed her commercial relations with South America and the Dutch East Indies during the spring of 1919.

This performance, however, was incidental. Before 1919 ended the German shipyards were booming, and they have resounded with activity and output ever since. When I was in Germany in 1919 the launching of a 750-ton steamer from the Vulkan yard at Bremen was the subject of excited newspaper comment. The whole country was interested. During my visit last summer not less than four ships, ranging from 10,000 to 12,000 tons each, left the ways, and the events merely got a passing paragraph. In May, June and July fourteen steamers and two gasoline-driven vessels, with a total of 106,000 tons, were launched and delivered to Hamburg shipping firms. As early as October, 1920, the Hamburg, a 10,000-ton freighter belonging to the German-Australian Steamship Company, left Hamburg on her maiden trip to the Dutch East Indies. She was the first large steamer built in a German shipyard which reached the hands of its owners instead of being delivered to the Allies.

Teutonic Teamwork

THIS brings me to one of the most striking phases of German shipping production. Not only are the Germans able to fulfill the treaty obligations to build 200,000 tons a year for the Allies but they can at the same time renew their own fleets at an increasing rate.

The effect of the treaty compulsion in the matter of furnishing new ships for the Allies was expressed to me at Hamburg by Dr. Wilhelm Cuno, director general of the Hamburg-American Line, who said:

"I venture to say that before another year passes Germany will not be building a single ship for the Allies. German ship construction is fatal for them, for it aims at their labor and production. While the loss of our mercantile marine seemed staggering at first, it will be a good thing for us in the end. We are now capitalizing every advance made in shipbuilding since the beginning of the war, and the result will be that German shipping of the future will be the best in the world. Where our new merchant fleet will consist of highly efficient vessels, perfectly adapted to the latest needs of commerce, the Entente will be burdened with those formerly belonging to Germany, many of which are already obsolete."

How is Germany achieving mass production of shipping? It is made possible by the usual Teutonic teamwork between the government, the big industrialists and the ship concerns. Nowhere is the get-together plan—which is the dominant one in German industry—working more effectively than in the resurrection of the merchant marine

In 1917 the government first came to the relief of the shipowners with a promise to replace all ships lost through enemy action and to pay the expenses of vessels during their internment. At that time the prospects for German victory were bright. This plan received a jolt through the

increased cost of production which followed the revolution late in 1918.

The government stood by its proposition, but exacted from the owners an assurance to refund one-third the national outlay at the end of ten years.

The terms of the treaty which wiped out the whole German merchant fleet necessitated a change in the government attitude. What came to be known as the Shipowners' Compensation Agreement came into force. Through this arrangement the government agreed to reimburse the shipping companies for their losses up to a total of 12,000,000,000 marks. The shipowners in turn pledged themselves to construct 90 per cent of the new tonnage in German yards and to renew one-third of the prewar fleet in five years. The Ship Trustee Bank, with a capital of 100,000,000 marks, and composed of representatives of the government, the shipbuilders and the more important shipping companies, was formed to supervise the shipbuilding program and to distribute the indemnity grants among the yards.

With this endowment construction started. The original plan was to produce shipping at a price of 7000 marks a ton. On account of altered conditions it is now possible to make ships at a lower rate. Not only are the German yards making vessels to fly the German flag but British shipowners have been sending boats to Germany for repairs, because the cost in many instances is one-half the rate at home. On the basis of cost of material the German shipyards to-day are producing at exactly 25 per cent less than the British builders, while from the point of view of labor the Germans have an even greater advantage. Where the British yards are impeded by labor troubles, the German companies are free from such complications.

German Shipyards Booming

GERMAN shipping construction has only received one check. Under the terms of the Shipowners' Compensation Agreement the government subsidy is spread over a period of five years, with a definite allowance for each year. Four or five of the large ship-construction companies immediately entered into programs that have exceeded their annual quota, and some of the tonnage will have to be held in abeyance. German manufacture has increased at such a rate, however, and the necessity for shipping is therefore so much keener, that a readjustment of the endowment will probably be made. This will enable the yards to continue at full blast.

German shipping naturally falls into two branches: One is actual construction, and the other is the freight and passenger business. Let us look at construction first. To-day the thirty leading yards have a capacity of 750,000 tons a year, and it is expected that this total will be turned out in 1922. The army of employes has grown from 25,000 in August, 1914, to 125,000 at the present time. Every company has increased its capitalization. The case of Blohm & Voss at Hamburg, who built the Vaterland and the Bismarck, the two largest ships yet constructed, will illustrate. In 1914 its capitalization was 20,000,000 marks; it is now 40,000,000. The German yard at Hamburg has expanded its capital from 10,000,000 marks to 70,000,000 marks. So it goes.

The real test of German shipping is to be found in the box office. The dividend rate has kept pace with an expanding capitalization. Blohm & Voss, for example, have increased their rate from 5 to 7 per cent; the immense Vulkan Works, of Bremen, from 12 to 15 per cent; the Howald Yards at Kiel from 12 to 20 per cent. In no instance is a German shipyard paying a smaller return than in 1914.

That Germany is capitalizing the lessons of both war and peace is shown by the agreement among shipbuilders not to return to the immense vessel. Monsters like the Vaterland and the Imperator were constructed mainly for publicity purposes, and to enable the company to employ the phrase "the biggest ship." It was precisely like the race for height records in New York skyscrapers. The Germans found that the colossal vessel was a good advertisement but a bad investment. The overhead was prohibitive. As a result most of the new boats are not exceeding 12,000 tons. This is coming to be the standard German ship, and the type being built for the Hamburg-American, the North German Lloyd and the Stinnes Lines. The Germans are determined to make every ton pay its way.

The moment you poke into the organization of German shipyards you find the inevitable trust line-up. Practically every concern of consequence is linked with one of the great industrial groups. Here you have a further manifestation of the efficacy of the vertical trust, which provides insurance against curtailment in the supply of raw materials. Thus the Vulkan Works are intimately connected with the August Thyssen group, one of the most powerful industrial aggregations of Germany, which insures ample machinery, coal and iron. The Deutsche Werft concern at Hamburg, one of the new postwar enterprises, is affiliated with the Stinnes mergers, while the Hoch Works at Lübeck has the backing of the Phœnix Trust.

Through these arrangements, which are matched by agreements between the shipping companies themselves, as you will see later on, German ship construction has become a close-riveted and self-sufficient institution. With cheap labor and immunity from the agitator and the walking delegate, you can now see why it is coming back.

We can now go into the practical operation of the German steamship lines. Perhaps the best way to visualize the shipping revival is to take a look at Hamburg, the chief port of Germany and one of the three great harbors of the world. Before the war her commercially strategic value, so far as Europe is concerned, was second only to that of London. To-day it is returning to its old importance.

To have seen Hamburg in 1919 and to return in 1921 is to get the vivid picture of a remarkable comeback. The contrast is little short of startling. During the war Hamburg was stagnant for the reason that the German merchant vessel, save as a converted raider, was a stranger on the seas. The humming wartime port was Kiel, which was the base of the German fleet and a submarine haven.

With peace, the interior cities of Germany immediately began to perk up. Not so with the vast free city at the mouth of the Elbe. During 1919 she was a marine graveyard. Almost the only sign of life in the series of harbors was an occasional tug that scooted along as if ashamed of the noise it set up. The chain of cranes stood idle and the piers were bare and silent. The principal ship activity accrued from the discharge of food for the waifs of war in Central Europe. This grew out of the fact that the American Relief Administration warehouses are located here. Hamburg itself was inert. If you sneezed in the lobby of the Atlantic, the leading hotel, the sound awoke the echoes throughout the entire structure, for it was practically devoid of guests.

The Hamburg that I found two years later was up and doing. Every hotel was jammed with travelers and the harbor was alive with shipping. That endless chain of cranes creaked with cargoes and the flags of a dozen nations fluttered from scores of mastheads. The Stars and Stripes held their own in this medley of color. I saw at least six United States Shipping Board vessels, and an American liner had just arrived from New York. Although there were many vacant berths, you got the impression that the prewar swing was well under way. Moreover, the mood of the community had changed from languor to briskness.

I made a trip throughout the harbor in a Hamburg-American tug; and although we went at top speed, it consumed exactly three hours. This gives some idea of the extent of the moles. We passed under the mountainous hull of the Bismarck, now in course of construction at the Blohm & Voss yards. She will register 56,000 tons and is the largest vessel in the world. Next April she goes into commission as the new Majestic, for she is one of the spoils of war. Not far away I saw what seemed to be a pygmy ship, as compared with this mastodon. Her lines were long and graceful, but she had disintegrated. Half a hundred workmen were busy on her.

Something impelled me to ask her identity, whereupon my guide replied: "She is the old Deutschland, and we are changing her into an immigrant ship."

Hamburg's Shipping Revival

HERE was one of the comedowns of the sea. Twenty years ago the Deutschland was the greyhound of the Atlantic, and her every trip was a news event of the first importance. Now she is resurrected for steerage passengers. It shows that the Germans are not letting any hulk escape conversion into a profit-making carrier.

The shipping statistics will give you a good index to the recovery of Hamburg. In 1913, the last normal year before the war, 16,427 vessels, with a net registered tonnage of 14,242,000, entered the port. During the same time 17,985 ships, with an aggregate tonnage of 14,496,000, cleared. This made a total movement in and out of 34,412 ships, whose tonnage amounted to 28,738,000. In these figures you have Hamburg at her best. From this pinnacle the war dashed her commerce to almost nothing. Ebb was reached in December, 1918, when only 23,000 tons of shipping arrived. This was the record for the same month in 1855. In 1919 the total number of arrivals and departures amounted to 1400 vessels, whose tonnage was less than 1,000,000. Most of these craft consisted of small coastwise vessels engaged in the Dutch and Scandinavian trade. Real movement began in 1920, when approximately 4500 ships arrived and practically the same number departed. The year's tonnage was 3,200,000.

Beginning with 1921, however, the revival struck its gait. During the first six months of this year the arrivals were 3437, representing a tonnage of 3,871,239, while the departures were 3859, aggregating a tonnage of 4,000,000. Thus the first six months of 1921 represented more than a quarter of the 1913 record. Since that time the increase has been more marked, because in September 950 ships, with a tonnage of 1,250,000, made the port. This was almost equal to the tonnage of the same month in 1913.

On the basis of the whole year you find that the business at Hamburg has been restored to a little over 60 per cent of the prewar amount, and if it continues at this rate the end of 1922 will witness a return to normal. In these figures you have convincing testimony of the energy and resource of the German people. Remember, too, that it has been achieved in the face of the reparation demands.

(Continued on Page 24)

Kaiser Wilhelmhaven, Hamburg. Hamburg-American Line—Taken During the War

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Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

I dwell on this shipping recovery to emphasize a fact that I brought out in preceding articles—namely, that Germany, in spite of her desperate fiscal condition, which is merely a temporary handicap, is bound to take her place among the ranking productive nations sooner than her hard-luck protests would indicate.

The bare figures of Hamburg tonnage expansion—they represent the movement of exactly sixty-seven foreign steamship lines—only represent recovery in the abstract. Turn to the concrete and you get an illuminating idea of how Teutonic trade is on the mend. The traffic with South America will furnish an excellent illustration. At the time of my visit seventeen German lines were running from Hamburg to South American ports. This shows the efforts Germany is making to regain business with Brazil and the Argentine. With the possible exception of the Dutch ships, the German fleets are the only ones that are making this traffic pay. Both British and American freighters, and particularly the latter, are unable to make both ends meet on account of the excessive overhead cost of operation.

Russo-German Shipping

German officers and sailors of the merchant fleet get one-fifth the wage of the competing lines. In addition, German bunker coal costs a trifle compared with the price of the British article. Moreover, the German ships are beginning to duplicate the performance that gave England her world trade and made her merchant marine pay. It lies in sending out cargoes of merchandise and returning with raw material. The holds are full both ways.

The scope of world business now being done by the German steamship companies is on a par with their ship construction. Not less than eighty-five different German lines are now carrying freight throughout the seven seas. It is indicative of the trend of German trade that there are more lines to South America than in any other direction. From Hamburg three lines now go to the Baltic, four to Denmark, seven to Holland and Belgium, five to the United Kingdom, five to Spain and Portugal, seven to Africa, two to Australia and one to the United States. In addition, there are services to Russia, the Mediterranean, Central America, Mexico and the West Indies. Bremen, the next ranking port in Germany, duplicates these figures, including a line to New York. It means that German commerce has come back to the markets of the globe.

An event of more than passing moment was the arrival at New York on the second of October last of the Hamburg-American liner Bayern. It was the first German passenger ship to reach that port since the outbreak of the war. She carried a considerable cargo and flew the old imperial black, white and red flag. This is not without significance. Both at Hamburg and Bremen I observed that every German vessel continues to employ the banner of the empire. The marked partiality for the symbol of former greatness exists throughout Germany.

I could present an imposing succession of examples to show how even at this early stage of recovery the reorganized German steamship lines are cutting into British shipping. Take the case afforded by shipment of tea from India and Ceylon. Formerly most of this product was shipped in British bottoms direct to London, which is the center of the tea trade. To-day much of this traffic is hauled in German holds direct from the Far East to Continental ports, and particularly Hamburg. This deprives the port of London of a large amount of business. The reason is not far to seek. In the first place, the freight rates on the German ships are lower than on the British. Secondly, the cost of operating the Teutonic marine is less than half of that of the British.

The Germans admit that they are willing to move freight at a loss during the next twelve months in order to get their hooks back into trade again. Low rates, however, have always been a feature of Teutonic shipping

One new German shipping venture is of supreme interest. While I was in Germany a Russo-German transport company was formed. By the terms of its organization Germany practically gets a monopoly on the Russian shipping business. The deal was engineered by representatives of the soviet government and the Hamburg-American Line. The enterprise is called the Hamburg-Russian Navigation Company, and it will operate ships between soviet Russian ports and Germany. The soviet government and the Hamburg-American Line are equal owners and share the profits on a fifty-fifty basis. Because of its intense desire to recoup its lost commercial fortunes, the soviet administration has made many concessions to the new company. It has given the Germans full guaranties for the protection of private property, and has also placed shipyards, docks, ships and a host of workers at the disposal of the concern.

This deal is only one evidence of the growing commercial union between Russia and Germany. Stinnes, Thyssen and the Krupps have received valuable concessions from the soviet government. Stinnes, who has had a mission in Russia for two years, has organized the German-Russian Credit Bank, which will have branches in the principal Slav cities. The capitalization is 1,000,000,000 marks. The Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft—the A. E. G.—is planning to reopen its huge factory near Petrograd and resume production on a larger scale than ever before. The physical disintegration of the Russian railway system plays into the hands of the German equipment makers, and they are ready for it.

That Germany is already the close economic ally of Russia is demonstrated by the boom in Russian furs at Leipsic, which has become the leading fur center of the world. When I went there to attend the trials of some of the war criminals I took a look at the famous curb fur market, which is unique among business institutions. Millions of dollars' worth of furs are sold in the open air in precisely the same way that securities formerly changed hands on the curb in New York. I saw Russian sables in quantities and the supply was hopelessly inadequate. These furs had been hoarded by the soviet government for nearly three years.

The Soviet Commercial Bureau in Berlin is like an American department store on a bargain day. It is crowded with buyers and salesmen, and there is a big turnover of trade. While England is making elaborate plans on paper to conquer Russian business, the Germans are on the spot and skimming off the cream. Already the Germans control most of the commerce of the Baltic. The gist of the situation is that Germany expects to dominate the economic rehabilitation of Russia and counts on it as one of the real aids to her own complete recovery. Her plan is to colonize Russia with farmers and artisans in very much the same way that England colonized Canada.

Migration to America

A section of Hamburg traffic that developed to immense proportions before the war, and which vitally affected the United States, is at a standstill. I mean the emigrant business. During 1913 nearly 200,000 aliens—nearly half of them Russians—streamed through this exit. Of this number three-quarters were bound for our shores. To-day the movement of home seekers has dwindled to almost nothing, and it is doubtful if it will ever return to its former magnitude. Many obstacles lie in the way of revival. One is our own limitation of emigration; another arises from the efforts made by European countries to keep their able-bodied workers at home. The ill wind that blows harm to the German shipping companies is a godsend for us.

The loss of emigration is a mere detail alongside the inevitable comeback of the famous free harbor of Hamburg. In this institution you have one of the reasons why German commerce attained such profit and prestige before the World War. The free harbor was a typical illustration of German resourcefulness. It comprised, and will continue to do so, a little maritime empire all its own.

The free harbor constitutes a section of the port exempt from German customs. It was devised with a view of enabling cargoes of raw materials to be converted into semi-finished products on the spot and then transshipped in German holds. To illustrate: If a man shipped a cargo of rice from South America to Scandinavia by way of Hamburg it would not touch a dutiable zone while at Hamburg. More often it was sold in transit. If the Scandinavian purchaser desired the rice to be milled it was done in one of the many plants located in the free harbor. What was true of rice applied as well to wheat, coffee and a score of other commodities.

The advantages of this kind of arrangement are obvious. German ships get all the hauling and the German mills at Hamburg do all the manufacturing. The Hamburg shipping companies have invariably controlled the merchandising of goods that arrived in the free harbor and it added to the volume of their business. The only loss is that of customs, and this has always been more than made up by the ramified revenue from the various operations involved, every one of which dropped money into the German trade coffers.

The free harbor was the particular pet of the Hamburg-American Line, which owns all the mills within its confines. With the mention of this company we enter the domain of what might be called individual shipping enterprise. Perhaps it would be best to take a bird's-eye view first. Despite the wiping out of their fleets, due to the treaty stipulations, every German shipping line has prospered. In this respect they duplicate the record of the shipconstruction concerns.

Huge Surplus Accounts

The most conspicuous fact in connection with these companies is the immense increase in their capitalization. The working capital of the Hamburg-American Line, for example, which was 180,000,000 marks in 1914, is now 285,000,000 marks. The capital of the North German Lloyd has grown from 125,000,000 to 250,000,000 marks; the German Australian from 20,000,000 to 84,000,000 marks; the Kosmos from 14,000,000 to 74,000,000 marks; the Hansa from 25,000,000 to 60,000,000 marks; and the Hamburg-South American from 25,000,000 to 50,000,000 marks. The only important line that has not increased its capitalization is the Woermann, which is now owned by Hugo Stinnes. It is part of his policy of personal control not to have an unwieldy number of shares.

In the matter of dividends these companies have more than held their own. The rate for the Hamburg-American this year is 8 per cent, which is 2 per cent under 1913. The North German Lloyd, however, still pays the same dividend, 8 per cent, which obtained before the war. On the other hand, the Kosmos, which is one of the important secondary companies, has increased its rate from 16 to 20 per cent. The Hamburg-South American has gone from 14 to 16 per cent and the Hamburg-Bremen-Africa Line from 6 to 10 per cent. A smaller line, the Neptune, shows an increase from 16 to 40 per cent.

The reason why the German steamship lines are able to pay dividends and build ships, aside from any government subsidy, is that practically every company made it a point to build up a huge surplus. This reserve was untouched during the war, and it enabled the companies to institute renewal without a day's delay. In this respect you find a big difference when you make a comparison with Norwegian shipping. Between 1914 and 1918 a large part of it was wiped out by submarine warfare. Peace found many of the shipping companies demoralized. They had lacked the economic foresight of the Germans.

Just as the tendency in German industry is toward big trusts, so is the movement of all the steamship lines toward near-consolidation. In this coöperation lies the hope of the merchant marine. The companies do not surrender what might be called the integrity of their organizations, but they are allotting the world field so as to eliminate competition. The Hamburg-American and the Hamburg-South American Lines have a close working arrangement. Some of the stronger organizations have acquired large blocks of stock in the smaller aggregations. This is exemplified in the control of the Hamburg-Bremen-Africa Line by the North German Lloyd.

During 1921 the two leading companies that is, the Hamburg-American and the North German Lloyd—did a characteristic thing. Realizing that anything like a return to their normal passenger-carrying capacity would be a slow process, and desiring to get into the American market as soon as possible, each concluded an arrangement with an American line by which they book passengers from Hamburg and Bremen respectively to New York. In return, the American lines received special privileges at the two big German ports The American lines involved were the United American Lines, otherwise known as the Harriman Lines, and what was formerly the United States Mail Steamship Lines. The latter company operated some of the big United States Shipping Board liners. After it went into the hands of a receiver the United States Lines were formed and they inherited the arrangement with the North German Lloyd. It will be discontinued after March 1, 1922, when the Germans will book to New York on their own. Three liners—the Seydlitz, Hanover and Yorck—will compose the first fleet. This determination is illuminating as showing how quickly the passenger business from Bremen is recuperating.

The Harriman-Hamburg-American alliance remains effective.

Foremost among the great German marine undertakings is the Hamburg-American Line, whose name is as familiar to the average American as that of the Standard Oil Company or the United States Steel Corporation. In Germany it is always referred to as the Hapag.

This name is a combination of the first letters of the company's title in German, which is Hamburg-Amerikanische Paketfahrt-Aktien-Gesellschaft.

The Hapag owed its tremendous expansion to the vision and genius of Albert Ballin, whom many regard as the most remarkable business man that modern Germany produced. Like Krupp, he was one of the Kaiser's pets. He maintained the traditions of the familiar American multi-millionaire in that he was self-made. The son of an obscure Hamburg emigrant agent, he developed the Hamburg-American Line into the most powerful concern of its kind anywhere. Ballin was an imperialist of the first water; but it was typical of his practical sense that he opposed the war. I met him in Berlin in 1913, and he impressed me forcibly. He was keen, quick, alert, and essentially American in his manner. He showed his democracy by refusing all the honors that his royal master sought to bestow upon him. It was Ballin who tried to divert Von Tirpitz from the relentless submarine campaign. When he saw that the German cause was hopeless he committed suicide in the autumn of 1918 rather than witness the collapse of the tremendous structure he had reared.

The Hapag's Motto

At the outbreak of the war the Hapag owned 194 ships, which registered a total tonnage of 1,400,000. It led the North German Lloyd by 400,000 tons, and the nearest British competitor then was the White Star Line, with 500,000 tons. You get some idea of the decline of Hapag glory when I say that on August 1, 1921, the actual shipping owned by the line was less than 100,000 tons. It had a considerably larger tonnage than this in course of construction, and in addition scores of alien ships were under its charter.

The main offices of the Hapag are in an imposing building on the Alster Damm, on the shores of the lake which helps to make Hamburg one of the most beautiful of German cities. Over the main entrance in Ballin's day was chiseled this sentence in German: "Our field is the world." It was the company motto. For the moment it has been removed, but Hamburg—and for that matter, the rest of Germany—believes that it is bound to come back. The Hapag has always been strong on publicity, and throughout the war maintained its elaborate offices in every neutral country. I saw them in Stockholm, Madrid, Christiania, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, The Hague, Berne and elsewhere. Although the concern was doing no marine business to speak of, it kept the flag flying wherever possible. It was done on the theory that though the war would end some day, commerce goes on forever. As a result, the Hapag was a going concern on the day peace was declared.

During the war the Hapag more than earned its way by investing the money it received from the government for the loss of ships in hotels and summer resorts. It now owns large hostelries in Hamburg, Frankfort and Berlin, and at several fashionable watering places on the Baltic. The idea behind these ventures was to scatter capital and avoid, as far as possible, the payment of taxes. While its fleet is in process of remaking it has branched out in aviation and books passage on half a dozen air lines. Some fly between German cities and others connect at Hamburg with routes to London and Amsterdam.

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Have a White Owl

Have you seen this new packing of 12 WHITE OWLS in a compact box?

YOU'LL LIKE the convenience of it. Easy to slip into your desk drawer, your pocket, your traveling bag or your brief case. Carries a good supply of America's most popular cigar without danger of breaking.

Ask your dealer about this box of 12 White Owls. If he hasn't yet put them in stock, send us his name and one dollar. We will gladly mail you a box and see that your dealer is supplied.

General Cigar Co., INC.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

Handy Box of 12: $1.00

Box of 25: $2.00

3 for 25c

9c for One

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In Ballin's stead Dr. Wilhelm Cuno now reigns. He is a type of the aggressive German who left public life to enter business. For some years he was attached to the Ministry of Finance in Berlin. His wide acquaintance with government methods and officials makes him peculiarly valuable just now. He is tall, blond and speaks English fluently. At Hamburg I talked with him about the German shipping situation. I have already quoted his striking comment on the treaty stipulation which compels Germany to build 200,000 tons of shipping every year for the Allies. Among other things, he said:

"I have great faith in the future of the German mercantile marine. Speaking for the Hamburg-American Line, I can say that by 1926 we shall have restored one-third of the amount of our maximum prewar shipping. This means that we shall have nearly 500,000 tons under our own flag.

"For the moment German shipping bristles with difficulties, not only because it suffers in sympathy with the crisis in world shipping but because the government's subsidy for the rebuilding of German shipping is somewhat restricted. As you know, the government has set aside 12,000,000,000 marks for this purpose, to be spread over a period of five years. The owners in return had to promise to use this money for the building of one-third of their prewar tonnage within the next five years. Now it has become apparent that the rate available for the first year, if the large orders for new tonnage now in course of execution by the yards are to be completed, is entirely inadequate. We are therefore faced by the likelihood of impending forced dismissals of workmen on a large scale, and this necessity in its turn will tend to affect adversely our domestic stability, which has just begun to show such satisfactory signs of consolidation."

Doctor Cuno's Views

"The labor conditions ruling in industrial works and—a thing of prime interest to us in Hamburg—in the shipbuilding yards show marked progress compared with last year. The attempts to incite the workmen for political purposes which were made subsequent to the revolution have lost the greater part of their effectiveness, because the men soon found out that revolutionary catchwords do not buy bread, and that the political wire pullers and vote catchers, many of whom were of alien origin, only wished to exploit them for their own ends. They have got tired of the unending debates and strikes, and want to resume serious work.

"The advantage that our export manufacturers have derived from the low level of our foreign exchange has to a large extent been made illusory, however, by the duty on exports imposed by the Entente. We Hamburg people are among the first to feel the paralyzing effect of these new sanctions. The tonnage of our incoming and outgoing ocean vessels had already reached more than 60 per cent of the normal a short while ago, but has now gone down to a little above 50 per cent."

In conclusion Doctor Cuno made a statement that was peculiarly interesting as coming from a German. He said: "For a long time I have been firmly convinced that a lasting improvement in the world's economic condition can only be brought about by paying more regard again to the natural foundations of all economic life than has been the case during recent years. We must desist from all endeavor to regulate the course of events by the application of the principle of might, and above all make it impossible for the politicians to meddle with economic questions."

After Cuno, the most interesting individual in the Hamburg-American Line is Max Warburg, who has interest for America because he is the brother of Paul M. and Felix M. Warburg, who have been conspicuous in our financial life. The banking house of Warburg, which Max heads, bears the same relation to Northwestern Germany, and especially its shipping, that the Rothschilds establishment bore to Frankfort. Like the Rothschilds, it is feudal in character and organization, for it was founded in 1798 by Moses Marcus Warburg, who was of the same type as the patriarchal Anselm Mayer Rothschild, first of the hierarchy that ruled European money affairs for so many years. It is not generally known that the Rothschilds have ceased to exist in Germany. Some years ago the Frankfort business was acquired by the Disconto Gesselschaft, one of the big Berlin banks. The Rothschilds still flourish in England, France and Austria.

Warburg and Stinnes Clash

Max Warburg represents the fourth generation of his name and is easily the foremost banker of Hamburg. He dominates the board of directors of the Hamburg-American, and it was largely due to his efforts that the mighty Hugo Stinnes was removed from that body.

Stinnes tried to follow his usual tactics of benevolent assimilation in the company, but ran afoul of Warburg, who is shrewd and farseeing. The real reason why Stinnes was thrown out of the Hamburg-American, however, was that he committed the unpardonable sin of starting a competitive service to South America without previously consulting his colleagues. It was shipping *lèse majesté*. Stinnes' retort was the acquisition of a large block of stock in the North German Lloyd.

You cannot wander far in the consideration of any phase of German business without encountering Stinnes. Hamburg is a strategic point for him, for here are located the main offices of the trading company which bears his name, and also the headquarters of the Hugo Stinnes Shipping Company. Near by are the Deutsche Werft Shipyards, which he controls and where his fleet of standard 12,000-ton vessels is being made. Four of them have been launched. The first three were named for Ludendorff, Hindenburg and Von Tirpitz respectively. Whatever the fate of these characters in future history, they are destined to live a considerable time on the high seas. The Stinnes tankers—and he is planning to have the biggest fleet under the German flag—are being built at Kiel.

After Hamburg comes Bremen in the shipping annals of Germany. These two ports are only seventy miles apart. Like its neighbor, Hamburg, the bustling community on the Weser slumped during the war and lay prostrate throughout 1919. With the dawn of 1920, however, a revival has set in, and it is now running the Hamburg recovery a close race. Bremen is perhaps the world's greatest tobacco and rice port, and it leads Europe in the extent of its cotton trade. On account of the decline in the German textile industry the cotton volume is considerably under normal; but with tobacco, for example, it is getting back to its old eminence. As in Hamburg and Kiel, there is a hull on every way and the shipyards are humming with energy.

Bremen lacks the picturesqueness of Hamburg, but it is nevertheless an imposing place, for it is one of the old Hanseatic towns and dates from medieval days. What the Hamburg-American Line is to Hamburg, the North German Lloyd is to Bremen. Its magnificent marble palace, dedicated in 1907 to commemorate the silver jubilee of the company, stands in the center of the city. At the head of the grand stairway, which looks as if it was built for an emperor, is a large bust of William Hohenzollern, who always looked upon the two great German shipping enterprises as his particular protégés.

Until last year the immense building was a morgue, for the concern had absolutely no business. Its return to activity came when the corporation made the deal with the United States Mail Steamship Lines to which I have referred.

On the morning that I reached Bremen the America, which flies the flag of the United States Lines, arrived at Bremerhaven, where passengers debark and take the train to the city. It was the first big liner to reach Bremen since the outbreak of the war, and there was considerable excitement. Scores of newly landed Americans were to be seen on the streets and more English was spoken there that day than for years before. It made the Bremenites sick, however, to remember that the America was once the pride of the North German Lloyd fleet, and sailed out of the harbor on her maiden trip to the acclaim of the nation. To-day she is lost to the Germans forever.

In the splendid structure that houses the officials of the North German Lloyd I met Herr Stimmich, the managing director. He succeeded Phillip Heineken, who was the Ballin of the Bremen company, and who is now chairman of the board. On the wall behind Stimmich hung an autographed letter from the former Kaiser, written in his best megalomaniac style and congratulating the institution on its silver anniversary. Physically and temperamentally Stimmich is the exact opposite of Cuno, for he is fat, ponderous and typically German in point of view. Where Cuno is wise enough to accept the altered German situation, Stimmich is more or less unreconciled and inclined to live in other days. In discussing the shipping situation Stimmich said:

"All that is left of the North German Lloyd fleet is the flotilla of small vessels that ply between Bremerhaven and Brazil. But we are not discouraged, for we have begun to build up a new fleet. The war did us good, because we will have the latest types of vessels to meet the new conditions. We will have the better of the English, who now use many of our old ships and who have canceled the contracts for their new vessels.

"The future of Bremen looks particularly good. One reason is that Hamburg has lost all the special privileges that she had before the war. Before August, 1914, a shipper at Mannheim, for example, paid the same freight rates to Hamburg that he did to Bremen, although it was farther away. This condition has been abolished and the game is now open."

A War Mystery Solved

At Bremen I met Capt. Paul Koenig, who commanded the commercial submarine, the Deutschland, which made two trips to America during the war. She brought gold, dyestuffs and securities. Her first port was Baltimore and the second New London, Connecticut. Koenig looks like the sleek skippers that you found on the German liners before the world conflict. He is still immensely proud of his exploit and tenders his autograph without solicitation. In consideration of his wartime achievement he has been made chief of the navigation department of the North German Lloyd.

Koenig cleared up what constituted for a long time one of the war mysteries. The sister ship of the Deutschland was the Bremen. After making one successful trip, carrying the same cargo as the Deutschland, she vanished from sight. Various stories were circulated about her fate. One had her destroyed by the British and another captured by the French. Koenig told me that there was no doubt that the Bremen was sunk by enemy action, for no trace of her or her crew has ever been discovered.

To round out the survey of German shipping we will go on to Kiel. I made the seventy-five-mile trip from Hamburg by motor. The way lies through the pleasant Schleswig-Holstein country, which seems to be more populous in cows than in people. As elsewhere throughout Germany, there is no aftermath of war—not even a crippled soldier.

To me, as to most other Americans, Kiel incarnated German naval might. Here were the imperial shipyards, which employed 12,000 men; here the German armada swung at anchor; here on what was known as Kiel week, which corresponds to the Cowes week in England, was held the annual regatta which the Kaiser honored with his presence and the participation of his boat, the Meteor. From Kiel the first German undersea boats slunk out on their missions of merciless destruction. Throughout the war the city was a beehive of action. Down its streets swanked the submarine captains after their return from brutal exploits. The entire community of 200,000 souls owed its bread and butter to Teutonic might.

Desolate Kiel

All that is past. Kiel to-day is more desolate than were Hamburg and Bremen in the slump of 1919. Grass has sprouted on her docks. The navy ways are barren. The only activity is in the Krupp and Howald shipyards, which are turning out tankers and freighters. At long intervals you see a German naval officer, whose sole occupation seems to be killing time. Of the powerful fleet of fighting ships that was the imperial pride only one obsolete gunboat remains. Nowhere can you get such an acute visualization of the vanished prestige of Germany as at Kiel. A fitting epilogue to this drama of degeneration is Helgoland, the chief war Zeppelin, airplane and submarine base, which lies not so many miles out in the North Sea, and which has been reduced from impregnable fortress to defenseless rock. Its passing closed the narrative of Germany's sea power.

With the exception of the two large privately owned shipyards, only one of the spectacular old assets is left to Kiel. It is the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, better known as the Kiel Canal, which connects the North Sea with the Baltic.

Although dedicated with pomp and ceremony to commercial purposes by the Kaiser himself twenty-six years ago, it was in reality part of the German preparation for the Great War. In the waters where once the massive dreadnoughts jockeyed for berthage you now see an occasional coastwise craft.

Kiel, however, only represents the shattering of the mailed fist. To offset its eclipse is the bustling panorama of a reviving merchant marine that I have indicated. Behind that shipping is the expanding German export trade, whose volume for the fiscal year ending June thirtieth, 1921, exceeded that of 1913. Dyes, drugs, chemicals, toys, potash, machinery and leather goods are streaming out of the country. Only textiles are in the dumps. Contrary to all expectations, there is no camouflage of commerce. "Made in Germany" is still a trade-mark to flaunt in the face of the world, and the Germans are doing it with all their old-time vigor and resource. Nor will they lack vessels to haul their goods.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the European economic and political situation. The next will be devoted to German life and labor.

One Car Among 100 Whose Value Everyone Knows

A Startling and Significant Fact Which You Instantly Recognize as Being Your Own Conviction

ALMOST any man who seriously asks himself what he thinks about the Hupmobile will find, if he has ever given the matter any attention at all, that he has always held a high opinion of its value.

If he follows the subject a little further in his own mind, he is almost certain to recall that he has expressed this good opinion to others, time and time again.

Whether he has owned a Hupmobile or not, somewhere, somehow, he has gained the positive impression that it is a car among cars.

The Same Thought In Everyone's Mind

Ten minutes spent in this sort of reflection will bring him to some very surprising conclusions.

For instance, he is almost sure to recollect that he has never talked to anyone who did not feel about the Hupmobile as he feels.

If he has traveled extensively, it will be borne in on his memory that wherever he went he found exactly the same conclusions concerning the Hupmobile.

But this is only the beginning of the revelation that awaits him.

If he takes even a hasty glance at the history of the automobile business, two facts will immediately stand out with startling distinctness.

How Few Stand As High As Hupmobile

One is that millions of motor cars of nearly three hundred makes have been marketed in a marvelously short space of time.

The other fact—more startling and significant by far—is the astonishingly few cars which have built such a solid, enduring reputation as he knows the Hupmobile to enjoy.

Passing in review all of the 100 makes which are still in existence, he will not be able to think of another car in its class of which he—and everyone else—thinks as highly as he does of the Hupmobile.

If he asks himself why this is so, he will find that it is because he has, consciously or unconsciously, recognized in the Hupmobile those very elements of reliability which every man hopes to get when he buys a motor car.

What We Mean By Reliability

That everlasting regularity of performance which every motor car should supply, and which every one concedes to the Hupmobile.

That everlasting regularity which in the Hupmobile spells the difference between unbroken satisfaction and continuous annoyance.

That uninterrupted regularity which makes the Hupmobile known above and beyond all else as a reliable car to buy.

That regularity which the Company began building into the Hupmobile a dozen years ago and has never stopped building into it ever since.

That regularity which holds down repair costs and adjustments all the year around—which explains why the first models, and all the succeeding seasons' Hupmobiles, are still rendering heroic service on the road.

That regularity which comes from a right principle of design adopted at the beginning, persisted in, and steadily developed ever since.

That regularity which is peculiar in its field to the Hupmobile—which you are sure of in the Hupmobile, and not sure of somewhere else.

That regularity which makes the Hupmobile at $1250, the outstanding value of motordom today—a value so sure and so certain that the buyer who chooses something less sure and less certain at a lesser price, or at $500 more,—almost deserves what he gets!

Some Well-Known Hupmobile Truths

COSTS of operation hold to an exceptionally low level.

Maintenance and repair costs almost unbelievably low.

Car is particularly free from the need of constant and petty adjustments.

On high gear, throttles smoothly to a walking pace; and picks up again, on high gear, instantly and smoothly.

Develops great pulling power on high gear; climbs the average low-gear hill, and pulls through sand and mud, on high gear.

A remarkably fine performer when it's new; and the same fine performer when it's old.

Recognized cash value or trading value as a used car proportionately higher than the average, in relation to price.

Touring Car, $1250 Roadster, $1250 Roadster-Coupé, $1485
Coupé, $2100 Sedan, $2150

Cord Tires on all models — Prices F. O. B. Detroit — Revenue Tax Extra

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

NEW TRAILS IN BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 16)

will furnish deadly germs, chemists will supply the noxious gases, engineers will provide waves and rays that will shrivel up all they touch and deal out death in wholesale fashion. Dugouts and trenches will be useless, for we now have sinking gases that creep over the ground and penetrate to the bottom of every hole or crevice they reach. Everyone—citizens as well as soldiers—will have to wear chemically treated suits, with headpiece and gloves attached. Airplanes will provide poison rain and a single drop will cause death to the person it touches. Lethal rays of one kind or another will add thousands of victims to the death roll.

We now have smoke candles producing a white instead of a black screen; so the day of advancing infantry in the open is over. These candles thrown in front of an advancing line provide a nonpoisonous and opaque protective screen which does not harm the soldiers passing through it. Preliminary plans have been prepared for the construction of noiseless, smokeless guns which will likely hurl four-ton projectiles at a velocity of three or four miles a second a tremendous distance. Ammunition dumps and battleship magazines doubtless will be blown up by wireless waves transmitted from great distances. Bombs and hand grenades filled with tear gas will be hurled over disputed fields, and the atmosphere created will incapacitate everything living within its area. Engines of war advancing under the control of an unseen wireless operator will crush and crumple all that obstructs their paths, and hundreds of other death-dealing agencies, from electrical projectiles to disease-breeding bacteria, will be turned loose in the slaughter of unfortunate humans, should another war occur.

Some Problems of Peace

Each day brings its new discovery to make war more frightful. The ultra-rapid camera speeded up to 200,000 exposures a minute makes it possible for army officers actually to study the impact of shells and other rapidly moving objects. Flashless gunpowder permits night firing without illumination. With smokeless powder, guns cannot be located by the enemy in daylight; now with flashless powder it will be impossible to spot them at night. In the last war it was difficult to distinguish camouflage from the real thing. Not long ago chemists discovered that natural leaves reflect a light different from that reflected by painted leaves. By means of light filters observers can now detect whether the foliage reflects the red-and-green light of natural shrubbery or merely the green light of artificial leaves, a difference not observed by the naked eye. But already it is reported that other chemists have found pigments to put in paint that will again make camouflage nondetectable. And so the struggle between forces of offense and defense goes merrily on.

Let no one doubt the outcome of the controversy between the advocates of aerial and dreadnought warfare. Before long the accuracy of firing from a moving airplane will attain the same precision which now marks the accuracy of gunfire from the rolling deck of a battleship, with ranges vastly greater. Battle planes will carry bombs weighing as high as 4000 pounds, each containing over a ton of high explosives. Even if dreadnoughts could be made unsinkable, they would not be worth much if the operating or fire-control systems were deranged or if clouds of gas from the heavens were to settle on the ships, causing the crews to employ gas masks.

Though it is impossible to discuss the future of this or any other great nation today without giving serious thought to the high cost of the machinery for war we must not overlook the primary importance of the machinery of peace. Although we have not traveled long enough and far enough from the horrors of the recent struggle in Europe to make it possible to banish war and its effects from our minds, we have reached a point where we must consider the probable developments in the conduct of our basic industries. There are sound reasons for believing that business is slowly but surely on its way back to normal. That means that many national problems which we have almost forgotten ever existed will again rise up to plague us unless we show greater skill in their solution than we did in the past.

To-day we have thousands of idle railroad cars and several million unemployed men and women in the United States, but it will not be long before we will be deploring our inadequate transportation facilities and wondering how we can overcome the handicap imposed by a labor shortage. When the railroads fall down on the job the mines are unable to ship their products and then we have the added annoyance of a fuel famine. Though these three problems do not by any means constitute the whole array of questions we shall soon be obliged to consider and discuss, they are the refractory triplets which have come most often to devil our days and torment our nights. In their train follow a hundred minor ills which add considerable weight to the total aggravation.

Science has pointed the way out of most of our difficulties, and although in many lines we will doubtless be slow in adopting the newer ideas and methods because of the expense connected with scrapping present equipment, the progress of industry and the demand for maximum conservation will finally force the acceptance of all plans and practices that will effect economies and lower costs.

In the science of transportation the use of electric power on our railroads must be the next great step forward. A few years ago, when the railroads had the money necessary to undertake electrification, the engineering problems had not been solved in a practical manner. Now that all the elements of electrification have been perfected, the railroads lack the necessary capital to make the investment. Less than 4 per cent of our main-line track has been fitted up for electric operation, whereas if 50 per cent of our 270,000 miles of main-line track were electrified there would be an annual saving, chiefly in coal and tenders moved, of 73,000,000,000 ton miles. The volume of traffic represented by this saving is equal to over 10 per cent of the total revenue-producing freight handled. In other words, if one-half our railroad track were electrified the nation's carriers would be enabled to haul one-tenth more revenue freight than they now handle, with no change whatever in present operating expenses or track congestion. Nothing talked of or projected in this country to-day is more certain of realization than the electrification of all our railroads operating in thickly populated regions where the service is frequent.

Motor-Car Transport

Only a little more than a decade ago any discussion of transportation commenced and ended with the railroads. In those days people either traveled in railway cars drawn by steam locomotives or in ships with comparatively simple power plants. Now we go at express speed over hundreds of miles of paved highways, or travel three times as fast in machines through the air. The passenger mileage of American automobiles last year was more than one-third greater than that of our railroads. Even leaving trucks out of consideration, it is conservatively estimated that at least one-fourth of our automobile passenger mileage is utilitarian.

The future of motor transportation in the United States depends almost entirely on how well we handle our highway problem. For the reason that a motor-driven vehicle can pull greater loads than it can carry, the future will show us long trains of heavily laden trailers on our highways, carrying loads as great as ten tons per wheel. Freight and passenger traffic will be segregated in accordance with a plan which will provide two lines of vehicles moving in each direction. Curves will be super-elevated, and the highways lighted, so that much of the heavy freight transportation can be carried on at high speed during the night.

Supplementing freight and passenger traffic on our railroads and highways will be aerial transportation. Last year 1000 airplanes were employed in commerce in the United States and Canada, and these machines flew 6,000,000 miles, carrying 225,000 passengers and hundreds of tons of package freight. All this advance in commercial aeronautical enterprise in America has taken place without the assistance or protection of law, in credits, insurance and the like. Almost before we know it we shall have an elaborate system of air routes and terminals. While to-day we have flying billboards, to-morrow, when many thousands are flying, we shall have signs on roofs and highways, to be observed by the flying public. The family group will sit at ease on the gardened housetop, observing the sky parade, instead of on the front porch, watching the automobiles go by.

In the future, cities of any size will be marked with numbers to show the airmen exactly where they are without their having to descend to the earth. These numbers will be brilliantly lighted at night. They will give the latitude and longitude notations, also numbers inclosed in rectangles corresponding to the new system of coordinate reckoning. Probably the marker will be placed on the right-hand side of every railroad track, so that a pilot lost or bewildered may fly until he picks up a railroad line, which he will follow until he spies one of the identification marks on the right-hand side of the track in the outskirts of a city.

After Gasoline, What?

What aërial travel will mean to business is almost beyond description. Not long ago an English business man chartered an airplane in Paris, and for twenty-three days flew around Europe, touching at Brussels, Berlin, Warsaw, Triest, Venice and many other cities. This man estimates that he was enabled to accomplish his business in one-tenth of the time that he would have consumed in going by train.

Whether an airplane is used to fight a forest fire, carry explorers to the North Pole, help the Government in its survey work or haul freight cars along railroad tracks in Rumania, the source of its power is liquid fuel, and without this the airplane, the automobile and the motor ship are practically useless. Therefore one of the most important problems of the near future is an adequate supply of liquid fuel. Just now gasoline satisfies our needs; but the supply of this product is definitely limited, and the question is, what will we use, first to supplement and finally to replace the vanishing supply of gasoline?

Fortunately for us, nearly everything that grows out of the ground can be converted into alcohol and used to provide mechanical energy. Even the roots of the parched shrubs of the earth's deserts will produce from twenty to forty gallons of alcohol per ton of roots. The Germans get most of their power fuel from potatoes, and here in the United States, just as soon as business revives and gasoline prices again advance, motor fuel made from blackstrap molasses and from grain and fruits will enter the market as a competitor of gasoline.

When the price of oil again gets as high as $1.50 a barrel our infant shale-oil industry, now temporarily dormant because of the record drop in the price of ground oil, will again awaken, and the result will be still another competitor to check any runaway market which may develop in oil, if the expansion of the uses for oil should be even more rapid than is now anticipated. It is a satisfying thought to know that shale-bearing rock is present in this country and throughout the world in even greater quantities than coal.

Accepting the common assumption, based on practice, that a ton of shale produces a barrel of oil, we find that the shale of one county in Colorado would yield four times as much oil as has been produced in all the world since this product was first used. A splendid grade of gasoline can be derived from shale oil; so it is plain that, though we shall doubtless be obliged to meet and overcome many serious problems respecting an adequate supply of liquid power fuel, there is no occasion for much of the alarm now felt concerning the future of motor-driven machines.

The great problem in this machine age is the development of new sources of energy. I have before me copies of plans prepared by practical, successful engineers to tap the earth's storehouse of heat at a depth of five miles or more below the surface. Though this accomplishment may not come speedily, the obstacles certainly do not appear insurmountable. In two countries of Europe they have harnessed the tides and will soon be getting cheap electric energy in this way indirectly from the moon. Other scientists are striving to obtain new energy from the sun. Of the solar energy received by the earth, less than one-three-hundredth part is stored up by the earth's vegetation.

Some people are inclined to believe that talk of this kind is mostly dream stuff. The first American steam locomotive that was ever built blew up and folks laughed at the inventor. All the marvels of the present day were perfected by men and women who had to stand firm in the face of ridicule Too many people forget, or never learn, that life is only a variety of motions, and motion is energy. This is the fundamental principle on which our very existence is based. If the moving things are large enough to be seen we call their movement mechanical energy. If the particles in motion are invisible to the eye, even through a microscope, we call their movement heat energy. When the particles are electrons we call their energy electrical energy, which, if we go back far enough, appears to be the foundation of practically all else, although no one knows what electricity actually is.

When the early scientists started their experiments with the atom people said, "Of what use is all this to us in our daily lives?" Although it took years to write the answer to this query, the reply, when it came, was an overwhelming condemnation of the thoughtless skeptics. Of what use is a study of the atom? Ask the people whose lives have been saved from the inroads of cancer by the X-ray. Ask the famous scientists who are working in research laboratories throughout the world, producing designs and plans for all kinds of practical, useful devices. It would be possible to recite a hundred everyday uses of radium, from its application in medicine to its use as a luminant down deep in the galleries of our mines. It is through radium that we shall one day discover a way to control the force of the atom. That may be five years hence or fifty; but when it comes life will be no more like what it is to-day than our present mode of existence resembles that of a tribesman in Africa.

The Quest for Cold Light

The most interesting and the most promising research in the world at present is in the field of radioactivity. Because radium is a scarce article throughout the earth its use in everyday life is limited; but when we have devised a way to break it down we will be able to apply the same treatment to other elements which are found in comparative abundance throughout the world. For instance, the energy latent in metallic uranium, which is gradually given off during the slow disintegration of this element, is so enormous that the amount liberated by the complete disintegration of 100 pounds of the metal is approximately equivalent to that obtained by burning 18,500 tons of coal.

Folks who are preparing to go on living and doing business in the same old way are establishing themselves in what will be a land of disappointment and regret. People with money to invest in various lines of business will meet sad reverses in their speculations if they neglect to reckon with the coming applications of science to industry. Just as the fellows who adopted the cable system, in street-car service, instead of the electric trolley, suffered severe losses or ruin in their business, so will other people who make similar mistakes in the future pay dearly for their lack of foresight.

Science is not a thing apart; it is the bed rock of business. If one of the many scientists now working to produce cold light like that emanating from the little firefly which we notice on a summer's evening should meet with success in his research 1,000,000 people, more or less, would be affected financially by the results of such experiments. During the next few years we shall have a flood of new inventions, and hundreds of them will directly affect our lives and our businesses. We shall have new types of fuel-saving boilers, in which great economies will be effected, because instead of having to heat a large amount of water in a cumbersome boiler only one or two gallons will have to be heated at a time. There is promise of the successful development of hydrogen-gas motors propelled entirely by water. In such motors the water

(Continued on Page 31)

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

How to Read the Chart:

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
F means Gargoyle Mobiloil "F"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

The recommendations for prominent makes of engines used in many cars are listed separately for convenience.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1921		1920		1919		1918		1917	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Acme (Model 35)	A	A	A	Arc						
All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Allen	A	A	A	A	A	Arc				
Ambassador (8 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Apperson (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" Model Six							A	A	Arc	Arc
Auburn (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl.)									A	Arc
Autocar (Special Heavy Duty)							A	Arc		
Brush (Runabout)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Buick (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick (8 cyl.)	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Camilla	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Case	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet (Model 490)						A	A	A	A	A
" (Model 490-T)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Mod.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc		
Cleveland	A	A	A	Arc						
Cole (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc		
" All Other Mod.	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Columbia (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dagmar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Elcar (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Fiat							B	A	B	A
Ford	F	F	F	F	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner (6 cyl.) Model 32	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Mods.						Arc				
Gray	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hebert	A	A	B	A						
Hudson Super Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jackson (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc			Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc			A	A	A	A
Knox Kat (12 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
" All Other Mod.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Knox Kar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lafayette (Indianapolis)	A	A	A	A						
Lafayette (Long Eng.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lexington	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lincoln	A	A								
Lion (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Locomobile	A	F	A	F	A	F	A	F	A	F
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Meteor	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moline	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Moon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash (Model 671)	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (Cont'l (Quad)							A	A		
" (1 ton & 2 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
National (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Overland					A	A	A	A	A	A
Owen Magnetic (Mod. 1625)	A	Arc.	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Mod.							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Mod.							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Cont'l (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Mod.	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Renault (French)	A	A								
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reamer Model R-4									A	Arc
Model 4-75	A	A								
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc			Arc	Arc
Rolls Royce									A	A
R & S Knight	B	A	B	A						
Saxon	A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E	E	E	E	E
Service (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Signal Six							A	A	A	A
Standard (Model 6)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Stephens	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Stoughton (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" All Other Mod.			A							
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
White (6 cyl.)					A	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl.) and Twin	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Prominent Makes of Engines

Beaver Model (A) (B) (C)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buda Model (A)										
Continental Model B2	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Model T					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Falls	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
G.E.M. & S. Model SA	A	A	A	A	A	A				
All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Herschell-Spillman Model (A)					A	A	A	A	A	A
All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupp (6 cyl.)										
Nash (Model 671)									A	Arc
Wisconsin Model Q & QU	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

"GIVE ME A QUART OF OIL"

Blind Luck—or Science. Choose!

BY SAYING "Give me a quart of oil" you may accidentally get correct lubrication. But you are taking a long chance.

If you are one of the many who know the satisfaction of using Gargoyle Mobiloil we advise you to avoid this careless request.

Your best insurance of *engine results* is to ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil, being particular to specify the correct grade for your car.

The careless request, "Give me a quart of oil," means:

"Oh, I don't care who made the oil.

"I don't care how much carbon I get.

"I don't mind overheating, rapid depreciation, noise or repair bills."

You are matching blind luck against lubrication science.

Why correct lubrication is decidedly cheaper

During this very day, mechanics are busy repairing thousands of automobile engines. They are cleaning out carbon, fitting in new piston rings, putting in new bearings, regrinding worn cylinders.

At least 50% of these repairs were made necessary by bad lubrication—by the old haphazard "Give me a quart of oil."

Not a gasoline by-product

Nine out of ten lubricating oils on the market are simply by-products in the manufacture of gasoline. Gargoyle Mobiloil is *not* a by-product.

It is produced by lubrication specialists who are recognized the world over as leaders in lubricating practice. Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured from crude oils chosen for their *lubricating* qualities—not for their gasoline content. They are manufactured by processes designed to bring out the highest *lubricating* value—not the greatest gallonage of gasoline.

This is one of the essential reasons for the superiority of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Domestic Branches: New York (Main Office) Boston Chicago Philadelphia Detroit Pittsburgh Indianapolis Minneapolis Buffalo Des Moines Dallas Kansas City, Kan.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Painting by Norman Rockwell, © E. L. W. of G.E. Co

"All's right"—*says* The Light

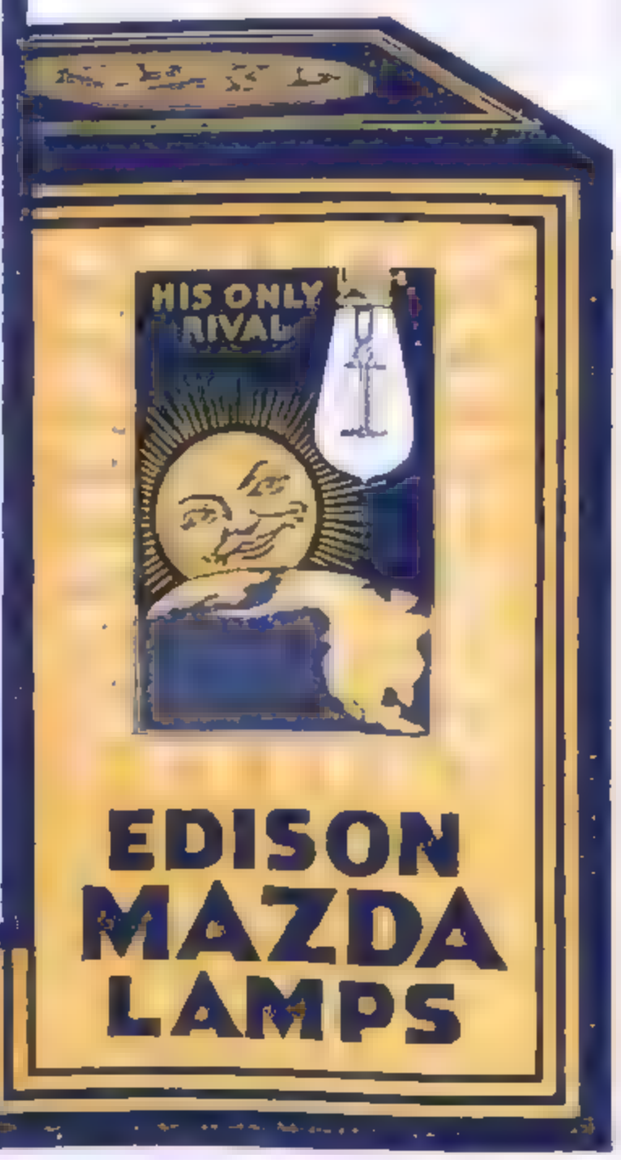
FINISHED is the little house; the furniture is all in place. And side by side they sit together looking forward into the years.

"Everything all right?" he asks.

"All right," says she. There is no echo, but on the table behind them the friendly lamp gleams its cheerful "All's right."

In every happy hour of life, good light plays its part. Since it is so important, why not be sure that you have the best — plenty of Edison MAZDA Lamps properly placed. Look for the Edison MAZDA Lamp girl in the dealer's window; the Edison Agent is trained in transforming homes with the magic of good light.

SINCE lamps are so important in the home don't just ask for "lamps" or "bulbs;" ask for Edison MAZDA Lamps, and get the best. For the mark MAZDA on a lamp is your assurance that it is the most perfect that science has thus far developed. And when MAZDA Service, centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company develops a more perfect light, that, too, will be an Edison MAZDA Lamp.



EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS
EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 28)

will be used over and over again, and of course, should they be successful, there will be no transmission system necessary.

One inventor connected with a famous institution has already cooked all kinds of food with his solar cookstove. Every method of cooking except frying has been successfully tried on this stove, which consists of a concave, parabolic, cylindric reflector, through which runs a tube of ordinary cylinder oil to absorb heat from the reflector and apply it to the cooking compartment.

Carefully adjusted insulation insures the retention of the heat in the oil overnight. A float device automatically regulates the cooking temperatures, while a simple clockwork mechanism keeps the reflectors facing the sun.

Over in Europe they have recently been experimenting with schemes for transmitting power by wave pulsations carried through pipes and conducted by a fluid, preferably water. Up until the present time we have been able to transmit power in five ways—by steam, direct mechanical, hydraulic method, electricity and compressed air. In this new plan the power is communicated to water in one end of a conducting pipe, and the resulting waves carry it the full distance of the pipe's length. At present waves 120 feet in length are being sent through a one-inch pipe a distance of one mile to operate a riveting machine which delivers 2400 blows a minute. The waves transmitting the power travel at the speed of sound in water. It is asserted that the pipe can be tapped at wave lengths or half wave lengths, and so may be made to serve a number of machines. The early experiments appear to indicate great economy for this wave method of power transmission. Claims are made that large savings will result from the substitution of wave-power drills for compressed-air drills in mines.

Photographs and probably whole pages of our daily newspapers and magazines will be interchanged between American and European publishers by wireless as an everyday procedure in the not-distant future. All up-to-date shoe merchants eventually will follow the lead of one progressive fellow who has installed an X-ray apparatus so that in fitting shoes his customers will be enabled to see the positions of their feet inside the shoes. Low-power rays and lead screening eliminate the danger of burns.

Weather to Order

The X-ray is also proving of great service to the bomb squads in our large cities. Deadly bombs have been discovered and their contents determined by the X-ray, whereas they would have exploded if it had been found necessary to open the parcel. The other day a customs inspector pressed the X-ray into service and discovered valuable jewels in the high French heels of a young lady's shoes.

It is quite possible that the efforts to make rain will eventually be successful, and already we have satisfactory equipment to provide mechanical weather inside of any and every kind of plant. Years ago the weather was the determining factor in establishing the location of various industries, particularly the manufacture of cotton goods and other common necessities. Now we can provide the right kind of weather inside of any building without the slightest injury to the employe.

Many manufacturing difficulties are due to adverse weather conditions. Among the industries affected by variations in temperature and humidity are confectionery, textile manufacture, the production of terra cotta, ceramic ware, moving-picture films, macaroni, bread, glassware, and so on. For instance, in a textile mill the delicate fibers of cotton are very sensitive to atmospheric moisture. If the fibers are too dry they are brittle and easily broken. If too wet they are easily pulled apart, easily stretched beyond their elastic limit and weakened. Between these two extremes there is a condition that gives the most satisfactory results. If it had been possible to make mechanical weather years ago it is not likely that the cotton-manufacturing industry would have been established in England.

Not long ago a Western druggist, trying to work out a new material to make a gas mantle like the Welsbach, made a discovery which promises to save the people of the nation many millions of dollars each year. In the early experiments the investigator applied his liquid treatment to cotton fabric. Later the son of the druggist tried to burn a sample of the treated fabric, without success, and this suggested the idea that the same treatment applied to the sides and ends of bales of cotton might make the bales fireproof. Tests followed, and the hopes of the investigators were sustained by the results obtained.

The outcome is that the railroads now consent to carry this chemically treated cotton on open flat cars, and insurance companies are reducing their rates on these fireproofed bales as much as 90 per cent. No product of American farms is more dependent on bank credit than cotton, and the obtaining of credit by growers and shippers has been hampered because of the serious losses resulting from the chronic rotting of the staple during storage and shipment. The liquid treatment of the bales does not injure the cotton, but on the other hand does eliminate the former losses of from 80 to 400 pounds a bale due to rot.

Upon actual demonstration treated cotton showed no signs of fire damage after being transported from Oklahoma City to Chicago—about 900 miles—on flat cars next to the locomotive, although the bales were buried in cinders after the trip.

It is plain therefore that this development will release some 40,000 box cars, formerly needed for moving the cotton crop, for the transportation of grain and other farm products.

The Age of Cement

If space permitted I might tell of many research accomplishments that will more or less revolutionize industries. One clever fellow has perfected a scheme for manufacturing cement lumber, a product that will have immense possibilities as a building material. Though cement lumber can be cast in shellacked molds, right on the job where the lumber is to be used, usually the product will be turned out by a central plant, located near the place where the sand and gravel are found. Investigations already made show that cement lumber can be produced for 1.5 cents a square foot, or fifteen dollars a thousand, in three-quarter-inch thicknesses. Although various widths of this lumber can be made, the maximum length will be six feet.

In regions where there is plenty of good sand and fine gravel cement lumber may eventually become cheaper than wood lumber, for the only freight bill of any consequence in using this new product will be the charges for hauling the cement. Even if cement lumber should cost no less than other building materials, the prospective user will have to take into account the advantages of such qualities as permanence, ability to resist fire, moisture and changes of temperature. In addition, the new material is said to be crackproof.

This new cement lumber can be made in any suitable shape, length, width and thickness, and with curved or flat surfaces, or with any design or pattern imprinted or formed that may be desired. One or more spaced grooves or indentations parallel to the ends of each board provide a line of structural weakness sufficient to enable the builder to break the cement board in two when a shorter length is needed in the construction work. The boards are cast with perforations to enable the use of nails, wires, rods or other devices used to secure the units in place. The wide use of this new type of building material would certainly be a boon to the cement industry, and would relieve our apprehensions concerning the growing scarcity of wood lumber.

No industry is surrounded with greater romance than the cement business. It is the best illustration we have of the decentralization of an industry, for twenty-five years ago, when the business was in its infancy, four-fifths of the nation's total output came from one small district in Pennsylvania, and the production was considerably less than 1,000,000 barrels annually. It is estimated that this year 25,000,000 barrels of cement will be used in the construction of American roads. It has replaced wooden sidewalks almost entirely, and competes with iron and clay for sewer piping. For years it has been the most important competitor of brick and stone for durable buildings. While the per capita consumption of lumber in the United States has decreased from 490 to 300 board feet, and brick consumption has decreased from 120 to 80 per capita, the consumption of cement per person has more than quadrupled.

Curiosities of Alloys

Wonderful results have attended the efforts of scientists doing research in the field of alloys. It is doubtless true that the discovery of new alloys has contributed more to the progress of mechanical engineering during the last two decades than any other one line of development. There are very few machines to-day which do not depend on alloys for practically all of their vital parts. This truth is brought home to us forcibly when we try to picture how we should build automobiles, airplanes, locomotives, dynamos and other essential machines if we were suddenly to be deprived of the alloys now used. And yet in spite of the splendid advances already made in this field our knowledge concerning the different alloys and their uses has hardly progressed beyond the elementary stage. If to-morrow a highly trained chemist were to establish himself in a well-equipped laboratory and commence an investigation of the series of alloys that can be made from three metals there is small prospect that the worker, even though a young man, could complete such an investigation during his lifetime. A study of the series of alloys of even two metals would involve tens of thousands of determinations, although the two metals would give only ninety-nine different alloys through varying their proportions by one per cent.

It is strange but true that frequently a variation of less than 1 per cent in the composition of an alloy made up of only two metals will cause a marked difference in the characteristics of the alloy. When we make an alloy of 27 per cent nickel with iron the resulting material is totally nonmagnetic, except at very low temperatures. If we reduce the nickel content we get an alloy that has low permeability at low inductions and high permeability at high inductions; but if we increase the nickel in the alloy we get a composition metal with exactly the reverse characteristics. Stranger still, we can take three metals, like copper, aluminum and manganese, all of which are nonmagnetic, and by uniting them produce an alloy which is strongly magnetic. Or we can take iron, which is the most magnetic metal we have, and by adding 12 per cent manganese to the iron we get an alloy that is nonmagnetic.

We know as little about alloys as we do about the mysteries of dielectrics or the principles of insulation; and we shall be better off if we promptly accept the truth that just now we are only at the edge of innumerable unexplored fields in the realm of science.

The beauty of it all is that though our journeys into the unknown appear at first to be simply adventures in abstract theory, we do not travel far before we find some practical everyday use for the discoveries made. If this were not so some of our fishermen would not have discovered that fish avoid a white net, but swim calmly into the meshes of nets that are green or brown, and that the sound caused by fish swimming about in the water can be detected by the microphone, which in turn relays the news to the men in the boats above. Were it not for the theorists we should not be able to manufacture synthetic camphor, which process will eventually free us of the monopoly held by Japan; we should not be able to utilize compressed air in the handling and loading of corn, wheat and many other products; and we should not have eyes in the form of five-foot searchlights that will pick up a battleship at a distance of twelve miles.

Our scientific brethren in the Department of Agriculture are perhaps giving us more for our money, which we contribute in the form of taxes, than any other group of our so-called public servants. These agents of the Government are now traveling through the little-explored regions of the earth in search of useful varieties of trees and plants which are unknown to farmers of the Western world. They are hoping to secure chestnut trees in China which can be used by Americans in breeding a blight-resistant hybrid to take the place of the American chestnut, now rapidly dying out. Already maté trees, the source of Paraguayan tea, have been brought from South America and are being successfully grown in Florida. Likewise, bamboo shoots have been imported and are being cultivated in both Florida and California. In the meantime a process has been developed to manufacture paper from bamboo, and the early tests show that bamboo pulp is well adapted for manufacture into the higher grades of printing paper. Wheat brought from the steppes of Russia has reclaimed large areas of our semiarid lands west of the Mississippi River. A foreign variety of long-staple cotton has converted the Arizona deserts into fertile farms, and kafir corn has made possible the profitable cultivation of the dry regions of our great Southwest.

It was only a short time ago that the fruit growers in California and Florida were delighted to get five dollars a ton for their cull lemons and oranges. Now this waste is used to produce annually about 1,500,000 pounds of citric acid, 500,000 pounds of citrate of lime and 50,000 pounds of lemon oil. Our tomato-seed waste is being converted into an edible oil of high quality, as well as into a meal suitable for feeding cattle, hogs and chickens; and useless apples, even those that are intensely acid, are being made to yield calcium malate, the source of malic acid. The development of this latter process in Nova Scotia promises to result in the establishment of a new industry of considerable proportions.

The Dawn of a Great Era

Before long ways will be found to speed up the growth of plant life to a degree not now believed possible. Over in Japan a scientist has been getting some interesting results through the use of ultra-violet rays in maturing unripe fruits. Rows of pineapples were exposed to these rays forty minutes each morning, and these rows, when compared with those adjacent, growing in the same soil, were found to have matured more rapidly and to be sweeter and juicier.

Though I have presented only a few comparatively new thoughts, taken from but a fraction of our representative industries, sufficient has been stated to indicate clearly not only the close relationship between science and business but the high rate of speed we are certain to attain in the industrial and commercial advance that will get under way the moment conditions show a definite, unmistakable swing back to normal. Hundreds of employers have completed remarkable experiments and from such investigations have developed striking plans for industrial coöperation that will certainly minimize industrial strife and lay the basis for a new industrial order here in the United States.

Soon we shall have recovered from the hysteria due to the reaction which is the natural outcome of war. Each succeeding day makes us more hard-headed, and as a result we are giving less attention to the beautiful plans of folks who are proposing to give something for nothing out of somebody else's pocket. We are commencing to grasp the truth that most of the talk about the dangers of over-production are pure myths, and that unemployment is largely the direct result of the failure of labor to liquidate.

Never in the history of the world has there been so much real work to be done, and unless it is true that we are suffering from a shortage of minds big enough to deal with man-size problems, the next few years will reveal the United States acting in the principal rôle of the most amazing business drama ever enacted on the stage of this old world.

Jim Henry's Column

Guarding the Roll

The only real object in life of approximately one hundred million people in this country is to get a piece of your income—not to mention several earnest producers in Europe, Asia and points south. That's the way we all make our living.

Knowing that you can buy only a portion of the things the rest of us want to sell you, has developed in you a power of resistance to selling talk.

You have thrown up a wall of doubt around your roll and it's a powerful argument that can break through and get the money.

That explains why you have been able to resist my quiet insistence that Mennen Shaving Cream is better than the old-fashioned soap you have been using all these years.

Why, if every man who reads this would believe it just enough to try Mennen's once, it would increase our business 400% overnight.

As a matter of fact, it isn't my advertising which will finally overcome your resistance. The only real enemy of your roll is your own desire for the best of everything.

In your heart, you know that Mennen's is infinitely superior to the soap you are using and some morning when you are suffering a little more than usual and your razor skids the way a carving knife does when it strikes one of those steel skewers they stick into roast beef, and your face feels mummified, you are suddenly going to make a big resolve to end all of your shaving troubles by doing it right—with Mennen's.

As the little half inch of cream blossoms into mountains of moist lather—as the beard melts away before the blade you thought was through—as the happy smiles spread over your smooth, unscarred visage—you will be glad that you nicked the roll for at least four cents a month more than the old soap cost. I will send my demonstrator tube for ten cents.

and afterward—Mennen Talcum for Man—it doesn't show

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

THE POETS' CORNER

Jude's Complaint

IT SHO' was one onlucky day w'en Cunnel says to me:
"Miss Inez wants Calline to go to school at Tuskegee."
For what Miss Inez wants she gits; she took a sudden shine—
De way 'at w'ite folks sometimes does—to muh li'l' gal Calline.

Now sense we've lived on Bar's bayou, wid Calline at de tub,
It ain't been quite so hard on me a-foragin' fo' grub;
I fishes on de levee w'en de watah's 'ginst de wall,
An' I trees de sassy 'possum w'en de leaves begin ter fall;

Not to mention suttin provuhdences - chickens in de road;
Turkey nests in de bresh, de ole houn' wid his load
O' side meat fum de smokehouse; Cunnel never miss—
Been mighty well contented to worry 'long wid dis.

But heah comes 'at Calline back wid glasses on her nose;
She sniff at me, she sniff de air, she flirt her starchy clo'es:
"Go fill 'at kittle, pap," she say, "an' plenty lye," says she
An' 'at's de way she started in w'en she come fum Tuskegee!

She turn 'at cabin upside down, she scrape an' scrub 'at flo';
She plant dem mawnin' glories whar dey twine right 'crost de do';
But dat ain't all 'at worries me; she's larnt some cu'yous talk
'Bout what is mine an' yourn—an' makes me walk de chalk!

I cayn't bring in a mess o' cawn or a dozen Laighorn aigs,
Or mebbe a juicy pullet wid fat and tender laigs,
But what she's flyin' at me an' axin' me right flat:
"Whar yo' git 'at provender—whar yo' git it at?"

Onct as I was strollin' 'long one night widout a moon—
Kindah strollin' keerlesslike and hummin' of a tune—
Not hummin' loud but real sof', I runs into a fence;
It kindah knocks me foolish. Seems like I didn't have no sense;

Fust thing I knows I fin's muhself inside a li'l' house,
An' ever'thing as dark as pitch an' quiet as a mouse
Ontwel a chicken "S-scutter!" An' I knows right whar I is—
Provuhdence done showed me a chance too good to miss!

Cunnel never know 'at rooster gone fum out de lot.
I gits me home an' picks hit an' has hit in de pot.
Calline come home fum meetin'; she grab me by de wool;
She march me up de hill—an', say, 'at niggah gal can pull!

Cunnel Bill he shake his haid as solemn as a owl:
"I dunno why a niggah man has always got to prowl
No more'n I know why cats is out on dark an' stormy nights,
W'en ha'nts is wanderin' loose aroun' an' Will has lit his lights.

"But tote de pot in, Jude," says he. "An' is hit done an' brown?"
"Yessuh," says I, "fixed 'es' 'zackly like yo' likes it, down
To onions in de gravy." De Cunnel bats his eyes:
"I take it, Jude, yo' fixed dis dish fo' my especial s'prise?"

"Yessuh!" I says. "Yo' said de fac's."
Calline, she stare at me.
'Some things me an' de Cunnel know not larnt at Tuskegee'
He march out to de kitchen, me wid de pot behin';
An' Calline lef' to wrastle wid what was on her min'!

I don't git off so easy mos' times; Miss Inez say:
"Yo' bad ole niggah, Jude, yo' stan' in Calline's way.
If yo' will quit yo' ramblin' an' not go prowlin' so,
Mebbe 'at Cunnel Bill will buil' a li'l' bungumlow."

Now what I want wid bungumlows? Or chickens o' muh own?
W'en othah folks can raise 'em—an' I reaps what's handy sown?
Miss Inez backin' Calline, Cunnel backin' me;
We have some lively ructions—in spite o' Tuskegee! —*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

Help Wanted

I

ONCE on a day when I was free
And spent my money like a king,
The sharks all took a hack at me
And never left me anything.
Them was the days! And oh, the joys
I brought to all the glad-hand boys!

When I walked in and lined 'em up
I raised a hot sensation;
None was too poor to lift a cup
In joyous adulation;
And none too rich to let me pay;
It was a standard habit;
The bar check always came my way
And no one reached to grab it.

Them was the days! For I was free
And life was smooth and sunny;
Nobody ever hindered me
From spending all my money.
They saw me coming, blocks away,
And raised loud ululation
And for my gracious favor fought.
The phony wildcat stocks I bought
Would paper all creation.

I worried the glad hours away;
I smoked fifteen cigars a day;
Hope fled away disgusted;
For when the New Year rattled round
That joyous season always found
Me absolutely busted.

II

One day a saucy little lad
Produced a tiny dart
And with its keen point wrote this ad
Upon my hopeless heart:
"Help Wanted—FEMALE!" My address
He gave, and added, "S O S!"
An angel read. She hurried in
And saw me sitting, wan and thin,
Unkempt and lonely; on my chin
Neglected stubble, black as sin.
My angel saw my desolation
And so she took the situation.

III

Now all my bitter days have passed,
For I've a manager at last!
She tells me where to find the glue
And cheers me when I make it;
She knows just when I draw it, too -
Nor hesitates to take it.
She banks it for me. More than that,
She spends it with proficiency;
And yet I'm growing fat and cute,
And I've a bank account to boot—
And I call that efficiency.
—*Lowell Otus Reese*

A Walk

IN THE taut silence of the wood
Where angels tread,
Fingers on lips,
And, overhead,
Brown clouds are twisted round the tips
Of trees that brush
Warm dreams against the sky, and hush
Time with long whispers as it slips
Under the stillness—there we stood.

And you - you talked of foolish things
And laughed out loud!
The pale, star-dripping veil that swings
Back from the proud
Black head of night flattered and swept
Over my heart. I could have wept
Then, because you did not feel
The kiss of groping thoughts that steal
Out of the world—nor breath of wings
Passing—but talked—of foolish things.
—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Since You Have Come

THE violets in the hawthorn hedge
Had watched the April skies grow blue,
And windflowers by the water's edge
And young spring beauties in the sedge
Had broken leaf and blossom too;
But not for me the cardinal flew—
A flaming arrow lightly whirled—
For days apart within my heart
There was gray winter on the world.

The languid lilies on the lake
Dreamed from the midnight till the dawn,
Set all the vagrant winds awake
With stirrings in the rustling brake
Like footfalls of some timid faun
The woodland nymphs had spied upon;
But in the year's deep plenilune
I had no part, for in my heart
There was no dream of June.

I know there bloomed at Michaelmas
While daisies with gold eyes that dream
Of autumn lanes and waving grass,
On roadsides where the wagons pass,
Laden with harvest, or where stream
The heavy carts where apples gleam
Dark russet 'neath the dust clouds swirled;
I knew, alas! at Michaelmas,
No autumn but a wintry world.

But now that skies are hodden gray
With bitter winds that scar and freeze,
And through the ashen dreary day
The wild sleet wears the hours away
Till dusk lies on the frozen seas;
Now you have come, such days as these
Might be glad spring when violets start!
What matter night and storm outside?
Or winter's frozen gale and tide?
The summer's in my heart!
—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

Swinging Song

SWING—swing—high and low
Under the apple tree,
Just one push and away I go
Up where the apple blossoms blow
And robins scold at me!

High—low—kick and swing
Up to the clouds again;
Over the garden wall I fling,
Peep at the world and everything
Far down the shady lane.

Swing—swing—cool and free
Under the summer sky—
All of the flowers wave to me,
All of the branches bend to see
A child go skimming by!
—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Beyond the Beatitudes

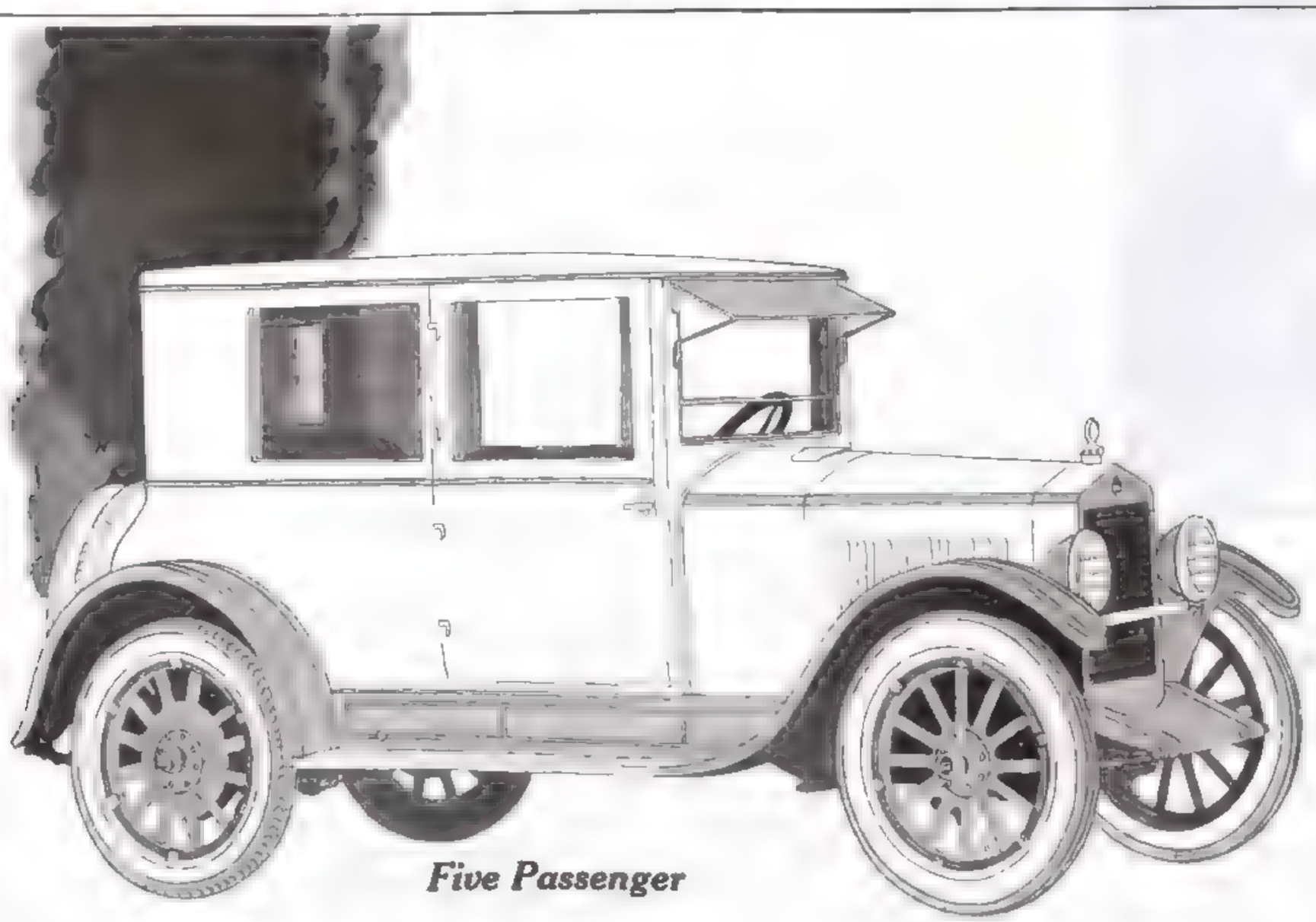
WHENEVER two cars, by some lack of precision,
Come into, or nearly come into, collision,
Each driver assumes an expression of hauteur
And bawls out the man in the opposite motor;
For the man who discerns that his motor is mashable
Drops into language both dotty and dashable.

I've heard of Sir Launcelot, Bayard and Sidney,
The Cid, and of many a man of their kidney,
With a "Noblesse oblige," or some similar motto,
But that was before man discovered the auto;
For since that contraption of modern Elijahs
For "Noblesse oblige" read "Nobody obliges."

Oh, lives there a man with the prefix of gentle-
Whose driving is what one might call accidental,
And who in the crashing, or shortly thereafter,
Cries out of the wreck in an accent of laughter:
"I say! Let me pay for the damage, old topper;
My driving was solely and wholly improper."

Oh, aye! Every motor is palpably pulpable,
But where is the driver admits he is culpable?
If there be any such, will not somebody hobble him
And bay him and laurel before the worms gobble him?
For if any such guy be at large in these latitudes,
I say he's a saint and beyond the Beatitudes!
—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

ESSEX COACH $1495 F. O. B. Detroit



Five Passenger

A New Type For All Seasons

You will like the Essex Coach. You will like its good looks, its utility, fine quality and attractive price.

It fulfills the requirement of business and professional men with economy and satisfaction.

It is amply large to meet the family need in city and country service.

Essex developed the Coach to meet your wants. Now you can get a fine closed car for a trifle more than you pay for an open car.

You Will Enjoy Driving It

There is much about the Essex Coach that will appeal to you besides its attractive appearance. All controls are easy to reach and easy to operate. Clutch and brake pedals require hardly more than a touch. You will like its response to wheel and throttle.

It is fleet and nimble. It rides as easily over rough country roads as an open car.

It is easily turned and parked in narrow spaces. Very little attention is required to keep it in prime condition.

Has These Fine Car Details

Low, deep-cushioned seats for five.

Dash controlled ventilator.

Wind and rain proof windshield.

Fine quality plate glass windows.

Sun visor.

Luggage and tool locker opened from rear.

Newest type easy operating crankhandle lifts on door windows.

Four hinges on each door and fittings that hold doors solid—very important.

Fine texture, long wearing upholstery and rugs.

Radiator shutters and motometer for efficient motor control.

Cord tires.

Will Give You Long Service

Both the chassis and body are built to give long service without annoyance or expense. An unusually sturdy frame and the manner of body construction practically eliminate squeaks and rattles. Doors are hung on four hinges and rest on fittings that keep them tight and solid.

The chassis is the New and Improved Essex, which everyone knows so well for its reliability and endurance.

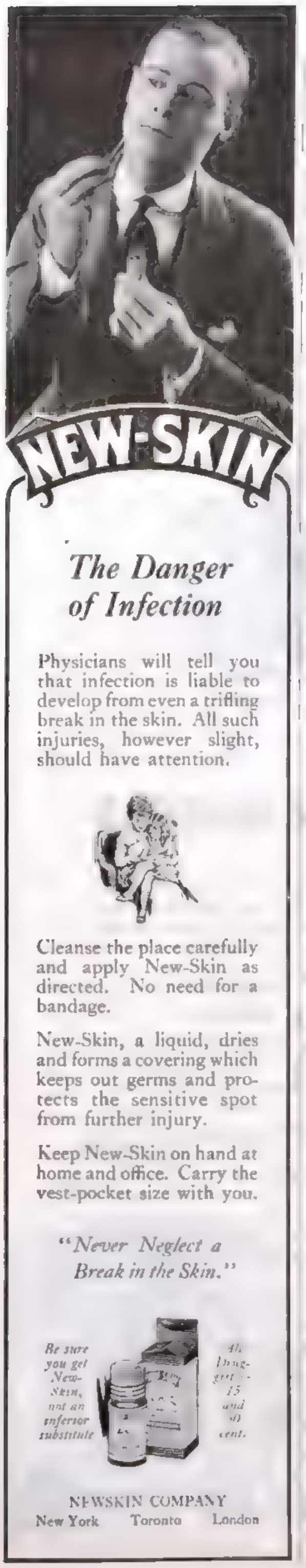
You will be delighted with the Essex Coach. You cannot ignore its price.

Nor the price of the Essex 5-passenger touring car at $1195 f. o. b. Detroit.

Go See the Coach—You Will Like It

ESSEX MOTORS—DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(378)



The Danger of Infection

Physicians will tell you that infection is liable to develop from even a trifling break in the skin. All such injuries, however slight, should have attention.

Cleanse the place carefully and apply New-Skin as directed. No need for a bandage.

New-Skin, a liquid, dries and forms a covering which keeps out germs and protects the sensitive spot from further injury.

Keep New-Skin on hand at home and office. Carry the vest-pocket size with you.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin."

Be sure you get New-Skin, not an inferior substitute

At Druggists — 15 and 30 cent.

NEWSKIN COMPANY
New York Toronto London

SATURDAY MONEY

(Continued from Page 7)

spiritually than the little piano on which Stuart was evidently to pay installments of thirty dollars a month for life.

And when Stuart saw them he said dejectedly: "Why didn't you tell me you wanted some beads? I'd have got you something worth handing back to your ancestors."

In the second spring they moved from the city to a suburb so fashionable that even the real-estate agent carried his nose in the air and spoke of the people one cares to know. To be sure, they had the smallest house in the whole community, but the rent was based upon the neighborhood, and not simply upon the number of rooms and baths. It was a pretty little colonial cottage, with a garden behind it and a lawn in front; and a garage which brought to Katharine a subtle hint of impending danger.

In the beginning she had protested against moving at all; after that she had implored Stuart not to consider any place so expensive; finally she had resigned herself to doom. Stuart had vilified the apartment in almost the same language as he had once used to describe furnished rooms; he positively refused, he said, to be like any pumpkin-eating Peter, and to keep his wife in an airless, viewless, spaceless mausoleum, where servant girls bawled down the dumb-waiter shaft to grocers' boys, and the bedroom was the size of a Pullman compartment.

And was he not burning up the track, so to speak? As to the mart of finance, was he not eating it alive? To the world he exclaimed, he was. Why, in April his commissions had amounted to more than four hundred and fifty dollars. Oh, yes, he owed a little money here and there, but nobody was pressing him for payment, and besides, in the country they could more easily economize. They would grow their own vegetables, no doubt; and instead of going to the opera this winter they would find intellectual stimulus in bridge and dancing at the golf club. She reminded him that the initiation fee was a hundred and fifty, and the dues a hundred and fifty on top of that, but Stuart countered with the information that one had to join the golf club anyway. One had to, whether one played golf or not. It was socially imperative, if for no other reason than to prove that one could get past the admissions committee.

And that was that.

She was still resisting feebly when Stuart signed the lease and made a date with the furniture movers. She was still apprehensive as they proceeded all over again to the task of settling. And it wasn't more than a day or two before she wished that furniture could be made ductile, so that one might spread out a chair or a table to cover any desired area. The parent of this wish was her gloomy realization that the house was going to look slightly bare, no matter how cleverly she put the divan where it would take up the most room, and her dressing table where it was most effective as a barricade. She knew that it was only a question of time before Stuart would sense the deficiency and feel the fatal urge.

As rapidly as though his brain were synchronized with hers he sensed and he felt.

"This looks like a cross between a jail and an armory," he said. "You've simply got to have a buffet for the dining room, Kay. And a couple of rugs, and—you've simply got to have a tea cart, haven't you?"

"Don," she said, "I don't need anything. I don't want anything. I just want you to get your bills paid and begin to save money. We ought to be saving two thousand a year. And living out here, where everything's higher ——"

Once more he dilated upon the vegetables. "And there's another thing," he said. "In town it was different, but out here you've got to have a maid. I simply won't have you doing your own work any longer."

She shook her head resolutely. "No, Don, that's where I absolutely draw the line."

Stuart shook his head smilingly. "The only line you've got anything to say about drawing is the color line. Hear me?"

"But, Don, then won't you please not buy anything else for the house?"

"I'll promise never to buy another solitary thing without talking it over with you"—he paused—"afterwards."

As she turned the field glass of her imagination upon the future she could see herself rocking on the porch of the poor farm, and not in the sunniest location at that.

And in the country there was constant entertainment, and there were constant obligations; and no matter how hard she tried to eliminate a lamb chop or a kilowatt hour from the budget, Stuart insisted that she take the social position that belonged to her. His friends were affluent; he wanted her to appear well before them; when he found that she had flanked him by hiring a seamstress to operate on last year's clothes he promptly gave three of her old frocks to a charity collector at the back door.

"Now, look here, Theda Bara," he said persuasively, "if you think I spirited you away from your happy home to wear red flannel underwear you're wrong. My wife can afford to dress decently, and the war cry of the chicken is—chic, chic, chic! Now you go drape yourself with some new stuff, and if you bring anything home just because it's durable I—I'll spank you!"

And this when he owed three months' income.

Still, for all his gay irresponsibility he was a hero to her. At a dance or a picnic or a dinner or a tennis match she watched him with a pride that almost suffocated her. He was the handsomest, the strongest, the kindest man in a million. His fidelity was proverbial; countless other women admired him and flirted at him—and he was animatedly courteous always, and came back to tell Katharine what silly things they had said and how inferior they were. His supremacy was untouched; men tried in vain to compete with him in sports or in business or in repartee, and he left them sweating in the background and jogged easily ahead. Nothing worried him, nothing annoyed him; he took a late train in the morning and an early train at night, and doubled his commissions in a year.

He was a thousand dollars in arrears, but what of it? Hadn't he always hurdled these little obstacles? Had any deputy sheriffs ever bivouacked on the front lawn? And wasn't Katharine having almost everything she wanted? Take a slant at the Billingses, for instance; Billings was one of the self-appointed burgesses of local society—but did his wife's belongings outshine Katharine's? Did McKee Spencer's wife have a handsomer living room or a nicer dining room or a better appointed second floor? Of course it was a good deal of a hardship to go without a car, especially when the garage was fairly aching for a tenant, but ——

"Don," she said tragically, "if you go and buy a car ——"

"I don't have to go and buy it," he assured her. "The agent calls by appointment. Why, I can't be so awfully happy to have you sponge on everybody the way we've been doing; and the station's half a mile, and the club's more than that. Why, sooner or later you've got to have a car."

She told herself with drab resignation that she had known it. She had known it as soon as she had seen that empty garage. And if there had happened to be a hangar on the estate Stuart would have had to buy her an airplane, and if there had been a tent he would have bought her an elephant. Mentally she inventoried his purchases over the past year—he had acquired a few collars and handkerchiefs and a tennis racket for himself, and he had lavished upon Katharine every other of his pennies. The most colossally unselfish man alive, and the most improvident. Hopelessly but with unimpaired motives she made another effort to point out the error of his ways to him.

"Just as soon as I get you a car," he said, "we'll sure start a campaign. But we'd better get the car first. You need it."

He bought the car, and in spite of herself she found it a great convenience. Then, to her radiant astonishment, he kept his word. He paid off all but the last driblet of his liabilities, he was within hailing distance of solvency. And he traded in the car, with a thousand dollars—borrowed—to boot, for a sedan.

"There!" he said. "Now every time it rains you won't have to call in four neighbors to help you with that one-man top or else get yourself all mud. That's the kind of machine you belong in."

But in the hearing of her acquaintances she continued to clash the cymbals in praise of him. "Behold," she said, "how your sour prophecies are unfulfilled!" If she couldn't laud him as a man of thrift and prudence, at least she could herald him as a champion provider, and did so.

The vegetables throve in the garden, and Katharine relentlessly corralled them, down to the ultimate dejected leaf of lettuce which would hardly have appeased a hungry rabbit. But Stuart, with phenomenal luck in his favor, and with his personality as vigorous as ever, had graduated from the elementary class in finance and entered high school. Katharine had new furs for her birthday, and the service station and the coal man asked twice for remittances. He was earning at the rate of ten thousand a year, and spending at the rate of fifteen, and his disposition was as sunny and untroubled as though he had stored up a fortune in bonds and grown callous on the thumb from scissoring the coupons. As though the top drawer of her desk, where current bills were parked, wasn't half full continually.

There were moments, however, when she took out the bead necklace which she had bought on her own hook and with her own bait, and almost cried over it because of what it represented.

Since January he had come home several evenings in succession with an air so mysteriously boyish, even beyond his usual exuberance, that her heart had sunk with dread. She had busied her brain to fancy what superb extravagance he contemplated, and, in view of the record he had already set up, her imagination could stop nowhere short of a yacht or a rope of diamonds. And then, just when she had reached the breaking point, Stuart published the news.

"Well," he said, "I didn't want to tell you until it was all settled. You see, there's this automobile company across the river—it's one of the little fellows, capitalized at half a million; and the firm was going to finance it, and they decided to put somebody over there to protect their interests—be president, nominally—for a year or so—and they've finally picked me. Just to sort of jolly the boys along. But—the nominal president gets a nominal salary of—guess! Twelve thousand!"

"Oh, Don!" she said, hushed. "Oh, my dear, dear successful boy! I am proud of you. You're a perfect goat, sometimes—but I'm proud of you just the same."

He wrinkled his nose at her. "And you wanted me to sit down and study how to become a dental surgeon or something! And for the first time we can save something, by gosh! Twelve thousand! I'll have to get you something pretty nice to celebrate."

Where another woman might have bounced for joy Katharine cringed. "Please don't, Don."

He hadn't listened to her. "One of these days," he said dreamily, "I'll have the sort of place you really belong in. A big house with thirty or forty acres around it, so you can breathe—and a flock of servants—and two or three cars—and I'll have a big factory running full blast and making money for you."

She smiled faintly. She had done everything in her power to convert him, but he was one of those smiling heathen who make the missionary repent.

"I hope you haven't done anything about it just yet," she said.

"No-o—I've just taken an option on the Hendricks place." Here she gasped. "And oh! Something else came through to-day. Remember how much you liked the Adirondacks when we were up there on our honeymoon? I'm fixing it up so we can have a camp there summers. Some land the Spencers owned next to their own shack—only ten acres, right on the river—I got it for six thousand; a thousand down and a mortgage for the rest. Of course we couldn't begin to build for another year—but aren't you pleased?"

He himself was so elated by what he had done for her that she couldn't bring herself

(Continued on Page 35)

MADE IN PHOENIX MILWAUKEE

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to flay him for it. She alleged that she was pleased—nay, entranced; but her expression was that of a lady from the backwoods when the express elevator has dropped from the twentieth floor.

As evidence of good faith, he said, he had to purchase one of his own cars—a coupé, for Katharine—and he gave back his note for three-quarters of the price. She dreaded to answer the telephone, for fear that the lighting company would announce the coming of darkness or the department store would refer her to its attorney; but when her nerves were tautest Stuart broke in upon her with a fresh bulletin:

"Say! I cleaned up three thousand in a young deal to-day! Company that makes rims for us. I get some pretty straight dope on these things. That almost squares us, doesn't it? Let's have a party!"

And in the autumn, when she was comparing Stuart's condition with the national debt, he told her in his optimistic, offhand, half-jocular fashion that he had resolved to burn his bridges.

"You see," he said, "when I took this job the firm gave me a couple of hundred shares of stock. Then I bought some more, cheap—borrowed the money from Micky Spencer. Well, I've just made a deal to borrow enough more to get control of the whole outfit, and go in for myself. What?"

She hesitated. "But, Don—is that fair to the Spencers?"

He laughed. "Shucks! Micky's uncle loaned me ten thousand himself."

"But—are you sure it's wise? When you don't know anything about manufacturing really?"

He stood before her, confident, undefeated. "Woman, that's the point of the joke. I don't even have to learn. That's the general manager's job. They sent me over there in the first place because I could sort of jolly the crowd along, and because I do know something about sales and finance. And I'm tired of playing in the line; I want a chance to run with the ball. And if we do a third as well as I expect, why, I ought to take up my option on the Hendricks place in just about six months. And then at last you'll have the sort of joint you belong in."

As a matter of fact he took it up within ten weeks, and lassoed it with a shoestring.

His affection for her had increased steadily; it distressed him even more, now, to be compelled to leave her each morning than it had done four years ago. Theoretically he departed for the factory on the 8:17; in reality he caught it as often as fishermen catch salmon in the Erie Canal; his good-bys were so numerous that he was fortunate to make the 8:29 instead. Almost without fail he was home at five o'clock, never tired, never dispirited; he stormed in as though from a prolonged and heartbreaking separation. What had Kay been doing? And had she been happy doing it? And what would please her best—to run into town for dinner and a show, or drop over to the club, or what? And—oh, just a small surprise for her; nothing much—but he'd noticed that her jewel case was getting seedy—so here was one he'd happened to see advertised—and it looked so vacant without at least a new bar pin in it.

"Business is bully, Kay! I'll bet I clean up thirty thousand the first year!"

There was money in the bank always, and the amount was usually in four figures, but against this there was forever a prolific indebtedness, multiplying into its litter of bills—and the bills grew in direct relation to good business. Loyally, unflinchingly Katharine clung to her petty economies, and praised her husband; until one afternoon she went to telephone the baker and happened upon a crossed wire.

"And, my dear," a woman's voice was saying. Katharine knew the voice, and knew that it was consecrated to gossip—"and, my dear, she's putting on all this side and just simply squeezing him dry, and bragging about her grand new house when everybody knows——"

Now ordinarily Katharine would no more have bent her ear to this dialogue than she would have peeped into another woman's portfolio; but a catlike instinct glued her to the receiver. Nobody else had recently moved into any mansion which could legitimately be described as either new or grand.

"Oh, my dear, he simply isn't solvent. But it isn't his fault. How could he get anywhere? The more he makes the deeper in he gets. It's got to end somewhere. And when he's stranded she can thank herself for it, and nobody else."

"Well, the way she's got money out of him is—well, she certainly is a genius at it; that's all I've got to say. She can shovel it out faster than anybody I ever saw. And then to brag about it like that! Did Jack loan him anything?"

"Five thousand."

"Rupert lent him five too. Of course we'll never see it again."

"Oh, mercy! Is it as bad as that?"

"Well, Rupert isn't any too happy about it. Oh, I'm just sorry for him. Donald's a peach. But it only goes to show ——"

She hung up the receiver and stood motionless. The history of her married life was trotting through her brain—her principles, and Stuart's itch to gild them, and the judgment of the historians. And then she sank down limply on an exquisite chair for which Stuart had paid a hundred and thirty dollars—account rendered—because it was of a period she liked, and cried her heart out with rage and chagrin. To-night he should know what he had done to her; to-night she would hand him her ultimatum.

She went to the station to meet him; went thirty minutes ahead of time, because she simply couldn't endure to stay in that beautiful house alone. And Stuart wasn't on the 5:02, nor on the 5:13, nor yet on the 5:26. Eventually, when he stepped from the last car of the 6:12, she was almost beside herself with hysteria; but she shut her lips tight and told herself that Stuart mustn't know this wicked gossip, Stuart mustn't be troubled by it, Stuart mustn't be inflamed by it—at least, not publicly, on the platform.

He stepped blithely into the car.

"Don! What kept you so late? What did? Why didn't you send word to me? That's the first time you've ever been as late as this—without letting me know!"

"Sorry, dear. Couldn't be helped."

"And I've been—oh, I didn't know what had happened! A wreck or ——"

"There, there, old lady! Guess you'd better let me drive, hadn't you?"

Something in his intonation startled her. "What's the matter, Don?"

He settled his shoulders jauntily. "Oh, I'll tell you by and by."

"I want to know now."

"No—later."

"No, now. You've got to tell me now. There's a reason."

He told her so simply and so quietly that she didn't understand at first the purport of it. "I'm afraid they've greased the skids, Kay. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry for you I don't know what to say. Oh, I can get over it all right; it doesn't mean so much to a man, but to have it hit you ——"

She touched his arm. "What's happened, Don?"

He wasn't looking at her. "All over, I guess." His voice broke slightly. "You poor baby."

Under her breath she was whispering brokenly, "Oh, I'm glad! I'm glad! I'm glad!"

"You see, dear—well, it began when the Spencers dropped out. Three months ago. I didn't want to bother you with that. But they said the firm didn't like my methods. They said I was a crack salesman, but —— Well, that was all right. They were entitled to their own opinion. But then we got a lot of cancellations, and one thing and another—so I'm having to get out. That is, unless I can raise thirty-five thousand by next Saturday. And I've tried everybody I know. Literally everybody. That's what kept me to-night. And the devil of it is I've got to raise ten thousand anyway—I promised to give Rupert Billings and Jack Townsend their money back this week. I've got to do it or —— Oh, it's so tough on you, Kay. I can stand it, but —— As near as I can dope it out, if I liquidate everything I've got I'll still be minus about fourteen or fifteen thousand. I paid around seven for my stock; it's down to four. And so on. We'll sort of have to start over again. The Spencers want me back as a salesman; only the bond business is all shot to pieces. Micky says a crack man can't earn much more than a hundred a week, right now. Of course Micky and his uncle'll wait for their money, but —— Lord, if I could just get my hands on about fifty thousand dollars, Kay! It would be a cinch, then. A cinch! I could go on, and on; and you wouldn't have to suffer. But what's the use of talking about it? I've got to raise ten."

She drew closer to him. "Don, dear, it had to come. Everybody said so."

He stiffened. "What's that? Who said so?"

"Everybody."

"Here? In town?"

She nodded. "Yes. Here in town."

"My friends?"

"Not any of your real friends that I know of—but people you thought were."

"How do you know?"

Omitting the names, she told him. Word for word. Not as a punishment; as medicine, as an inoculation.

It was perhaps five minutes before he spoke; and at his first words she started and stared at him half fearfully. On his face there was an expression she hadn't seen before. His chin, his eyes, his mouth—all had hardened; his voice contained a saw-toothed overtone.

"H'm!" said Stuart. "Well ——" He jammed on the brakes; the car stopped with a jerk. Roughly he caught her in his arms; unwittingly he hurt her. "Kay, I've never once thought of myself—not till now. How much nerve have you got? Enough to stay with me? Do you think I'd move out of this town now? Admit they've got me? Quit? Not by a damned sight! I'll live right here with this same gang and travel on the same train and —— Did they think they could get away with that?" He laughed softly, and without humor. "Kay, I'd live in a dog kennel—yes, and I'd ask you to share it with me—rather than let it drop here. I'll fight the thing out right on the same grounds. I'm no squealer; I pay up when I lose; but if they think they're going to crowd me out! I may be broke, and all that, but they're going to ride with me and bow to me and eat with me, and they're going to get this straight about you, and they're going to accept you, and ——"

"Don! You've still got friends!"

His muscles were tense. "It isn't a question of friends now—it's a community. It's licked me—but I let it. I asked for it. And they're blaming you for it. Well—there's always a second half. That's all." He gripped her arm. "Kay, you haven't said a word! Go on—slam me."

She was crying against his shoulder. "I'm not going to s-slam you, Don. I—I'm too proud of you."

He had taken a trial balance and read the verdict. "I'm not broke," he had said bravely. "I'm pulverized."

And to Katharine's immense relief he had ruthlessly, almost savagely, thrown into the discard every motive, every inhibition which would have delayed his reentry upon a career. His assets, he said, belonged to his creditors, and no longer to himself.

As to the house, Rupert Billings would take it off his hands, and assume the mortgage, and buy some of the furniture. There was a loss on the house, of course, and the furniture would go at secondhand prices, but what else could be done? The cars rolled away—bargains both. And Katharine also offered up her jewelry.

Here, and here only, his courage stumbled; but in the end Katharine had her own way; she dumped her ornaments into a handbag and carried them off to town.

"No, dear," she had said, "you can't do it for me, thank you. A woman could get more for them than a man could, any time."

At the last moment she withheld a few trinkets which were comparatively worthless, and were still packed in a cotton wool of sentiment—two bar pins, her funny precious necklace, her engagement ring; she sorted them out on the counter, put forward the rest, and took Stuart a check for thirty-nine hundred dollars.

He received it as though it had germs on it; he turned a violent crimson, kissed her furiously, said nothing—and kept his word to Townsend and Billings.

"But, Lord!" he murmured afterwards. "If I could just have kept on going—just have kept on going!"

They were back in the little colonial cottage, their first house, with its tiny lawn and its tiny garden—where the vegetables grew so luxuriantly—and the trim garage—which they rented to a neighbor. And Stuart, with crisp determination about him, was plunging back into the bond business. He was still boyish and smiling and confident, but there was a perpetual air of aggressiveness about him; his eyes held a perpetual challenge. He was bankrupt,

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THE OWNER

I want to be sure about my brakes

"You know how it is yourself. The other fellow suddenly cuts in or slows down and, by George, you've got to stop quick. That means *good* brakes. Coming down a steep hill, you have your brakes on most of the time. Only *good* brake lining can stand *that* gaff. Then there's traffic with people diving in and out. . . . . It's a wonder to me how some folks'll use any old kind o' brake lining when life depends on the brakes. . . . . I like to feel 'em take hold. I want to be *sure* about my brakes. That's why I use Silver Edge Raybestos. Rather be safe than sorry. . . . . I may pay more for Raybestos, but believe me—*it's worth it!*"

This sign on a garage or repair shop indicates not only the responsibility of the shop displaying it, but a service better brake service to the owner

Silver Edge Raybestos is a genuine asbestos brake lining, guaranteed to wear one year. Only strict observance of quality in material and care in manufacture produces a lining that can be guaranteed so liberally.

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Their chance is *yours—if you will take it!*

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Why let the *other* fellow walk away with the better job when the training you need is readily within your reach?

Right in your own home you can master Higher Accounting just as well as they! By the LaSalle Problem Method you will be trained under the direct supervision of William B. Castenholz, A.M., C.P.A., Former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, assisted by a large staff of Certified Public Accountants, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. You will be guided step by step through every phase of modern accounting practice. You will handle practical accounting problems like those in your own business. You will be given special preparation for C. P. A. examinations.

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☐ C. P. A. Coaching

Name

Present Position

Address

(Continued from Page 36)

but he defied the world to remind him of it. He did the reminding himself. And he separated society into two classes—those who now treated Katharine differently from the old familiar fashion, and those who didn't.

"I'm coming back," he said to Katharine. "And next time I'll dig my spikes in. And I'm going to know who's worth while cultivating, and who isn't."

The bond business was in bad shape; Stuart's commissions averaged a hundred dollars a week, and he allowed half of it for living expenses; the remainder went to nibble away the mountain of his indebtedness.

He went speeding into town on the 7:58 now, and came dashing back on the 6:12; and after dinner he helped Katharine with the dishes, and sang old glee-club songs to her, and told her what schemes he had thought up to swing the Hudson insurance account over to Spencer & Co., and how he proposed to cut in ahead of somebody else and take the pole in the race for other business.

One evening he had said to her, rather shamefacedly: "Would you mind not going out anywhere to-night, honey? Because if you don't, there's some dope I'd rather like to look over." Later they had both taken it for granted, and at last she had found herself sitting by him, in wifely silence, and hemming dish towels, while he doggedly studied the rudiments of foreign exchange and financial law. This, because he wanted to be manager of the uptown office. "And the manager," he said, "has got to know more than the ordinary salesmen."

He had paid back a thousand dollars to McKee Spencer, and McKee's uncle and several other people had told him that he was more of a man than they had ever suspected, when Katharine, in town for a bargain sale, met with an accident to one of her most prized possessions.

She chanced to be in front of one of the great jewelry shops, and went in. "How much would it cost to restring these beads, please?"

The clerk lifted his eyebrows; Katharine was ready to blush. Perhaps she should have gone to a cheaper repair shop.

"Just a moment," he said, and walked around the partition.

He returned shortly with a frock-coated gentleman who bowed profoundly. "Would you care to dispose of these beads, madam?"

She laughed. "Why—what are you offering?"

"I can give you," he said, "twenty-five thousand dollars."

It came to her so unexpectedly that the effect was like a blow which numbs and paralyzes, and only later, by reaction, permits a clear mind to comprehend the fact of what has occurred. She stood half smiling, incredulous, faint.

"You said ——" Her voice was dry; it sounded cynical.

"Well, possibly thirty." He took the beads with their broken string lovingly in his palm. "As you probably know, boring diamonds is practically a lost art, and this is a very fine specimen. To be sure, the demand is quiet, because most people want the sparkle—but I'll be glad to offer you thirty. A fine string—fine quality."

She laughed, but she was increasingly faint.

"You—offer me—thirty thousand dollars for that string of beads?"

There was a visual consultation between the clerk and the expert. "Madam, I'll make you the very best price. Absolutely the best. And the last. Forty thousand."

She was struggling to control herself, to keep her lips from trembling, to keep from bursting into hysteria. Her pitiful little beads—and if a few months ago she had left them on that other counter for thirty seconds longer she could have saved Stuart's factory for him. She could have saved his pride. She could have saved him the unutterable chagrin of failure by incompetence. Even now she could blot out the memory of it and put him on his feet again. Her beads—her tu'penny beads—from a pawnshop! And she had bartered the man down from five dollars to two.

And if she had saved his factory, what then? What would he have made of himself in his wild impetuosity to make a kingdom for Katharine? What heights of rashness would he not have scaled, only to render his fall more terrible? At twenty-six he was elastic enough to bound back; at thirty-six, perhaps; but at forty-six It was best for him to have had the experience now.

And if she put a fortune in his lap to-night, what of his present spirit, his quiet, implacable resolution to fight back to even terms with the world, his care and diligence and thrift? Only a week ago he had mowed the lawn with his own hands to save a humble half dollar; yesterday, Sunday, he had gone out into the woods and brought back ferns to Katharine, and gloried in her pleasure. And he was working hard and intelligently, and to a purpose. With his lesson learned, he would go on and on, but with solid ground to plant his feet on. The world had roughed him up a bit; and he was running true to form. A community had attempted to play horse with him, and he was still smiling, but he was charging lower and lower, fighting harder and harder—and if it hadn't been for his excessive good nature he would have been the greatest tackle who ever played football. To think of making him rich and ruining his spirit, to-night.

She smiled back at the gem expert. "Is this going to get more valuable—or less?"

"Certainly not less, madam."

She touched the beads timidly. Her eyes were very wide. "I I hardly think I—care to sell it, thank you. But haven't you got vaults—where I could keep it—and get it if I ever—I mean, get it when I want to? How much do they cost?"

BUBBLES

(Continued from Page 9)

oaken chairs ranged in front of a huge blackboard; and as it was the first time he had ever been in one of these Wall Street houses he felt dazed and shy. In the middle of the room, however, stood his friend Jackson, the stub of a cigar clenched in his jaws and laughing and chaffing with the men about him. As he saw Charley standing, hat in hand, at the door he rushed toward him.

"Hi, there old hoss! How's young J. Pierp this morning?" he vociferated.

Wetting his lips with difficulty, Charley returned the greeting.

"The market—has it opened yet?" he asked.

No, the market had not opened yet. It would not open till ten A.M., and realizing his mistake, Charley colored faintly. Then wetting his lips again, once more he spoke.

"I—I've got the money," he said, and his voice broke as he said it. "I—I've brought it in my pocket."

Out at Creekhurst the clocks were just striking half past nine. At this hour Minnie usually was halfway through her morning tasks; but this morning, somehow, she seemed delayed. Perhaps she did not feel herself, for as she moved about the dining room and parlor her steps lagged slower and slower. That in itself was queer, for Minnie, still young, still slender, was an active person ordinarily, and seldom listless and heavy-footed as she was now. Added to that, her air was worried and distraught. Then as the clock in the hall struck the time, all at once in the midst of her perfunctory dusting she halted, the dust cloth dropping from her hand. The next instant a gasp escaped her.

The gasp was half a sob. It was only for an instant, though, that Minnie stood there choking. Darting into the hall, she snatched up the telephone standing there and energetically jigged the hook. The call she gave was a city call. Presently she got it, and as a voice at the other end replied Minnie's voice rose into a sudden wail.

"Oh, Mr. Gimly, Mr. Gimly!" wailed Minnie.

The telephone receiver snapped and sputtered with the vehemence of the distant Gimly's response.

"What's that? What you say? What's wrong?" he demanded.

Minnie gave another wail.

"Oh, Mr. Gimly! Charley's got the check, the money, in his pocket, and he's gone off to Jackson with it, I'm afraid!"

Again the telephone crackled and sputtered.

"Gone to Jackson? To that sap-headed bucket-shop sucker? Well, of all the fools!" said Mr. Gimly earnestly.

II

THE exchange on market days opens promptly at ten A.M. In Wall Street houses the moment is always one of mild excitement, and as a stir ran through the crowded room and the throng, like a class of expectant schoolboys, swung round to the blackboard on the wall Charley Halpin awoke from his momentary daze and gazed about him shyly. At his side his friend Jackson was still talking vehemently.

"Take it from me, I'm telling you," Mr. Jackson was saying. "If a feller he watches his step it's a cinch to beat the game. It's as simple as pie, it is!"

What sort of pie Mr. Jackson did not say, nor did Charley seek to inquire. It was enough that Jackson should say it, for as Charley already had divined, his friend was an old, experienced hand in Wall Street matters. As Charley gazed about him, his eyes bright, the color ebbing and flowing in his cheek, he looked transformed. There was little in his look of the one-time mild, placid, Worth Street dry-goods clerk. Meanwhile his friend Jackson went on talking volubly.

"'S right!" averred Jackson eloquently. "If a feller gets trimmed it's because he's a dub, a sucker. That's th' reason. It's because he don't keep his eye peeled and play the game according" His voice rose as he said it. "That's the reason, bo!"

On nearer view Charley's friend somehow did not seem to bear out the fears Minnie Halpin had for him. He did not look sinister; he did not appear even to be gifted with any lurking subtlety. Instead, he had merely the look of a somewhat short, undersized fat man who, in spite of his cocksure manner, gave the impression of being simple, gullible, if anything. Nor was his raiment so rich, so magnificent as one would expect for a trader who'd found it so simple to beat the Wall Street game. Mr. Jackson looked a bit seedy, a bit down at the heels, in fact. However, clothes do not make the man; and in the Wall Street world some of its most conspicuous figures often delight in an extreme simplicity of attire—a hat of rococo vintage, clothes that no salary drudge would dare to sport; but of Mr. Jackson's breezy self-confidence, though, there could be no mistake. It was an air, as it seemed, too, shared largely by other habitués of the investment house, each of whom Mr Jackson hailed with jovial familiarity, each like himself, a good fellow.

"Meet Mr. Bulty," he directed. Shyly, Charley met the gentleman. "Meet Mr. Dingley," Mr. Jackson urged. In turn Charley was invited to meet a bewildering succession of other financiers Mr. Peters, Mr. Bagaby, Mr. Bimbaum, the last being hailed gayly, not to say boisterously, as "Birmy, my good old college chump!" On close inspection most of Mr. Jackson's Wall Street associates seemed to share with him the same careless disregard of their attire. Their linen, for example, was in some cases what Worth Street would have considered mussy. But with their shrewdness, their financial wisdom, Charley was at once impressed. As he gripped Charley by the hand Mr. Bimbaum, for example, fixed him with a searching glance. Behind his thick-lensed glasses Mr. Bimbaum's eyes were for the moment penetrating.

"Der markget, how's she look to you, vat?" he demanded.

The market? It was the same question, singularly, that seemed to hover on the tongue of each financier to whom he'd been introduced, but as Charley could not have told one stock from the other, much less have delivered an opinion on the list, he writhed in embarrassment. While he was still writhing Mr. Jackson gave him a sudden nudge.

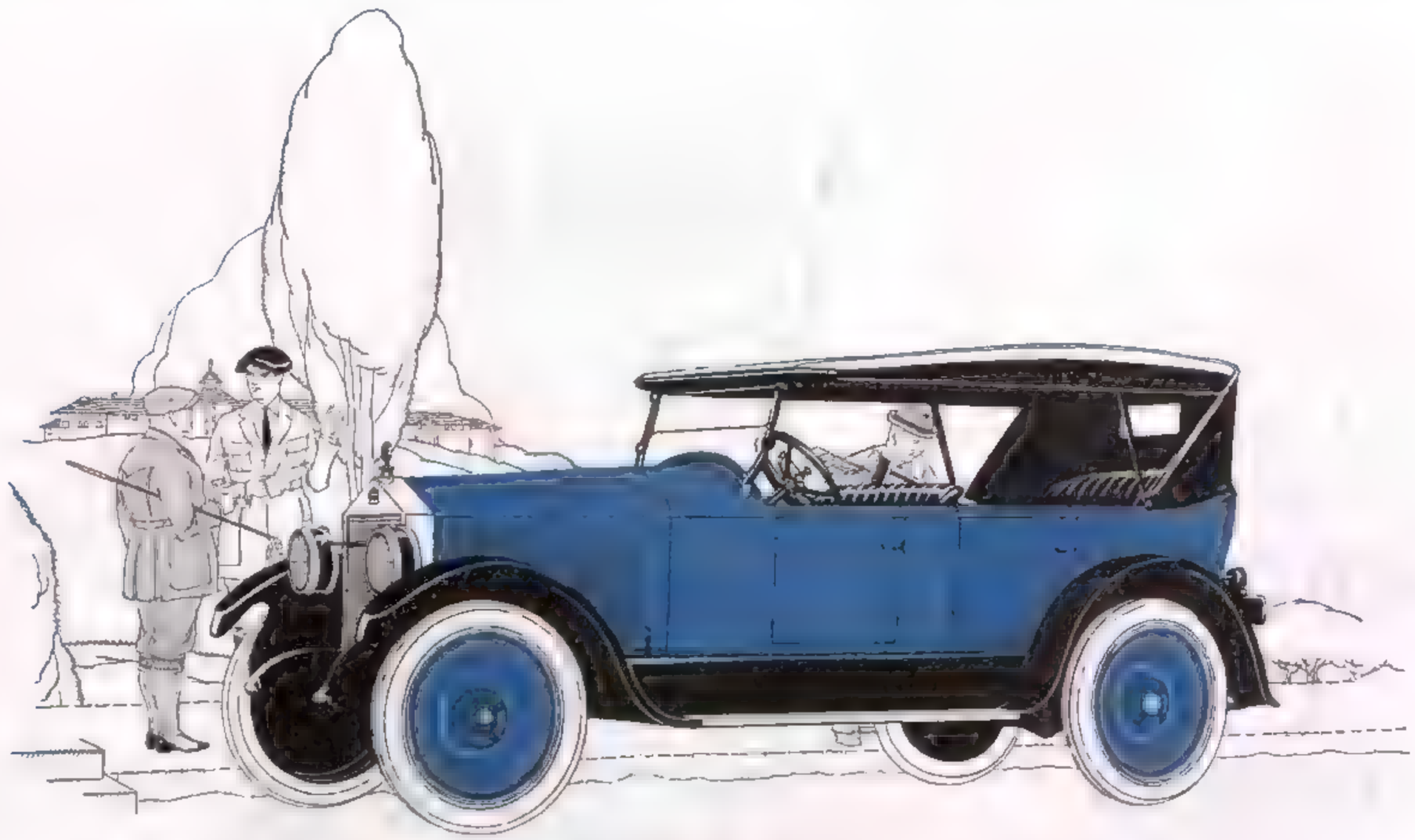
"Look!" he whispered abruptly.

Charley looked. The door had opened and a newcomer entered the room. He was a tall, sallow person, wearing a black hat pulled down over his eyes. Under its brim his dark, shaggy brows were twisted into a scowl of absorbed concentration; and after a sharp glance at the board, as if conscious the crowd was watching him, he scowled more dramatically. Then, looking neither to the right nor left, the newcomer stalked across the room to an office at the

(Continued on Page 41)

Thirst knows no season

The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga.



—qualities at once acceptable to the vogue of Fifth Avenue or the Champs Elysées

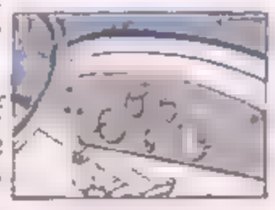
The cumulative experience of fifty patient years at coach-work has gone into the building and finishing of the Moon *Superbe* Touring.

How brave the colors—Versailles blue and silver. Amongst the sober-hued traffic of the crowded thoroughfares it looks as would a French Chasseur riding down "Main Street."

Dissect it—as coldly, as critically as your weariness in matters concerning automobiles bids you. The more particular you may be the better it stands inspection.

Seats you sit in—not on. You sink back luxuriously as into the embrace of your favorite lounge at home. Hand-crushed Spanish leather, too—French pleated—air ventilated, which is exclusively Moon. A windshield that is a shield—from wind and weather—really drip-proof. It's our exclusive design also. We've been studying windshield deficiencies for a long time.

You'll like the feel of the wheel. You're captain of the ship as you sit behind it with the instrument board immediately within reach and grouped to report every function of the car at the merest glance. Here's jewel-work—exquisitely finished.



Plenty of storage space—curtain and tool receptacles, carry-all pockets—unobtrusive, but, oh, how convenient and capacious! You don't have to turn yourself or your passengers out of doors to get what's needed. We've thought out a lot of things that most builders don't seem to consider important.

And the fenders—their unusual grace and sweep add immensely to the clean, rakish lines of the whole design. Die-stamped—solid—firm. Built in—not hung on—so there's no annoying trembling and nerve-racking rumbling.

One thing more—and so much still to be left unsaid—the headlights. A shining silver glory by day; reliable explorers of the night. Snare-drum type, for we're making that the fashion nowadays. Easily shifted to any angle or focus. Obedient servants, as they should be, not stubborn, stiff-necked free-thinkers like most lamps.

And finally—heart and constitution, excellent. The examiner into its mechanical perfection will pass it as an extra preferred risk.

We leave it to you—but just ask a Moon owner for his opinion. He'll give you a better argument for becoming possessed of one than any of the dozens we have.

Fully equipped, the 5 passenger Touring and 3 passenger Sport Roadster are priced at $1785. The 4-passenger Coupé, the 5-passenger Brougham and the 5-passenger Sedan at $2785, f. o. b. Saint Louis. The standard body color of all models is Versailles blue. You can get the pictures of them all in the photographic brochure if you'll just write for it.

Le Superbe MOON

Touring $1785

F O B ST LOUIS

Complete line exhibited at New York and Chicago National Automobile Shows

Built by Moon Motor Car Company, St. Louis, U. S. A. Founded 1907 by Joseph W. Moon

(Continued from Page 38)

back. As he disappeared Mr. Jackson gave Charley another nudge.

"That's Krum—Bill Krum," he said, his round face impressive.

"Krum?" repeated Charley.

The man, for all the name signified to him, might have been the grand khan of Tartary; but not to know Krum was evidently to argue oneself unknown; and for an instant Mr. Bimbaum stared at Charley sharply, not to say indignantly.

"Vat? You don't hear of Krum?" he demanded.

Hurriedly Mr. Jackson enlightened Charley. Krum was the firm's biggest trader. He had a room to himself—a ticker too. Daily he dealt in hundreds of shares. That wasn't all either. Krum, it appeared, beat the market on almost every trade.

"Ach!" ejaculated Mr. Bimbaum. "If for oncet I should be Krum!"

Mr. Jackson gave Charley another dig.

"That's what I was telling you!" Mr. Jackson interjected. "Krum, he's a tape reader. Yeah, that's how he does it. He reads th' tape, y'know!"

Charley gaped. That to read the tape should designate a man's degree of greatness was all Greek to him, and he was still gaping when another stir ran abruptly through the room. Instantly Charley's new acquaintances lost interest in Charley.

The market by now was in full swing. At one end of the room a stock ticker had begun to rasp and chatter vociferously; and around it hovered a little knot of men, among them an overgrown youth in shirt sleeves who sat perched on a stool beside the machine. Each time the ticker thwacked and pounded he raised his voice in a jargon that was to Charley a jumble of meaningless terms and figures:

"Katy, an eighth! Three-eighths for Soup! A quarter for Little Annie! Ninety-seven for Tux!"

Unintelligible as it may have been to Charley, though, it seemed clear enough to the others.

Back and forth before the quotation board raced another shirt-sleeved youth, and as his fellow at the ticker cried his jargon the one at the board slapped into place on the wall small pasteboard cards, each with a numeral or fraction on it.

"Tux, an eighth! Five hundred at ninety-seven again! A thousand at ninety-six and seven-eighths!"

It was this last that had stirred the crowd.

"Yip! See her hop!" a shrill voice proclaimed.

"Five hundred more at three-quarters!"

Mr. Bimbaum—the others too—darted away across the room. Charley at that instant felt a hand like a claw grip him by the elbow. It was Mr. Jackson who'd gripped him.

"Quick!" wheezed Mr. Jackson. "Let's get aboard quick!"

"Why—why, what's up?" stammered Charley.

Jackson's hand as it gripped his arm was quivering. His round face, too, had suddenly taken on a look Charley never had seen in it before. Evidently, however, it was no time now for explanations, for Mr. Jackson joggled his elbow imperatively.

"Say, have you got the money—the check?" he wheezed.

Wondering, Charley felt in his pocket. With some difficulty, with some embarrassment, too, he managed to undo Minnie's safety pin. Mr. Jackson fairly snatched the check from his fingers, and again a sudden moisture beaded Charley's brow.

"Say," he faltered, "what're you going to do?"

Mr. Jackson made a gesture of hasty impatience.

"Look at the board! Can't you see?" he ejaculated.

Hurriedly he snatched a fountain pen from his pocket. In the same hurried, feverish way he thrust the pen at Charley.

"Here, indorse the check! Sign here!" directed Mr. Jackson.

A blot of ink dropped from the pen as with trembling hand Charley set his indorsement on the check. The next instant, with the check in his hand, Mr. Jackson darted across the crowded room.

"Beeks! Where's Beeks?" he vociferated as he went.

Beeks, it seems, was manager of the customers' room at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s, and at the call he appeared.

"What's the row, old dear?" inquired the manager, a well-fed, well-dressed person of easy, unexcitable ways. "Got something hot off the fire, what?"

Mr. Jackson was in no mood for persiflage, however. Thrusting the check at Beeks, at the same time he gave him a hurried order. The manager glanced at the check, then at Mr. Jackson.

"How many shares, bo?" he asked.

Mr. Jackson's voice suddenly raised itself. There was in it excitement, a note of shrill importance—triumph too. He glanced about him at the crowd.

"Nine hundred shares!" said Mr. Jackson. "Nine hundred shares of Tux!"

As he said it, again he glanced about the room importantly. It was evidently one of the few times, if ever, that Mr. Jackson had made a trade so swell as that. It also was evident he wished his associates to know it. But nine hundred shares! At twenty points margin you have to put up eighteen thousand dollars to swing a trade like that! Mr. Jackson, in short, had put in pawn every sou of Charley's inheritance.

The Wall Street gentleman, Charley's financial friend, was manifestly no piker, no shoe-string dabbler. Manifestly he had digested and was at the same time ready to put into practice the old, oft-quoted philosophy:

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

But, then, perhaps Mr. Jackson's risk was only vicarious. It might have been different had the money been his own. Having already been busted, been wiped out by the market, all he stood to lose was the 10 per cent Charley had agreed to pay him from the winnings; and, his thumbs in his armpits, he swaggered back through the crowd. Charley, his face wet, was quaking with dismay.

"Oh, what have you done?" he cried.

Mr. Jackson soothed him.

"There, there, keep your shirt on!" he advised.

Charley had difficulty to keep his shirt on. Again he wished he'd never entered the investment house. He wished he'd heeded Minnie's advice, Mr. Gimly's as well. His lips dry, he stared at the meaningless letters and numerals plastered on the quotation board. He wished devoutly the check was back in his pocket again. Mr. Jackson soothed him again.

"It's a pipe, a knock-out!" said Mr. Jackson. "A friend of mine, he's a friend of a fellow who knows one of the directors in Tux—yeah," added Mr. Jackson eloquently. "I had the tip straight from him, and we'll make a killing, a clean-up, I tell you!"

Out at Creekhurst the telephone on the hall table rang abruptly. The morning was well on toward noon now, and out at the back the fishman's cart had stopped and Minnie was haggling with the driver. For dinner Charley had ordered broiled lobster, but as the fishman named the price Minnie gave an exclamation of dismay.

"What? Eighty cents a pound?" she cried.

"They was ninety last week," the fishman replied, and Minnie gave another exclamation.

"I couldn't think of it!" she ejaculated, horrified at the extravagance, and she was still exclaiming when the telephone rang. Hurriedly, her face suddenly anxious, Minnie darted into the house. In the same hurry she snatched up the receiver and put it to her ear.

"Yes, yes! Is that you, Mr. Gimly?" she asked.

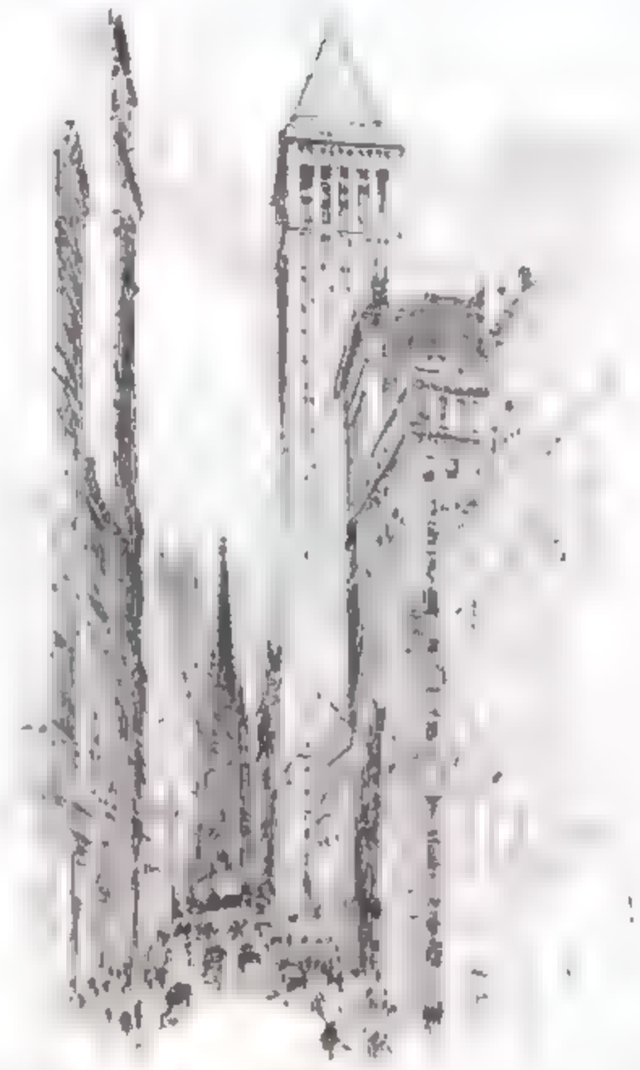
It was not Mr. Gimly. Over the wire came another voice. It was Mr. Van Fleet, head of the unbleached-muslins department, who spoke; and as she heard him a look of apprehension dawned in Minnie's eyes.

"Why, no, Mr. Van Fleet," said Minnie presently, "Charley's not ill or anything. Hasn't he been at the office or telephoned?"

Charley hadn't. That wasn't all, though, that the head of the unbleached muslins told her. As Minnie listened the look of apprehension in her eyes grew wider.

She was trembling when she hung up the receiver. Wall Street! It was not only that Charley had gone off to Jackson; it was suspected by others where he'd gone. Around the office Charley, it seemed, had recently been dropping hints about playing the market, and the hints had reached Mr. Van Fleet's ears. In Worth Street playing the market is not encouraged. Mr. Van Fleet had been very plain.

(Continued on Page 43)



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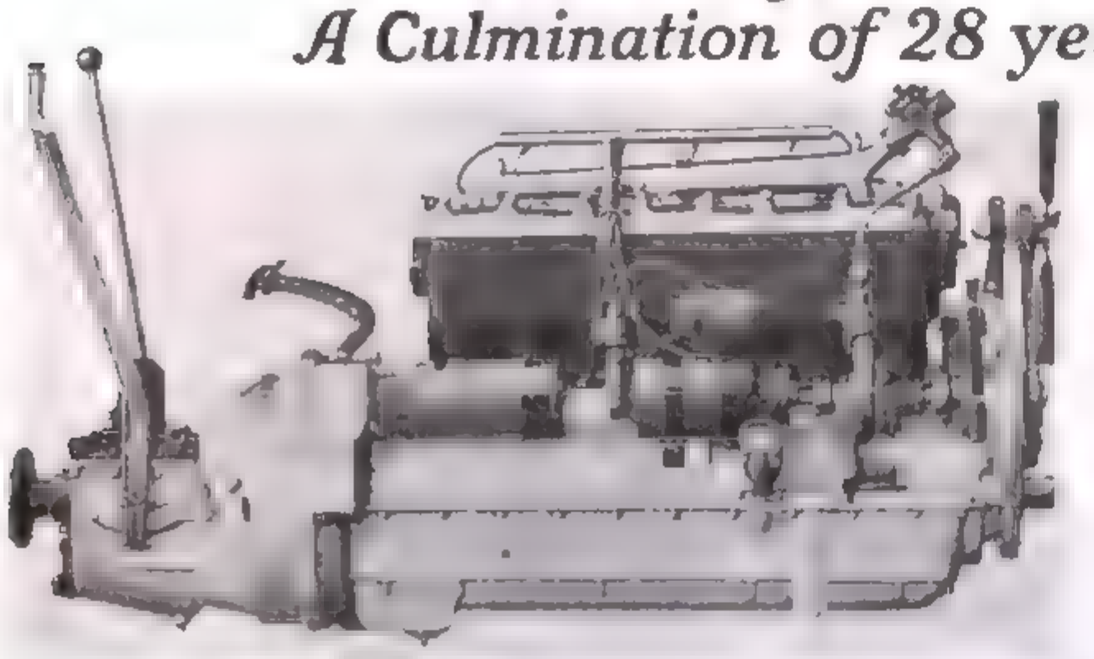
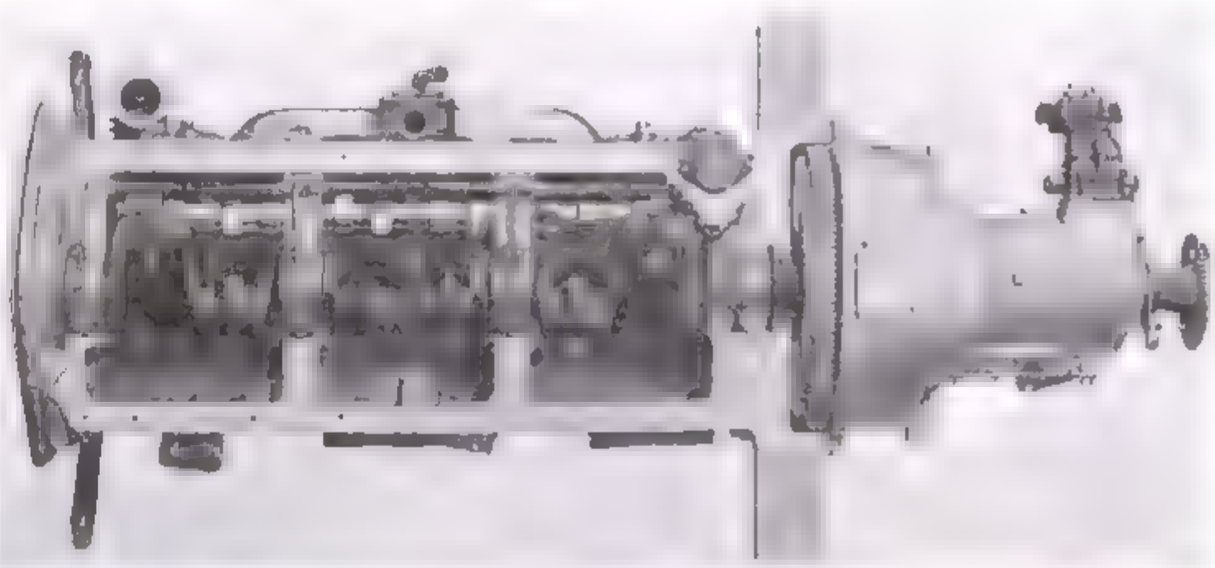
Perfected by the Famous Haynes Engineers

A Culmination of 28 years of Engineering Research



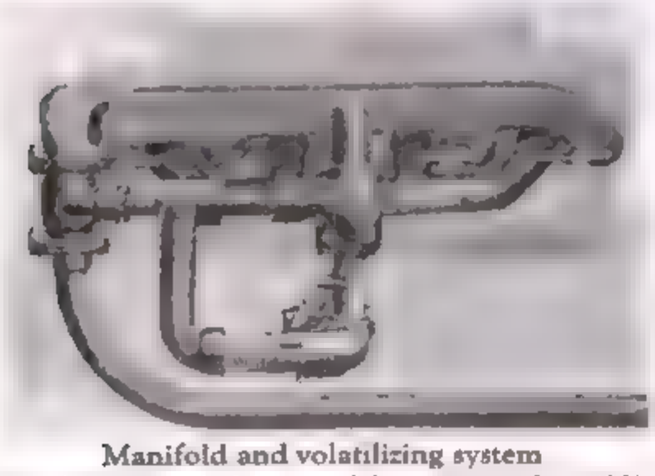
Right side view of the Haynes 75 six-cylinder motor

Accessibility to all parts and units is instantly evident in the arrangement of the starting motor, generator distributor, ignition coil, water pump, crank case oil filler and oil level gauge. The motor accessories are advantageously distributed on both sides for added convenience of accessibility.



Bottom view of the Haynes 75 six-cylinder motor

With the lower half of the aluminum crank case removed, the sturdy construction of the powerful 75 motor is revealed. The large four-bearing crank shaft and cam shaft practically eliminate torsional vibration and motor vibration generally



Manifold and volatilizing system

One of the many valued features of the new system of manifolds on the 75 motor is the volatilizer which guarantees a mixture that is ignited instantly with great explosive force.

Greater Get-Away, Flexibility and Longevity with Economy

focus motor-car buyers of a nation on this crowning achievement of America's Oldest Automobile Manufacturers

THE traffic regulations of our country demand a motor with quick acceleration; a motor that will respond instantly to the touch of the accelerator.

It was this vital present-day requirement that led the Haynes engineers to bring out the big, powerful Haynes-built 75 motor. Larger valves, larger intake and exhaust manifolds, the new Haynes volatilizing system, the improved thermostatic motor heat control are a few of the finer developments in this efficient Haynes-built 75 motor, which was produced after many years of careful, scientific research.

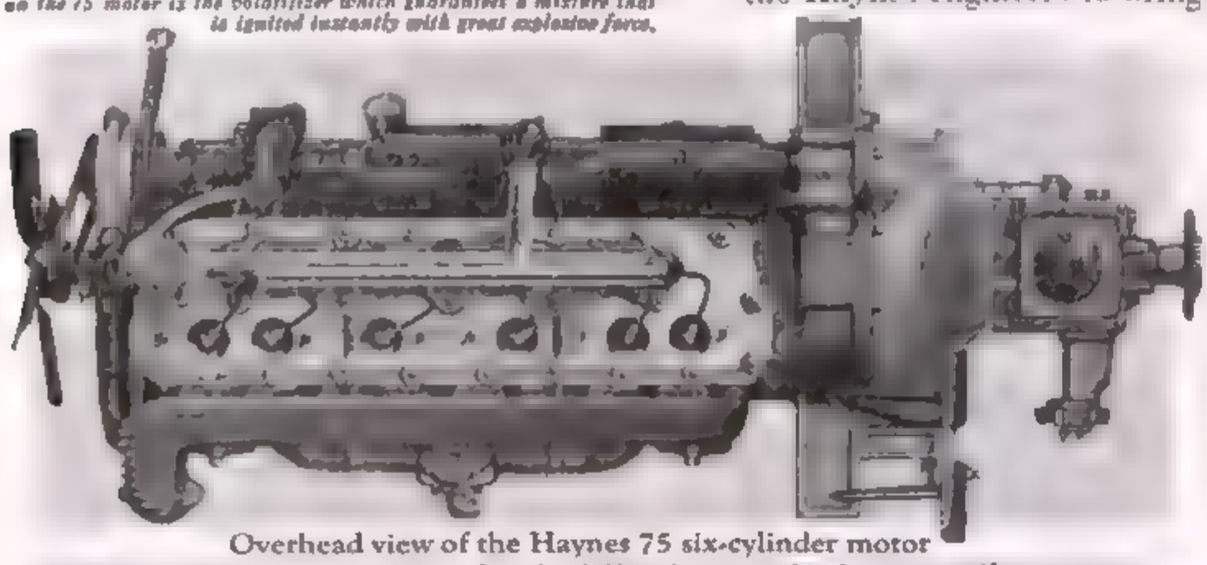
The Haynes 75 motor, an achievement of more than a quarter of a century of automobile manufacturing, responds instantaneously to the motorist's desires.

The new Haynes-design manifold gives perfect distribution of completely volatilized gas to all cylinders under all throttle conditions. The improved Haynes volatilizer prepares all grades of fuel for perfect combustion, quick acceleration and maximum power. This is a feature exclusively Haynes.

The new lubricating system supplies oil under pressure to all bearings, giving practically unlimited bearing service and greatly increased motor life.

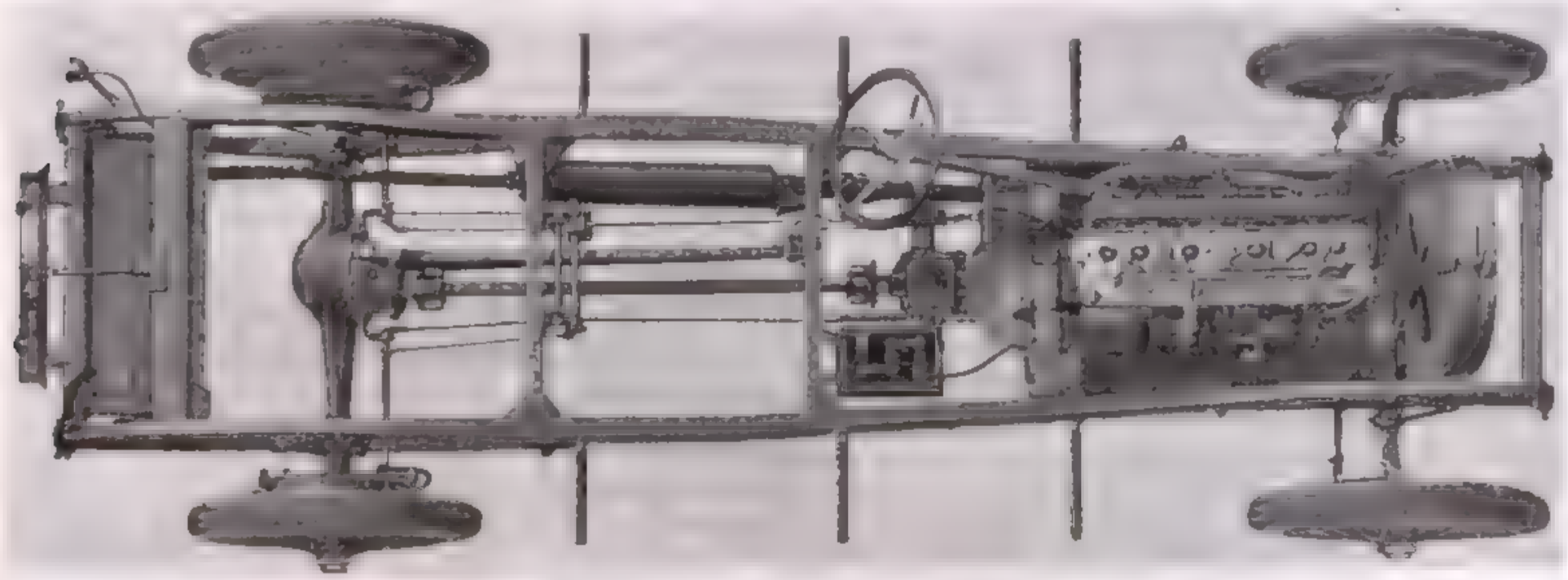
The cylinder heads on the new Haynes 75 motor are detachable and made in three sections and are so machined as to give uniform compression in all cylinders. This assures a more even flow of motive power.

After all, an automobile manufacturer's chief duty is to produce exactly what suits and fills the needs of the motor-buying public when their demands represent what is necessary for complete motor car service, and this is what has been achieved by the famous Haynes engineers.



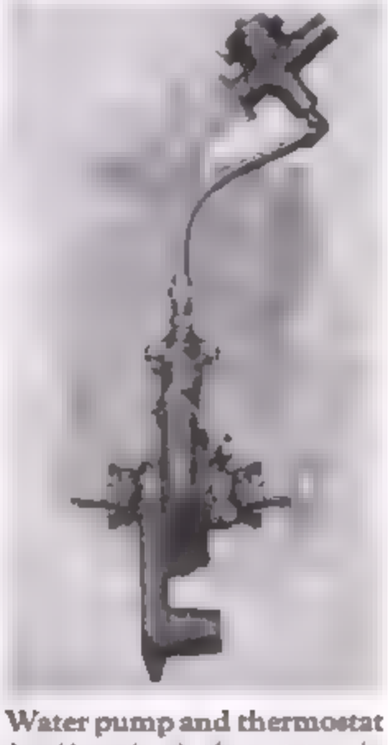
Overhead view of the Haynes 75 six-cylinder motor

The three cylinder heads on the new Haynes 75 are detachable and are so machined as to give uniform compression in all cylinders. This assures a more even flow of motive power



Bird's-eye view of the Haynes 75 chassis

Rugged to withstand the severe road demands, easy to control, dependable, and made safe through the liberal use of tested steels and drop forgings this Haynes 75 chassis marks a new degree of mechanical perfection. Six cross members insure rigidity. A torque arm takes the driving strain and leaves the springs free to perform their duty of cushioning road shocks. External and internal brakes with brake-equalizers give positive braking action with minimum applied effort



Water pump and thermostat

In cold weather the thermostatic valve operates automatically to insure the motor warming to working temperature quickly.

On Exhibition at the New York and Chicago 1922 National Automobile Shows

(Continued from Page 41)

"Oh, what shall I do?" whispered Minnie. "What shall I do?"

If only Mr. Gimly would telephone! If she could only hear from him! Since early morning, however, Mr. Gimly had vanished from his office. Three times she had called him, but each time he had been out. The fact is that from the moment Minnie had first telephoned Mr. Gimly had been conducting an eager, energetic search for the missing Charley—his friend Jackson as well.

The trail was devious and intricate. It was an investment house, Charley had said, that had his friend Mr. Jackson's custom; but though Mr. Gimly knew many places of this bona-fide character, in none of them could he find trace of Charley—Mr. Jackson, either. It was not till he began to try the margin houses that Mr. Gimly hit a scent. Yes, the firm knew Mr. Jackson, but it hadn't seen him for months. Mr. Gimly was directed to another brokerage concern, then to another. From that he was directed to still another. Each, in turn, seemed to mark a lower note in the scale of Mr. Jackson's progress. At the first Mr. Jackson was remembered as having been the partner in a big uptown dry-goods jobbing business. At the next he was recalled as a salesman for another similar concern. At a third Mr. Jackson was recollected vaguely as the clerk for a shoe-findings house, a firm over in the Swamp, the leather district. After that, though, Charley's friend seemed to fill no other occupation but that of the usual Wall Street habitué, dabbler, a speculator out and out. In this office he had been wiped out, busted. Here, however, the trail grew hot.

"Try one of the odd-lot margin shops," Mr. Gimly was directed.

Twelve o'clock had struck when Mr. Gimly ran his quarry to earth. It was in the odd-lot house of Rooker, Burke & Co. that he found Charley Halpin. But when Mr. Gimly entered the place he already was too late.

III

"MEET Mr. Krum, Mr. Halpin." It was Mr. Beeks, the firm's urbane manager, who effected the introduction.

Mr. Jackson, with Charley clinging to his side, had edged across the room; and as they stood by the door of the inner offices, the point giving them an unobstructed view of the board, Mr. Beeks had paused for a moment's conversation, a little discourse on the market's technical position. The position, the manager averred, was excellent; but what one would have remarked more than the manager's mere say-so was Mr. Beeks' deference, his affability. Eighteen thousand may be nothing but a shoe string; but in a brokerage shop, in an odd-lot house in particular, the amount, if it be in cash and not merely conversation, is not to be treated cavalierly. Indulgently kneading Charley's elbow, he was still discoursing when the door of the private office opened and Mr. Krum appeared.

Coloring shyly, Charley acknowledged the introduction.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Krum," he exclaimed.

It thrilled him to think that he was actually meeting one of Wall Street's great figures, the tape reader; for by now Charley had learned what tape reading meant. It was the ability to tell at a glance whether a stock was going up or down. Mr. Krum, however, hardly glanced at Charley. His only response was a grunt.

"What d'you think of the market, Mr. Krum?" inquired Charley knowingly. This time the tape reader did not even grunt.

A day like this, a time when a stock like Tux was moving actively, obviously would offer great opportunity for a man of his perception, his ability to read the tape; but at the moment Mr. Krum's air was anything but certain, self-assured. Scowling fitfully, Mr. Krum stared at the quotation board, his fingers plucking at his chin as he feverishly wet his lips. But blind to this, Charley again sought to make himself affable.

"Heard the tip on Tux, Mr. Krum?" he asked, and at this the tape reader abruptly awoke.

Glancing at Charley, he curled his lip in contempt.

"I play the tape, not tips!" he snapped, and, startled, Charley gazed at him.

"But this is an inside tip," he stammered.

It would have been better had he held his tongue, for the scowl Mr. Krum gave him was savage and sneering.

"That's what all the suckers say!" he snarled.

Darting back into his office, Mr. Krum snatched the tape streaming from the machine.

The door in his haste he had left open behind him. From the tape, however, Mr. Krum seemed at the moment to derive little aid or satisfaction. After glaring at it as savagely as he'd glared at Charley, he thrust a hand into his pocket, hurriedly drew it out again and glanced surreptitiously at what it contained. Upon this Mr. Krum seemed to arrive at some sort of a decision, for dropping the tape he darted back to the door again.

"Beeks! Hey, Beeks!" he called.

Swiftly he gave an order to the manager. After it Mr. Krum bolted back to the ticker on the table, once more to crouch above the tape pouring from its maw; and as Beeks closed the door Mr. Jackson again gripped Charley by the arm.

"Say, did you hear that?" he wheezed excitedly. "Krum, he's switched his trades!"

Charley, as Jackson spoke, shook with sudden fright.

"What d'you mean, switch?" he stammered. "Did Krum buy or sell?"

"Gee, I wish I knew!" Mr. Jackson said devoutly.

His eyes like grapes, Charley stared at the board. Tux again had grown active.

"Tux, seven-eighths! Five hundred Tux, the same! Another five hundred, three-quarters!

Charley shook as again a voice raised itself in sudden pregnant stridency:

"A thousand Tux at a half! Zip! See her slide!"

From Charley's throat, now hot and parched, came another wheeze:

"Oh, Mr. Jackson, look! See what's happening!"

It was at this instant that a hand—not Mr. Jackson's now, however—gripped Charley by the arm.

"Well, Charley," said Mr. Gimly sharply, "so I've found you at last, have I?"

At Creekhurst the clocks had struck noon, then gone on again; and in her parlor sat Minnie, her hands in her lap and her fingers nervously lacing themselves together.

Across the room sat a visitor, a middle-aged, depressed-looking woman in a hat of bygone vintage and a dingy, threadbare dress. The caller was talking listlessly, her tone, like her manner, doleful; and as Minnie listened her own face, too, had grown drawn.

"You say your husband lost everything?" she said.

The visitor nodded dully.

"Everything! He lost his business first, then the last of the money we had. That's what happens to them all," she added, "when the game once gets them."

"Oh, Mrs. Jackson!" wailed Minnie desperately.

The telephone at that moment rang briskly. Without waiting to excuse herself to her visitor, Minnie raced into the hall. The receiver was snapping and burring loudly as she put it to her ear. Minnie's face grew apprehensive.

"Yes, yes, this is Mrs. Halpin," she called. An instant later she gave a cry, a gasp of relief, of fear intermingled.

"Oh, Mr. Gimly!"

The telephone snapped and sputtered. Over the wire came Mr. Gimly's voice, so loudly that the visitor in the next room could hear him.

"You put on your hat and catch the next train to the city," he directed. "You hurry, hear?"

Minnie heard.

"It's not too late," she gasped.

"No, it's not too late," answered Mr. Gimly. "I've telephoned Mr. Van Fleet, and he'll give Charley back his job. But you hurry, hurry!" he ordered.

"Oh, Mr. Gimly!" cried Minnie. "The money, the eighteen thousand! Is it all gone?"

At the query a grunt of disgust exploded over the wire.

"That's the trouble!" snapped Mr. Gimly. "Jackson got him to go short on Tux Oil and the boob's sixteen hundred dollars to the good. I couldn't drag him out of the place!"

It was so. Charley had, in fact, made money, not lost it. However, paper profits are one thing, but money in the bank is quite another. While Mr. Gimly stood there telephoning, events already were happening in Wall Street.

IV

SIXTEEN hundred dollars! Charley's head was swimming as he found himself outside in the hallway heading for the elevator. The money, the day's profit, was not in his pocket; but to him it was as good as there. Sixteen hundred dollars! It was as much as he got for eight months' hard work in Worth Street, and he'd made it in less than three hours!

With Charley was Mr. Jackson, and they were going out to luncheon. Fred's place around the corner was where they were going, and some of Mr. Jackson's financial friends were to meet them there. Charley was giving a little luncheon to celebrate his advent in Wall Street circles. His face was flushed, hectic. It was as if he were a little tipsy. Mr. Jackson was gabbling energetically, but Charley hardly heard him.

"Yeah, didn't I tell you?" Mr. Jackson was saying exultantly. "It's a pipe, a cinch, if a feller knows th' game!" He was still chirping as he guided Charley to a table in the restaurant. "Take Krum, now," said Mr. Jackson; "that's how he beats th' market. Krum, he reads the tape." Giving Charley a nudge, Mr. Jackson added, "That's how I did it too!"

Charley was bewildered.

"But I thought you had a tip—an inside tip!" he protested.

Mr. Jackson smiled indulgently.

"Sure I did, only that's nothing. Did you hear Krum—what he said? Suckers play tips, the wisenheimers play the tape. All the time," said Mr. Jackson, "I was reading the tape."

The table was vacant, Mr. Jackson's friends not yet having arrived; and with a pencil Mr. Jackson briefly diagramed on the cloth the recondite method of tape reading.

"It's this way, bo: The tape, if you c'n read it, tells you if the big boys, the insiders, are buying or they're selling. What gives it away is th' volume—th' volume, you get me?—th' amount of stock at a time they're either taking on or handin' to th' suckers. If a hunnerd shares comes out and th' stock goes up, say, an eight', that don't mean anything. If it's a thousand shares, though, that's diff'rent. In big lots, if th' price goes up, that means they're buying. If it sags off, that means they're selling. You get me, don't you?" inquired Mr. Jackson. "Why, it's as simple as pie, like I told you!"

It may have been simple to Mr. Jackson, as simple as he said; but it was anything but that to Charley. The argot of Mr. Jackson's phrases—"volume" and "lots," "long" and "short"—made his head swim still more. Ere he could ask explanations, though, his inquiries were cut short by the arrival of Mr. Jackson's Wall Street associates.

"Hello, Birmy! Hullo, Ding!" Mr. Jackson cried excitedly. Curiously, both Mr. Bimbaum and Mr. Dingley—for it was they—seemed to share his fever. "Did you get aboard Tux?" Mr. Jackson inquired eagerly.

Yes, both had got aboard; and, his voice elate, Mr. Bimbaum bugled, "Sure, I make seven und a halluf already!"

"Seven and a half points!" cried Charley.

Tux that morning had moved only a point and three-quarters.

"Not points—dollars," corrected Mr. Bimbaum.

Charley was more amazed. That a mere profit of seven dollars should excite a financier of Mr. Bimbaum's caliber was, in fact, astonishing. Mr. Bimbaum, it appeared, however, was a specialist in five-share lots, and Charley was digesting this when the gentleman beckoned to a waiter.

"Coffee und pie," directed Mr. Bimbaum.

Mr. Jackson nudged him with his knee.

"Hey, Birmy, Charley's paying the check," he said, and at once Mr. Bimbaum reversed his dictum of pie and coffee.

"Oysters, a dozen raw, und a beefsteak—make it large; potatoes mit it; cake mit coffee; some spinach; one side order of cold slaw, a pancake, an order of celery, olives und a cigar. Make it three f'r a halluf, the cigar," directed Mr. Bimbaum.

Mr. Dingley spoke now. Having made a sudden furious onslaught on the bread, the butter and a bottle of pickled relish the moment he seated himself, Mr. Dingley now desisted for an instant.

"Heard about Krum?" he remarked.

Use the Mails If You Want Bigger Business

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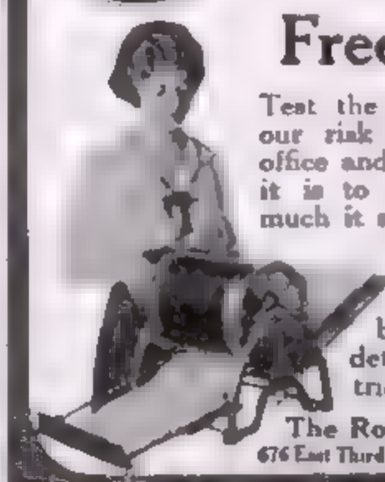

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"Hey, what?" inquired Mr. Jackson.

Helping himself to Charley's butter, Mr. Dingley spread another slice of bread.

"Krum got whipsawed," said Mr. Dingley between bites.

Mr. Jackson exclaimed, "Not trimmed, cleaned out, Ding?"

His informant couldn't say. All he knew was that Mr. Krum, having been short the day before, had switched to the long side that morning, only to get caught again.

"Yeah," interjected Mr. Bimbaum, "Beeks, he calls him for margins already."

Charley listened moistly. What if he, too, should ever get caught and Beeks should call him for margins? Ere the dread, though, could fasten on him, he heard Mr. Jackson's voice lift itself eagerly:

"Say, what d'you think? Me and Charley here, we've cleaned up sixteen hunnerd a'ready!"

"Stage money or trading stamps?" inquired Mr. Bimbaum.

Evidently Mr. Bimbaum was one who took no statement incautiously, but he was left no room to doubt.

"Money, real money!" exploded Mr. Jackson. "Sixteen hunnerd little ole iron men!"

Again Charley felt the blood go coursing through his veins. His friend Jackson's enthusiasm infected him anew. It was, to him, like a draught of heady wine. Sixteen hundred dollars!

The restaurant, with its haze of tobacco smoke, its odors of stale food, dissolved before his ken. Again for the moment Charley Halpin trod the mountain tops. Not only had he cleared in a morning as much money as it would have taken him months of toil in Worth Street to gather in; his winnings were still rolling up. The market, in fact, was still open, and if in two hours or so he could knock down sixteen hundred, in five hours—or till three o'clock, the market's close—he would make four thousand! Four thousand in a day! Four thousand little ole iron men! Breathing thickly, Charley leaned back in his chair.

Four thousand a day meant twenty-four thousand a week! No need for him to wait now. He could buy a house when he liked; he could get a car, a chauffeur, too, when he wanted. He figured momentarily on the car he'd buy. No call now to buy a measly American car. He could get himself a big imported machine, one of the sort that costs twelve thousand or so. Four times twenty-four thousand, anyway, is ninety-six thousand; it was that much a month. Twelve times ninety-six thousand is one million one hundred fifty-two thousand—a million flat, call it—but even there he did not stop. As he figured on there was only one flaw in his soaring inspiration. It was the income tax. He wondered how much the surtax would set him back in his income of a million dollars.

The waiter brought the luncheon. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Dingley having ordered lobster for themselves—broiled lives, large—Charley had followed suit. His food, though, virtually went untasted. Then, when Mr. Jackson and Mr. Dingley had made way with theirs, and Mr. Bimbaum, too, had devastated not only his beefsteak but most of Charley's uneaten lobster, all three lit the large three-for-a-halves they'd ordered. The check was nearly twenty dollars—as much in fact as a month's luncheons would have cost Charley ordinarily—but he did not think of that. Throwing a five-dollar tip to the waiter, he thrust back his chair. A cigar thrust at an angle in his mouth, he strolled up the street on his way back to the brokerage office.

A million dollars! The world Charley knew now to be his oyster. Worth Street and what it involved in life for him had departed far into the past. He had not telephoned Mr. Van Fleet, nor did he mean to do so. To-morrow, maybe, if he felt like it, he might call up the unbleached-muslins department. If he did so, though, it would be to tell them they could keep their job. Worth Street! Fifty bucks a week! Charley smiled indulgently.

The clocks in Wall Street were just striking two as he and his three friends left the elevator and opened the door of the customers' room. As they did so, a shrill, sudden ejaculation leaped from the lips of the three. A crowd packed the place to the walls; and, aghast, Charley's friends gaped at the quotation board. The next instant, giving another shrill cry, Mr. Bimbaum, with Mr. Dingley at his heels, leaped into the crowd and fiercely elbowing their way through it made for the cashier's window.

"Oh, what is it, Mr. Jackson? What is happening?" appealed Charley.

It would have been plain to anyone but him. In the hour they had dawdled over luncheon Tux had reversed itself, and soaring upwards by leaps and bounds the stock was nearly five points up from the low. So far, in fact, from being sixteen hundred to the good—much less the four thousand he'd figured on—Charley was now three thousand in the hole.

"Beeks! Where's Beeks?" shouted Mr. Jackson, and throwing off Charley's arresting arm he, too, leaped into the crowd. "Beeks, Beeks!"

As Charley stood there agonized Tux leaped up another quarter. Now, in reality, the eighteen thousand, his shoe string, dwindled and grew less. It was dissolving like the sands.

THE ups and downs—and the causes therefor—of a highly speculative issue like Tux Oil are too intricate and involved to dwell on here; but had Charley Halpin, like all Wall Street dabblers, wanted action for his money he could not have picked a better instrument. It is a stock that habitually has been by turns raided by the bears, boosted by the bulls. And Charley, it appeared, had got aboard just when the stock was at its liveliest.

The room about him thrilled with talk, with gabble, rumors. The bears raiding the stock had been caught short was one rumor. On top of this the stock, now running upward, halted, then sagged back half a point. It was as if someone had given it a jolt. Across the room Charley could see Mr. Jackson, his features convulsed, gesticulating wildly. It was to Beeks, the room's manager, that Mr. Jackson was addressing himself; and, his look disgusted, Mr. Beeks was saying, "Well, make up your mind, can't you? Are you buying or selling?"

Charley darted toward them. If Mr. Jackson, as he professed, could read the tape, why didn't he know what to do? Halfway across the room Charley halted abruptly. Someone had opened the door of the private offices, and as he looked Charley got a momentary glimpse of that other noted tape reader, the celebrated Mr. Krum.

Mr. Krum stood by the clattering ticker, his scowl now portentous. He was staring fiercely at the tape. An instant later, as it had happened once before that day, Charley saw Mr. Krum thrust a hand into his pocket, then draw it out again. At once, as he glanced at what the hand held, the tape reader seemed to make a decision.

Darting to the door, he shouted like the others, "Beeks, Beeks!"

Evading the clutches of Mr. Jackson, Beeks hurried to the private office. As hurriedly, Mr. Krum gave him an order. Immediately afterwards the whisper ran around the room that the tape reader had again switched his trades.

That was not all, though. Charley, as he stood there gaping, had seen the method by which the Wall Street expert, the reader of the tape, had arrived at his decision. In his hand was a coin, a quarter; and feverishly Mr. Krum had flipped it in the air. It was by this means—heads or tails—that the tape reader had settled his indecision.

Whether he had done it right, though, was another matter. Tux at that instant again reversed itself. In half a dozen transactions it was up five-eighths of a point; and presently, his face truculent, Mr. Beeks emerged from Mr. Krum's inner office and hastened to a telephone. Shortly afterwards it was whispered through the customers' room that Mr. Krum had gone broke, that the market had cleaned him out.

For a half hour Tux backed to and fro. For half an hour Charley stood before the quotation board, gaping at the changing figures. Mr. Jackson, it appeared, also had switched his trade. The moment he had gone long, however, Tux had sharply sagged. Wildly, then, Mr. Jackson had switched again, only to have the stock almost instantly begin again to climb. It was Mr. Jackson's indecision whether to switch once more that had so provoked Mr. Beeks. But once Charley told him what he'd seen, Mr. Jackson's uncertainty fell from him like a cloak.

"Beeks, Beeks!" he shouted, darting across the room. His air more wild than even Charley's, he gave the order to switch his trades again.

It was not in the same way, though, that Krum had switched. Krum, at the last, was long on the market, and Mr. Jackson knew it. That was in fact enough for him. Krum was a dead one, a has-been; the market had cleaned him out. With a gamester's feverish impulse, Mr. Jackson, now abandoning the tape—or rather his professed ability to read it—had at once coppered Mr. Krum's last trade. In other words, instead of gambling on the stock alone, Mr. Jackson was gambling that Krum was wrong. Charley looked on, quivering.

"The money—the eighteen thousand—is it all gone?" he choked.

Mr. Jackson failed to reply. A sudden stir had run through the crowd again, and from the knot of men about the ticker a shrill voice raised itself anew:

"One thousand Tux at a quarter! Wow!"

No longer was Charley's mind dwelling on hundreds of thousands, of millions. No longer, either, was he figuring on what sort of a house and a car he'd buy. All that had left him now. Instead of the intoxicating panoply of that bygone dream, he felt a wild, insensate urge to leap at the cashier's cage, tear it apart and seize from it the money, his money, he had seen disappear within it. Eighteen thousand dollars! It might be to Wall Street nothing but a shoe string, but now that it had gone, to him it seemed in its magnitude like the wealth of all the Indies. If he could only get it back! The legacy even at four per cent would have enabled him to build the sleeping porch Minnie had wanted. He might even have put in the bathroom too. At five per cent, he figured ruefully, he could have added to the garden; and in a year or so, perhaps he could have bought himself a flivver. A flivver! For a moment a catch in his throat choked him. But the car he once had longed to buy—Charley did not dwell on that now. How could he go home and face Minnie?

"Tux, five hundred at an eighth! Zowie!"

Half past two had struck. The market was sliding toward its close, and with the last half hour's profit taking Tux was sluicing down again.

"A thousand Tux at ninety-six! Wow!" shrilled the voice again, and at the sound Charley straightened as if he'd been struck.

The haze cleared from his mind, his eyes. He looked across the room and saw the throng jostling about the ticker, many of them dressed meanly, even shabbily, but all wearing the same look of suppressed excitement, of greed and eagerness. It revolted him. He was as revolted as if he had risen from a night's gaming and gone out into the starlit dawn. His jaw all at once set itself rigidly.

Jackson had edged away from him and joined the crowd about the ticker. His mouth still set and his shoulders braced, Charley stalked across the room toward him. Jackson he tapped brusquely on the arm.

"I want my money," said Charley.

Jackson stared at him, his face dull.

"Your money?" he echoed stupidly.

"If there's any left," repeated Charley.

Then Jackson understood. His mouth writhed itself into a sneer.

"Say! You're going to welch, are you?" said Jackson. "You're going to leave me flat just when things are coming our way!"

"I want to get out of here," said Charley doggedly.

Just then the door of the customers' room opened, and as he saw who stood there, speech died on Charley's lips.

It was quite a little knot of well-known figures who were grouped together in the hall. In the vanguard was Mr. Gimly and behind him was Minnie. Next to her was a figure attired in a hat of bygone vintage and a dress of dingy texture. Charley had hardly identified this as Mrs. Jackson, the wife of his Wall Street friend, when his eye lighted on the gentleman adjoining her. He abruptly started. The gentleman, a slight personage wearing closely cropped side whiskers and a stubby mustache, was peering at Charley fixedly and irritably through his gold-rimmed spectacles. Both the spectacles and the cropped side whiskers were known to Charley intimately, and for an instant he quailed. It was Mr. Van Fleet, of the unbleached-muslins department.

But it was only for an instant that Mr. Van Fleet kept his glance on Charley. As his eye lighted on Mr. Jackson, Mr. Van Fleet might have been seen to bristle. Striding across the floor, the dry-goods gentleman confronted him, his mustache working, his cheeks inflated with ire.

"So, Joseph Jackson!" he exclaimed.

"So yourself, Van!" retorted the Wall Street dabbler.

Mr. Van Fleet's ire grew.

"Still gambling, still trying to bust the market, are you?" he exploded. His wrath heroic, Mr. Van Fleet's face now grew red. "Why don't you go to work?" he cried.

The crowd paid them no attention. Engrossed in the fireworks Tux was sending off, even the unwonted sight of the two women there in the brokerage office had not held their attention long. At Mr. Van Fleet's ejaculation a low cry came from Mrs. Jackson.

"Joe!" she wailed. "If you'll go to work Mr. Van Fleet will give you a job!"

Charley at this point awoke.

"Oh, Minnie, Minnie!" he said.

Minnie seemed to understand. She had sidled toward him, her look queer; and now she slipped her hand into his.

"Oh, Charley," she said, and for a moment Charley's mouth worked.

"It's gone!" he said. "How can I tell you? The eighteen thousand's all gone!"

"No, it ain't," said Mr. Jackson abruptly.

All five of the others stared at him. Of the five Mr. Gimly was the first to regain his speech.

"What's that? What's that?" he barked.

"Naw," said Mr. Jackson sheepishly. "The last time I switched I sold Tux short again. Charley there, he's just where he started from. He ain't made anything and he ain't lost anything. He's still got his eighteen thousand flat."

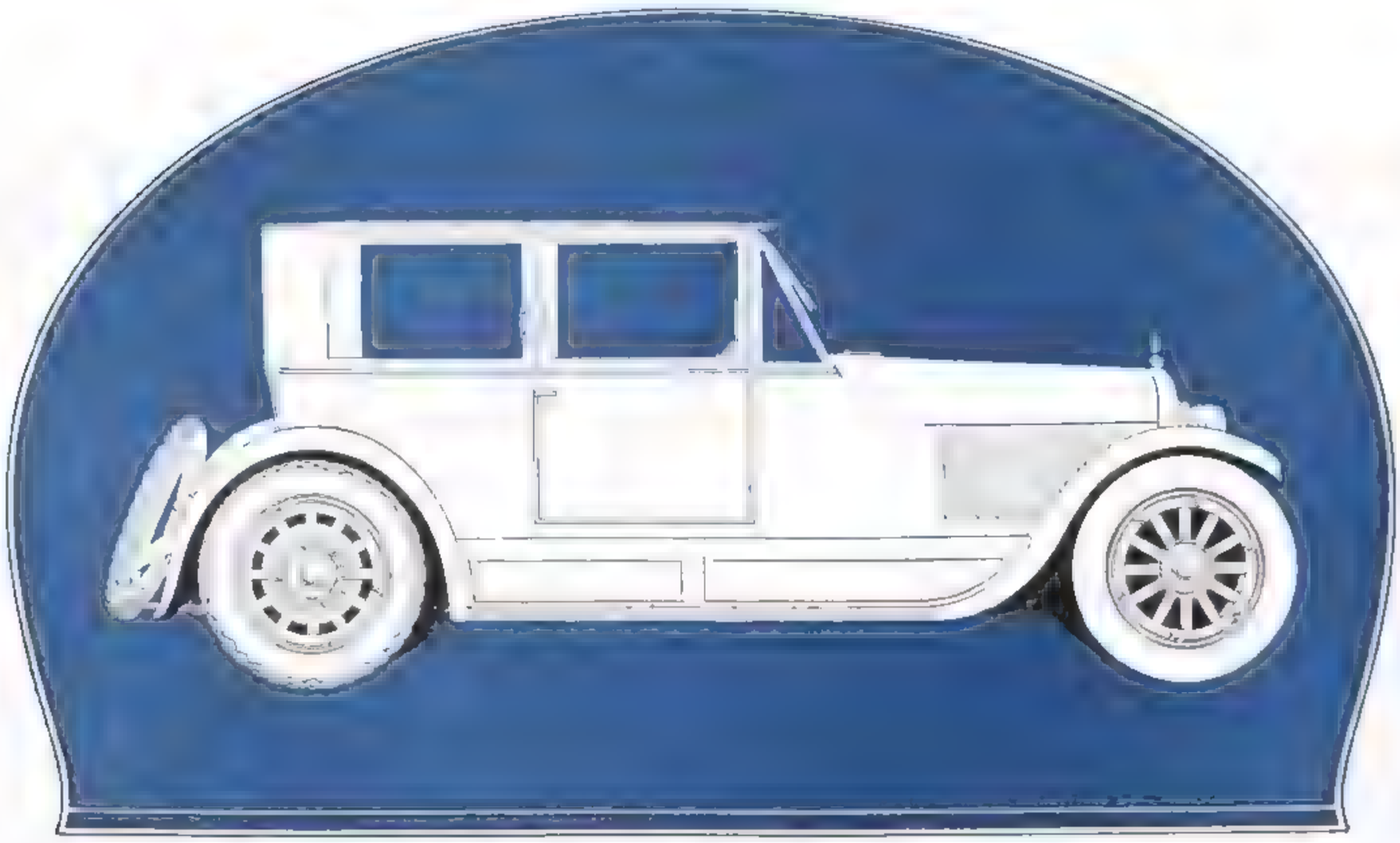
Down in the street twenty minutes later Charley stopped for a moment to let the cool salt breeze from the Battery play on his fevered brow and cheeks. Mr. Jackson was still with him, but so was Minnie also; Mrs. Jackson too; Mr. Gimly—Old Safety First—as well. Minnie and Mr. Gimly were making sure Charley didn't get out of their sight just then, though there was now no real need of that. In Minnie's pocket—or rather in what served Minnie for one—the check was reposing now; and to make assurance doubly sure, again she had brought a safety pin into use. As Minnie knew now to a certainty, there are more ways of losing eighteen thousand than by merely dropping it out of one's pocket, and she was taking no more chances. But as they moved on again, heading for the uptown Subway, Charley halted abruptly, his eyes again feverish, bright.

"Say," he said thickly, "say, Gimly, where's an investment house? Where's a place you c'n buy stocks and things?"

Mr. Gimly looked at him queerly.

"Stocks?" he inquired. "I thought you'd done with buying stocks!"

"I have," said Charley. "I want a place where you can buy Liberty Bonds. Say," he faltered thickly, "do you think Liberties are safe?"



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THOSE admirable men and women, to whom wealth is no novelty and good taste is inherent, are wisely choosing the economical and enduring new Jordan to replace old-fashioned heavy cars of days gone by.

No longer is it necessary to endure excessive weight and costly upkeep to enjoy comfort and reliability.

In the new Jordan, women quickly sense that subtle something—the feel of the wheel on the open road—its instant responsiveness in the traffic press.

Balance is the dominant characteristic of this remarkable Jordan. It hugs the road—its every movement forward.

A thrilling, dynamic bundle of fascinating power—an exclusive Jordan motor—is the heart of this car—built to run 200,000 miles and last ten years if the owner treats it friendlily.

Thousands of Jordan owners were first attracted by the distinctive beauty of the car.

Experience revealed its rare comfort.

They were next gratified by its performance—its silent operation—its fine appointments.

But it required years of association with this sincerely built automobile to reveal to them its remarkable endurance and day after day service.

Drive the new Jordan yourself and know.

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A touch of refreshing green in the scorched, rock bottom of the world. An oasis in a desert of quivering splendor. A haven for young hearts and young hopes weary at the end of a wonderful day. That's Hermit's Rest. A pin point of garden among mile high castles in the air in the depths of Grand Canyon.

JORDAN

Keep That Wedding D Complexion

The blushing bride of today should be the blooming matron of tomorrow, retaining the charm of girlhood's freshness to enhance radiant maturity.

For bridal beauty should not fade, nor the passing of each anniversary be recorded on your face.

Keep the schoolgirl complexion which graced your wedding day, and you will keep your youth. With a fresh, smooth skin, no woman ever seems old.

The problem of keeping such a complexion was solved centuries ago. The method is simple—the means within the reach of all.

Cosmetic cleansing the secret

To keep your complexion fresh and smooth you must keep it scrupulously clean. You can't allow dirt, oil and perspiration to collect and clog the pores if you value clearness and fine texture.

You can't depend on cold cream to do this cleansing—repeated applications unremoved help fill up the pores. The best way is to wash your face with the mild, soothing lather blended from palm and olive oils, the cleansers used by Cleopatra.

Science has combined these two Oriental oils in the bland, balmy facial soap which bears their name. You need never be afraid of the effects of soap and water if the soap you use is Palmolive.

How it acts

The rich, profuse lather, massaged into the skin, penetrates the pores and removes every trace of the clogging accumulations which, when neglected, make the skin texture coarse and cause blackheads and blotches.

It softens the skin and keeps it flexible and smooth. It freshens and stimulates, encouraging firmness and attractive natural color.

Oily skins won't need cold creams or lotions after using Palmolive. If the skin is inclined to dryness, the time to apply cold cream is after this cosmetic cleansing.

And remember, powder and rouge are perfectly harmless when applied to a clean skin and removed carefully once a day.

Don't keep it only for your face

Complexion beauty should extend to the throat, neck and shoulders. These are quite as conspicuous as your face for beauty or the lack of it.

Give them the same beautifying cleansing that you do your face and they will become soft, white and smooth.

Use it regularly for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face.

Not too expensive

Although Palmolive is the finest, mildest facial soap that can be produced, the price is not too high to permit general use on the washstand for bathing.

This moderate price is due to popularity, to the enormous demand which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night, and necessitates the importation of the costly oils in vast quantity.

Thus, soap which would cost at least 25 cents a cake if made in small quantities, is offered for only 10 cents, a price all can afford. The old-time luxury of the few may now be enjoyed the world over.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
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PALMOLIVE

If you knew how convenient and economical Pet Milk is for cooking, you would never use ordinary milk

PET is not a substitute for milk. Pet is *milk at its best*, pure, rich, full-cream cows' milk, with part of the water removed, then sterilized—that's all.

For cooking it is unsurpassed. As cream for coffee, cereals, etc., it's fine. Try it and be convinced. Your grocer can supply you. Two sizes—tall and small. Send for book of Pet recipes. Free.

The Helvetia Company
(Originators of the evaporated milk industry)
General Offices—St. Louis

Milk at its

THE DRIVER

(Continued from Page 15)

a director to part with his shares when the omens foretell disaster. It is commonly done, in fact, in the anonymous mist of the stock market, only you never mention it. The convention is that all stockholders have equal rights of partnership. But as directors are the few who have been elected by many to act as managing partners, and since it is necessary for managing partners to have first access to all information, it follows from the nature of circumstances that they are inside stockholders and that the others are outside stockholders; and it follows no less from the nature of mankind that the outsiders invariably suspect the insiders of selling out in time to save themselves.

"Iss id vor a meeting ov ze directors ve are here, Mister Presidend?" asked Mordecai. He was the eminent banker. He spoke sweetly and lisped slightly, as he always did when annoyed.

"This is a directors' meeting," said the president, adding: "The secretary will read the call."

"Please God!" exclaimed Gates, not yet ready to be extinguished. "Put it on the record. I ask: 'Are there any stockholders present?' No answer. Again I ask: 'Are there any stockholders present?' No answer. Great embarrassment. What is to be done? Idea! This is a directors' meeting. Bravo! Proceed. On with the stockholders' business. We are not stockholders. Therefore we shall be able to transact their business impartially."

There was a distraught silence.

"Proceed," said Gates. "I shan't interrupt the services any more."

What followed was brief. A resolution was offered, and passed to the secretary to be read, setting out that owing to conditions which left the directors helpless and blameless, to wit: the depression of trade, the distrust of securities, the rapacity of the taxgatherer, the harassment of carriers by government agencies, et cetera, the Great Midwestern was unable to pay its current debts, wherefore counsel should be instructed to carry out the formalities of putting the property in the hands of the court.

"Is there any discussion?" asked the president.

Horace Potter, of oil, spoke for the first time. He was a sudden, ferocious man with enormous gray eyebrows and inflammable blue eyes.

"Have a glance at Providence," he said. "We damn everything else. Say the crops are a disgrace. That's true, and it's nobody's fault here below."

"Yes; that should go in," said the president.

He took back the resolution, wrote into it with a short lead pencil the phrase, "and the failure of crops over a large part of the railroad's territory," and offered it to be read again. Everybody nodded. He called for the vote. The ayes were unanimous and the aye of Jonas Gates was the loudest of all. With that they rose.

The board room had two doors. One was a service door opening into Harbinger's office; it was used only by the secretary and such other subordinate officials as might be summoned to attend a board meeting with records and data. The main door, through which the directors came and went, was the other one, opening into the president's office.

Their way of normal exit therefore was through the president's office, through the anteroom where I worked, into the reception room beyond, and thence to the public corridor.

As the president's private secretary it was polite of me to usher them out. Directly behind me on this occasion came Mordecai, like a Biblical image, his arms stiff at his sides, the expression of his face remote and sacrificial. This was his normal aspect; nevertheless it seemed now particularly appropriate. A sacrifice had been performed upon the mysterious altar of solvency and he alone had any solemnity about it. The others followed, helping one another a little with their coats, exchanging remarks, some laughing.

So we came to the door that opened into the reception room. I had my hand on the knob when Mordecai suddenly recoiled.

"Ah-h-h-ch, don't!" he exclaimed. "Zey are zare."

Evidently some rumor of the truth had got abroad in Wall Street. The reception room was full of reporters waiting for news of the meeting, and this was unexpected, since nobody save the officials and directors was supposed to know that a meeting was taking place. Mordecai's fear of reporters was ludicrous, like some men's fear of small reptiles. He stood with his back to the door, facing the other directors. Horace Potter was for pushing through.

"Hell!" he said. "Let's tell them we've let her go, and get out. I'm overdue at another meeting three blocks from here."

He could move through a crowd of clamorous reporters with the safety of an iceberg.

"Zis vay, all ze gentlemen, p-l-e-a-s-e," said Mordecai, ignoring Potter's suggestion.

He led them back to the president's office; he had remembered an unused, permanently bolted door that opened directly from the president's office upon the main corridor. His thought was to go that way and circumvent the reporters. But they had sensed that possibility. This point of exit also was besieged.

"Ah-h-h-ch!" he said again. "Zey are eferyvare. How iss id zey get ze news?"

Saying this he looked at each of his fellow directors severely. Potter frowned, not for being looked at by Mordecai, but from impatience.

"Id iss best zat ze presidend zhall prepare a brief vormal stadement," said Mordecai. "Ve can vait in ze board room. Zen he vill bring zem vor ze statement in here. While he iss reading id to zem ve can ze ozer vay ged out."

"I can't wait," said Potter. He bolted into the reception room alone and banged the door behind him. The reporters instantly surrounded him, and we heard him say "A statement is coming."

The president turned to me and dictated as follows:

"Certain creditors of the Great Midwestern Railroad Company being about to apply to the court for a receiver to be appointed, the question to be decided at to-day's meeting of the directors was whether to borrow a sum of money on the company's unsecured notes at a high rate of interest and thus temporize with its difficulties or confess its inability to meet its obligations and allow the property to be placed in the hands of the court. After due consideration the directors unanimously resolved to adopt the latter course in order that the assets may be conserved for the benefit of all parties concerned. (Signed) John J. Valentine, president."

Turning to the directors, who had been standing in a bored, formless group, he asked "Does that cover it?"

All of them gave assent save Mordecai. He was gazing at the ceiling, his hands held out, pressing the tips of his fingers together.

"Id iss fery euvonious, Mr. Falentine," he said. "'Conzerved' iss a vine vord. A fery good vord. Id iss unvair to ze bankers, iss id not, to zpeak ov borrowing at high rates of interest money? Iss id not already zat ze company hass borrowed more money vrom ids bankers zan id can pay?"

"Read it, please," said the president to me. I read it aloud.

"Strike out the phrase, 'whether to borrow a sum of money on its unsecured notes at a high rate of interest,' and make it read, 'the question to be decided at to-day's meeting of the directors was whether to temporize with its difficulties, or'—and so on."

Mordecai, still gazing at the ceiling, nodded with satisfaction. Then he returned to the plane below and led them back to the board room, waiting himself until they were all through, and closing the door carefully.

The reporters were admitted. We took care to get all of them in at one time, twenty or more, and held the doors while the directors, passing through Harbinger's office, made their august escape.

When the reporters were gone a stillness seemed to rise about us like an enveloping atmosphere. Receding events left phantom echoes in our ears. Valentine, having gazed for some time fixedly at a nonexistent object, looked slowly about him, saying, "The corpse is gone."

Then he went and stood in one of the west windows. I stood at the other. The rain had congealed. Snow was falling in that ominous, isolating way which produces

R. L. Leeson & Sons' Store at Elwood, Indiana, in 1903 and today

"Ninety per cent of our farm customers pay cash

"Over half our business is with farmers," write R. L. Leeson & Sons, merchants of Elwood, Indiana, a city of 10,700. "We are passing the million-dollar mark in sales for the third successive year.

"Our farm trade always has been dependable and we appreciate it especially now since some of our local industries have slowed down.

"Our volume of sales is just as heavy as ever. There is plenty of business to be had by going after it and convincing people you are giving them fair and honest values.

"We increased our advertising when the slump came and it brought returns.

"*We find* THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN *influences our customers' demands, for it is read by the most progressive farm families in our trade territory.*"

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*

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SNUG-SEATS double the seating capacity of any grill. Four people seated comfortably at a Snug-seat table occupy only a 5-foot circle of floor space.

A 20-foot-square room will accommodate 60 people at 15 Snug-seat outfits without crowding.

Made with black or white Carrara tops, polished wood tops or plate glass tops for displaying merchandise inside table.

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Shoe Lacing Hooks

Shoes with Lacing Hooks can be bought from Up-to-date Dealers.

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Plantlife works like magic! A little of it in any flower pot, or in the garden patch, lawn or at roots of a favorite shrub revitalizes the

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in blond people a sense of friendly huddling, instinctive memory perhaps of a north time when contact meant warmth and security. It blotted out everything of the view beyond Trinity Church and the graveyard. There was a surrounding impression of vertical gray planes, in the windows of which lights were beginning to appear, for it was suddenly dark. The Trinity chimes proclaimed in this vortex the hour of noon.

"What day of the month is it?" he asked, clearing his voice after speaking.

"The eighteenth."

"Twenty years, lacking three days, I have been president of the Great Midwestern," he said. "In that time ——" He stopped.

Trinity chimes struck the quarter past.

"How it snows," he said, turning from the window. "Well, you see what the railroad business is like. Shall I ask a place for you on one of the New York papers? I promised to do that, you remember, if anything should happen."

"If you don't mind," I said, "I'll stay on here to clear things up a bit."

"I expected you to say that," he said. "Still, don't be sentimental about it. Nobody can tell now what will happen. We shall be in the hands of the court. Well, as you like. I have an appointment to keep with counsel. I may not be back to-day."

He departed abruptly.

It occurred to me to go about the offices to see what effect the news was having. That would be something to do. Harbinger, leaning over his desk on his elbows, his head clutched in his two hands, was looking at three models of his stamping device.

"How do they take it?"

"Take what?" he asked, not looking up.

"The news."

"Oh, that! I don't know. Go ask them yourself."

John Harrier was sitting precisely as I saw him that first time, perfectly still, staring at an empty desk.

"Well, it appears we are busted," I said.

"We've been busted for about nine months," he answered without moving his head. "But now two and two make four again. Thank God, I say. I couldn't make her look solvent any longer. Arithmetic wouldn't stand it, and it stands a lot."

In the large back office the clerks were gathered in small groups discussing it. Work was suspended.

"Hey!" shouted Handbow. "We're going to a celebrate to-night. A little dinner, with, at the Café Boulevard. Will you come?"

The reckless spirit of calamity was catching. I felt it. Even the shabby old furniture took on an irresponsible, vagabond appearance. Solvency, like a scolding, stingy, virtuous wife, was dead and buried. Nobody could help it. Now anything might happen. The moment was full of excitement. There was no boy in the reception room. I sat down at my desk, got up, took a turn about the president's office, and was thinking I should lock up the place and go out to lunch when I happened to notice that the board-room door was ajar. In the act of closing it I was startled by the sight of a solitary figure at the head of the long directors' table.

Though his back was to me I recognized him at once. It was Galt. He had slid far down in the chair and was sitting on the end of his spine, legs crossed, hands in his pockets. He might have been asleep. While I hesitated he suddenly got to his feet and began to walk to and fro in a state of excitement. The character of his thoughts appeared in his gestures. His phantasy was that of imposing his will upon a group of men, not easily, but in a very ruthless way.

"Are you running the Great Midwestern?" I asked, pushing the door open.

Starting, he looked at me vaguely, as one coming out of a dream, and said, "Yes."

He asked if I had been present at the meeting, and was then anxious to know all that had taken place, even the most trivial detail.

"And now," I said when I was unable to remember anything more, "please tell me what will happen to the Great Midwestern."

"Nothing," he said. "The court will appoint old rhinoceros receiver, and ——"

"Mr. Valentine, you mean?"

"That's customary in friendly proceedings," he said. "Anyhow, it will be so in this case. The court takes charge of the property as trustee with arbitrary powers. It can't run the railroad. It must get somebody to do that. So it looks around a bit and decides that the president is the very man. He is hired for the job. The next day he comes back to his old desk with the title of receiver. All essential employes are retained and you go on as before, only without any directors' meetings."

"How as before? I don't understand."

"That's the point, Coxey. You can't shut up a busted railroad like a delicatessen shop. Bankrupt or not, it has to go on hauling freight and passengers because it's what we call a public utility. A railroad may go bust but it can't stop."

"Then what is a receivership for?"

"That's another point. You are getting now some practical economics, not like the stuff old polly-woggle has been filling you up with. The difference is this: When you are bankrupt you put yourself in the hands of the court for self-protection. Then your creditors can't worry you any more. A railroad in receivership doesn't have to pay what it owes, but everybody who owes it money has got to pay up because the court says so. It goes along that way for a few months or a year, paying nothing and getting paid, until it shows a little new fat around its bones and is fit to be recognized."

"What happens then?"

"Well, then it is purged of sin and gets born again with a new name. The old Great Midwestern Railroad Company becomes the new Great Midwestern Railway Company, issues some new securities on the difference between r-o-a-d and w-a-y, and sets out on its own once more. The receiver is discharged. The stockholders elect a president—maybe the same one as before or maybe not—and the directors begin to hold meetings again."

XII

THE Stock Exchange received the news calmly. It was not unexpected. The directors, as we knew, had been getting out. They read the signs correctly. Under their selling, the price of Great Midwestern stock had fallen to a dollar and a half a share. For a stock the par value of which is one hundred dollars that is a quotation of despair. Nothing much more could happen short of utter extinction. Many of the finest railroads in the country were in the same defunct case. You could buy them for less than their junk value. But if you owned them you could not sell them for junk. You had to work them, because, as Galt said, they were public utilities. And they worked at a loss.

It happened also on this day that everyone was thinking of something else. That was nothing less than the imminent bankruptcy of the United States Treasury. This delirious event now seemed inevitable.

For several weeks uninterruptedly there had been a run on the Government's gold fund. People were frantic to exchange white money for gold. They waited in a writhing line which kept its insatiable head inside the doors of the Subtreasury. Its body flowed down the long steps, lay along the north side of Wall Street and terminated in a wriggling tail around the corner in William Street, five minutes' walk away. It moved steadily forward by successive movements of contraction and elongation. Each day at three o'clock the Subtreasury, slamming its doors, cut off the monster's head. Each morning at ten o'clock there was a new and hungrier head waiting to push its way in the instant the doors opened. Its food was gold and nothing else, for it lived there night and day. The particles might change; its total character was always the same. Greed and fear were the integrating principles. Human beings were the helpless cells. It grew. Steadily it ate its way deeper into the nation's gold reserve, and there was no controlling it, for Congress had said that white money and gold were of equal value and could not believe it was not so. The paying tellers worked very slowly to gain time.

The spectacle was weirdly fascinating. I had been going every day at lunch time to see it. This day the spectators were more numerous than usual; the street was congested with them, because the officers of the Subtreasury had just telegraphed to Washington saying they could hold out only a few hours more. That meant the gold was nearly gone. It meant that the United States Treasury might at any moment put up its shutters and post a notice: "Closed. Payments suspended. No more gold."

Never had the line been so excited, so terribly ophidian in its aspect. Its writhings were sickening. The police handled it as the zoo keepers handle a great serpent—that is, they kept it straight. If once it should begin to coil the panic would be uncontrollable.

Particles detached themselves from the tail and ran up and down the body, trying to buy places nearer the head. Those nearest the head hotly disputed the right of substitution, as when someone came to take a position he had been paying another to hold. In the tense babel of voices there came sudden fissures of stillness, so that one heard one's own breathing or the far-off sounds of river traffic. At those moments what was passing before the eyes had the fantastic reality of a dream.

In the throng on the opposite side of the street I ran into Galt and Jonas Gates together. Later it occurred to me that I had never before seen Galt with any director of the Great Midwestern, and it surprised me particularly, as an afterthought, that he should know Gates. Just then, however, there was no thinking of anything but the drama in view. Everyone talked to everyone else under the leveling pressure of mass excitement.

"Have you heard?" I asked Galt. "The Subtreasury has notified Washington that it cannot hold out. It may suspend at any moment."

"I suppose then eighty million healthy people will have nothing to eat, nothing to wear, no place to go, nothing to do with their idle hands. We'll all go to hell in a hand basket."

He spoke loudly. Many faces turned toward us. A very tall, lean man, with a wild light in his eyes and a convulsive turkey neck, laid a hand on Galt's arm.

"Right you are, my friend, if I understand your remark. We are about to witness the dawn of a new era. I have proved it. In this little pamphlet, entitled The Crime of Money, Thirty Reasons Why it Should be Abolished on Earth, I show ——"

"Don't jingle your Adam's apple at me," said Galt, giving him a look of droll contempt.

The man was struck dumb. Feeling all eyes focused on the exaggerated object thus caricatured in one astonishing stroke, he began to gulp uncontrollably. There were shouts of hysterical laughter. In the confusion Galt disappeared, dragging Gates with him.

The Subtreasury held out until three o'clock and closed its doors once more in a solvent manner, probably for the last time. Everybody believed it would capitulate to the ophidian thing the next day. There was no escape. Events were in the lap of despair.

XIII

AT FIVE o'clock that evening Galt called me on the telephone and asked me to come to his office. I had never been there. It was on Exchange Place, up a long brass-mounted stairway, second-floor front. The building was one of a type that has vanished—gas lighted, wise and old, scornful of the repetitious human scene, full of phantom echoes. On his door was the name, Henry M. Galt, and nothing else. Inside was first a small bare room, in which the only light was the little that came through the opaque glass of a partition door marked Private.

I hesitated and was about to knock on this inner door when Galt shouted, "Come in, Coxey."

He was alone, sitting with his hat on at a double desk between two screened windows at the far side of the room. He did not look up at once.

"Sit down a minute," he said, and went on reading some documents.

The equipment of his establishment was mysteriously simple—a stock ticker at one of the windows, a row of ten telephones fastened to the wall over a long shelf on which to write in a standing position, a bookkeepers' high desk and stool, several chairs, a water cooler in disuse, a neglected newspaper file in the corner, a safe; and that was all.

"We are waiting for Gates," he said, with divided attention, reading still while talking. "I want you to witness —— gn-n-n-u-u. How do you spell unsalable, a-l-a or a-l-e? . . . Yes—that's what I made it. . . . Witness our signatures. . . . We get superstitious down here—in this witches' garden—we do. There are things that grow best when planted in the last phase of the moon—on

(Continued on Page 52)

5 days *from New York début to Chicago dance floor!*

Act 1. WEDNESDAY, October 19th

Scene: The exclusive Club de Vingt (Hotel Vanderbilt), New York. "April Showers" is introduced to New York's smartest dancing set. The fox-trot sensation of the season.

Act 2. One Day Later, THURSDAY, October 20th

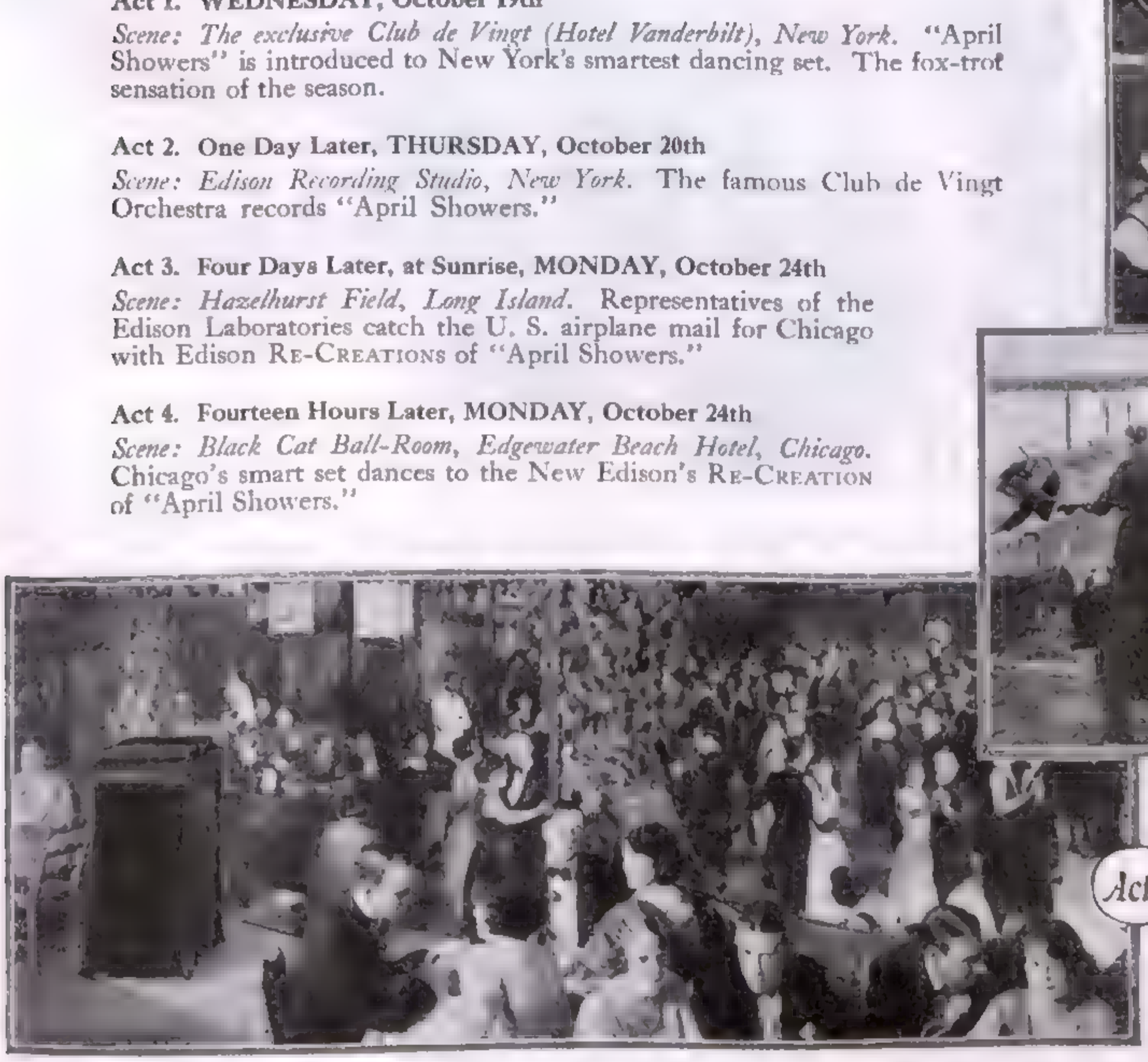
Scene: Edison Recording Studio, New York. The famous Club de Vingt Orchestra records "April Showers."

Act 3. Four Days Later, at Sunrise, MONDAY, October 24th

Scene: Hazelhurst Field, Long Island. Representatives of the Edison Laboratories catch the U. S. airplane mail for Chicago with Edison RE-CREATIONS of "April Showers."

Act 4. Fourteen Hours Later, MONDAY, October 24th

Scene: Black Cat Ball-Room, Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago. Chicago's smart set dances to the New Edison's RE-CREATION of "April Showers."



EDISON *is FIRST with Broadway Hits*

(Continued from Page 50)

a cloudy night—dogs barking. . . . There he is."

Jonas Gates walked straight in, sat down at the other side of the desk without speaking and reached for the papers, which Galt passed to him one by one in a certain order. Having read them carefully he signed them. Then Galt signed them, rose, beckoned me to sit in his place, and put the documents before me separately, showing of each one only the last page. There were six in all—three originals, which went back to Gates, and three duplicates, which Galt retained. There was a seventh, which apparently required neither to be jointly signed nor witnessed. It lay all the time face up on Gates' side of the desk. I noted the large printed title of that one. It was a mortgage deed. Gates put it with the three others which were his, snapped a rubber band around them and went out, leaving no word or sign behind him.

"Crime enough for one day," said Galt, going to the safe. "You are coming up for dinner. Turn out that light there above you."

"Did you expect Great Midwestern to go bankrupt?" I asked as we walked down the stairway.

He did not answer me directly, nor at all for a long time. When we were seated in the L train he said: "So you know that I have been buying the stock all the way down?"

"Yes."

He did not speak again until we left the train at Fiftieth Street.

"No, I didn't expect it," he said. "It wasn't inevitable until the Lord burned up the corn crop. But I allowed for it, and what's worse in one way is better in another. We're all right. In the reorganization I'll get the position I want. I'll be one of ten men in a board room. Everything else follows from that."

As Natalie met us I observed her keenly, thinking she would betray a feeling of anxiety. But she knew his moods at sight and met them exactly. To my surprise she hailed him gayly and he responded. Then they fell to wrangling over nothing at all and carried on a fierce make-believe quarrel until dinner time.

At the table he tried to force a general spirit of raillery and made reckless sallies in all directions. They failed miserably until Natalie joined him in a merciless attack upon Vera. It was entirely gratuitous. When it had gone very far Mrs. Galt was on the point of interfering, but checked the impulse, leaving Vera to take care of herself. She held her own with the two of them. When the game lagged Natalie would whisper to Galt. He would say "No-o-o-o-o!" with exaggerated incredulity, and they would begin again. Suddenly they turned on me, Natalie beginning.

"Don't you think Coxey ought to get married?" Galt's name for me had long been current in the household.

"Coxey, here? No. Nobody would marry him," said Galt.

"But he's sometimes quite nice," said Natalie.

They discussed my character as if I were not there, the kind of wife I should have and what would please heaven to come of it. Natalie knew, as Galt didn't, that this was teasing Vera still.

Dinner was nearly over when Gran'ma Galt asked her terrible question. "What is the price of Great Midwestern stock today?"

Galt answered quietly, "One and a half."

There was no more conversation after that.

Later when we were alone I asked Vera if the house had been pledged.

"The mortgage was executed yesterday," she said. "It's roof and all this time."

"He doesn't seem at all depressed," I said.

"No," she answered. "That is his way with disaster. We've seen it before."

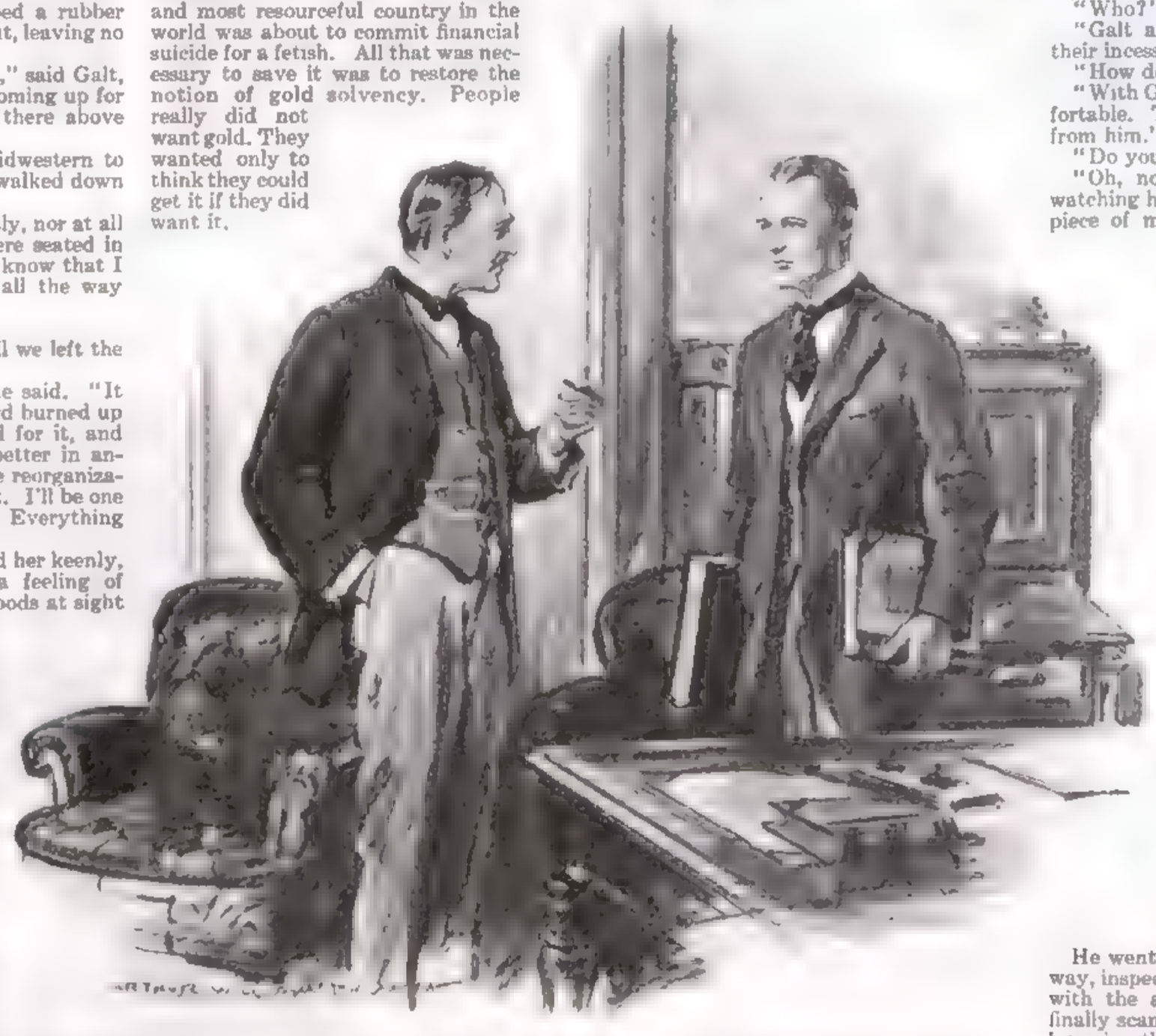
"Don't you admire him for it, though?"

"I hate him!" she cried passionately.

The intensity of her emotion astonished me. Her hands were clenched, her eyes were large and her body quivered. We were sitting together on the sofa. I got up and walked around. When I looked at her again she lay face downward in the pillows, weeping convulsively.

XIV

WELL, the United States Treasury did not hang out the bankrupt's sign. What happened instead was that President Cleveland in his solitary strength met a mad crisis in a great way. He engaged a group of international bankers to import gold from Europe and paid them for it in government bonds. The terms were hard, but the Government, owing to the fascinated stupidity of Congress, was in a helpless plight. What Cleveland had the courage to face was the fact that any terms were better than none. It was fundamentally a question of psychology. The spell had somehow to be broken. The richest and most resourceful country in the world was about to commit financial suicide for a fetish. All that was necessary to save it was to restore the notion of gold solvency. People really did not want gold. They wanted only to think they could get it if they did want it.



"That's the Point, Coxey. You Can't Shut Up a Busted Railroad Like a Delicatessen Shop. Bankrupt or Not, it Has to Go On Hauling Freight and Passengers Because It's What We Call a Public Utility"

The news of the President's transaction with the bankers, appearing in the morning papers, produced a profound sensation. The white-money people denounced him with a fury that was indecent. Many men of his own political faith turned against him, thinking he had destroyed their party. Congress was amazed. There was talk of impeachment proceedings. Popular indignation was extreme and unreasoning. The White House had sold out the country to Wall Street. Mankind was about to be crucified upon a cross of gold. The principle of evil had at last prevailed.

Thus people reacted emotionally to an event which marked the beginning of a return of sanity. Upon the verities of the case the effect of Cleveland's act was positive. While the nation raved the malady itself began to yield. That ophidian monster which was devouring the gold reserve began to disintegrate from the tail upward. Presently only the head was left, and that disappeared with the arrival of the first consignment of gold from Europe under the Government's contract with the bankers.

The full cure, of course, was not immediate. But never again were people altogether mad. As the tide reverses its movement invisibly, with many apparent self-contradictions in the surf line on the sand, so it is with the course of events. Between the tail of the ebb and the first of the flood there is a time of slack with no tendency at all. That also is true in the rhythm of human activities.

Historically it is noted that a stake set in the wet sand on the morning after the Great Midwestern's confession of insolvency would have indicated the extreme low-water mark of that strange ebb tide in the economic affairs of this country, the unnatural extent and duration of which were owing to the moon of a complex delusion. There was first a time of slack before the flood began to run—a time of mixed omens, of alternating hope and doubt. Yet all the time, unawares, the country grew richer because people worked hard, consumed less than they produced, and stored the surplus in the form of capital until the reservoirs were ready to overflow.

As for the Great Midwestern, everything came to pass as Galt predicted. Valentine was appointed by the court to work the railroad as receiver. In that rôle he returned to his desk. The word President was erased from the glass door of his office; the word Receiver was painted there instead. That was the only visible sign of the changed status. We paid our way with receiver's certificates issued under the direction of the court. Dust settled in the board room where formerly the directors met. Trains continued to move as before.

Life in this financial limbo would have exactly suited the placid temperament of our organization but for the distracting activities of Galt. With Valentine's permission he took that old vice president's desk in Harbinger's office and began to keep hours. Such hours! He was always there when Harbinger arrived. At ten he went to the Stock Exchange; at three he returned. He was still there when Harbinger went home. The scrubwomen complained of him that he kept them waiting until late at night. Sometimes for that reason they left the room unswept. Insatiably he called for records, data, unheard-of compilations of statistics. He wrangled with John Harrier, the treasurer, for hours on end over the nature of assets and past accounting. Their voices might often be heard in adjacent rooms, pitched in the key of a fish-wives' quarrel.

Harrier was an autocratic person, whose ancient way of accounting had never before been challenged or very deeply analyzed. With so much laxity at the top of the organization he had been able to do as he pleased, and being a pessimist his tendency was to undervalue potential assets, such as lands, undeveloped oil and mining rights and deferred claims. Gradually he wrote them off, a little each year, until in his financial statements they appeared as nominal items. His judgments were arbitrary and passed without question. This had been going on for many years. The result was that a great deal of tangible property, immediately unproductive yet in fact very valuable, had been almost lost sight of. The Great Midwestern, like the country, was richer than anybody would believe. And nobody cared. Live working assets were in general so unprofitable, especially in the case of railroads, that dormant assets were treated with contempt. Galt valued them. He knew how Harrier had sunk them in his figures, and forced him step by step to disclose them.

"They are at it again," Harbinger said, coming in one evening to sit for a while in my room, bringing some papers with him.

"Who?"

"Galt and Harrier. I can't think for their incessant caterwauling."

"How do you get along with him?"

"With Galt? He makes me very uncomfortable. There's no concealing anything from him."

"Do you still dislike him?"

"Oh, no. That wears off. I've been watching his mind work. It's a marvelous piece of mechanism." He went on with his work. "I know at last what he's doing," he said suddenly.

"What?"

"He's developing a plan of reorganization."

That was true. I had known it for some time. He accumulated his data by day in the office and worked it up by night in his room at home. He showed it to me as it progressed. There was a good deal of writing in it. The facts required interpretation. He was awkward at writing and I helped him with it, phrasing his ideas. The financial exposition was one part only. There was then the physical aspect of the property to be dealt with. When it came to that he spent six weeks out on the road. Three days after he set out on this errand we began to receive messages by telegraph from our operating officials, traffic managers, agents and division superintendents, to this effect: "Who is Henry M. Galt?"

At Valentine's direction I answered: "Treat Henry M. Galt with every courtesy."

He went over every mile of the right of way, inspected every shop and yard, talked with the agents and work masters, and finally scandaled the department of traffic by going through all the contracts in force with large shippers. He studied traffic conditions throughout the territory, had a look at competing lines and conferred with bankers, merchants and chamber-of-commerce presidents about improving the Great Midwestern's service.

He returned with a mass of material, which we worked on every night feverishly, for he was beginning to be very impatient. The physical aspect of the property having been treated from an original point of view, there followed an illuminating discussion of business policy. Goodwill had been leaving the Great Midwestern, owing to the unaccommodating nature of its service. This fact he emphasized brutally and then outlined the means whereby the road's former prestige might be regained.

Never had a railroad been so intelligently surveyed before. The work as it lay finished one midnight on Galt's table represented an incredible amount of labor. More than that, it represented creative imagination in three areas—finance, physical development and business policy. The financial thesis was that the Great Midwestern should be reorganized without assessing the stockholders in the usual way. All that was necessary was to sell them new securities on the basis of dormant assets. This was a new idea.

"Have you done all this in collaboration with the bankers?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "They have a plan of their own. My next job is to make them accept this in place of theirs. That's why I've been in such a sweat to get it done."

"What inducement can you offer them?"

(Continued on Page 56

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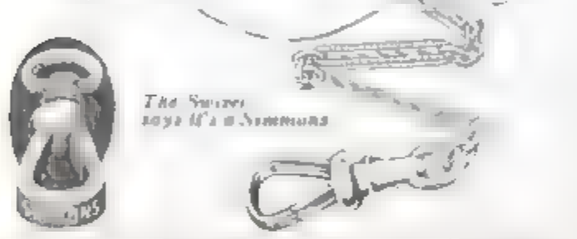

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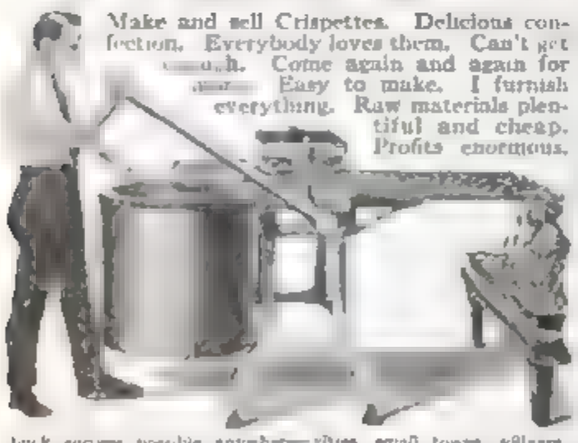

Junk stores possible anywhere—cities, small towns, villages. Amazing market—crowded streets, surging throngs at fairs, carnivals, parks, etc.; wholesale to grocers, bakeries, druggists, and so on. Possibilities unlimited! Need no experience. Little capital required.

Write—Get My Help—Begin Now!

LONG EAKINS COMPANY
156 High Street Springfield, Ohio

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Is there too much vibration in your machinery, or not enough?

PERFECT Balance in Machinery means greater satisfaction in every way. Unbalanced rotating parts can be put in perfect balance on our machines.

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PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

(Continued from Page 52)

"Mine is the better plan," he said. "It stands on its merits."

"What will you get out of it?" I asked.

He looked very wise.

"That's the crow in the pie, Coxey." He got up, stretched, walked about a bit, and stood in front of me, saying: "I'll get a place on the board of directors. I'll be one of ten men in a board room. Everything else follows from that."

A railroad has its own bankers, just as you have your own dentist or doctor. They sit on the board of directors as financial experts. They carry out the company's fiscal policies, they sell its securities to the public for a commission, they lend it money while it is solvent, and when it is insolvent they constitute themselves a protective committee for the security holders and get all the stocks and bonds deposited in their hands under a trust agreement. Then in due time they announce a plan of reorganization.

Mordecai & Co. were the Great Midwestern's bankers. They would naturally control the reorganization. In fact, they had already evolved a plan and were waiting only for a propitious moment to bring it forth. To offer them a new plan in place of their own—for an outsider to do this—would be like selling a song to Solomon. I marveled not so much at Galt's audacity as at his self-confidence. It seemed an utterly impossible thing to do.

He stopped the next morning at the Great Midwestern office to verify three figures and to have me fasten the sheets neatly between stiff cardboards. Then he marched off with it under his arm, his hat slammed down in front, a slouching, pugnacious figure, blind to obstacles, dreaming of empire.

"Good luck!" I called after him.

He did not hear me.

The profession of dynamic man is arms. It has never been otherwise. Only the rules and weapons change. He makes a tilting field of business. The blood weapon is put away, killing is taboo, but the struggle is there, if you look, essentially unchanged. Men are the same as always.

Wall Street is a modern jousting place. The gates stand open. Anyone may compete. There is no caste. The prizes are unlimited; the tournament is continuous. Capital is not essential. One may borrow that, as the stranger knight of ancient time, bringing only his skill and daring, might have borrowed lance, horse and armor for a trial of prowess.

To this field of combat you must bring courage, subtlety, nerve, endurance of mind and swift imagination. Given these qualities, then to gain more wealth and power than any feudal lord you need only one inch more than the next-longest lance of thought. You have only to outreach the vision of the champions to unhorse them. There is no mercy for the fallen, no more than ever. The new hero is acclaimed. He may build him a castle on any hill and with his wealth command the labor of tens of thousands. But he must still defend his own against all comers in the market place. In time he will meet one greater than himself. He may have the consolation of knowing, if it is a consolation, that defeat is never fatal, or seldom so.

Now through these gates went Galt. He had a vision of the future longer than the lance of any knight defending. He needed horse and armor. I did not see him again that day.

XV

IN THE evening I went to the house. Natalie met me.

"He is in bed," she said.

"Is he ill?"

"He looked very tired and ate no dinner. I was to tell you if you came that he had to get a big sleep on account of something that will happen to-morrow."

I was holding my hat. Natalie looked at it.

"My beautiful sister is not at home," she said.

"Tell her I was desolate."

"And that you did not ask for her?" she suggested slyly.

"Now, Natalie, you are teasing me"

"Mamma is out. Gran'ma's gone to bed. There's nobody to entertain you," she said, shaking her head.

"What a dreary state of things," I said, laughing at her and putting down my hat

She went ahead of me into the parlor, arranged a heap of pillows at one end of the sofa, saying "There!" and sat herself in a small straight chair some distance away

Going on eighteen is an age between maidenhood and womanhood. Innocence and wisdom have the same naïve guise and change parts so fast that you cannot be sure which one is acting. The girl herself is not sure. She doesn't stop to think. It is a charming masquerade of two mysterious forces. The part of innocence is to protect and conceal her; the part of wisdom is to betray and reveal her.

"I wish I were a man," she sighed.

"Every girl says that once. Why do you wish it?" I asked.

"But it's so," she said. "They know so much; they can do so many things."

"What does a man know that a woman doesn't?"

"If I were a man," she said, "I'd be able to help father. I'd understand figures and charts and all those things he works with. They make my silly head ache. I'd study finance. What is it like?"

"What is finance like?"

"Yes. Do you think I might understand it a little?"

For an hour or more we talked finance—that is, I talked and she listened, saying "Yes," and "Oh," and bringing her chair closer.

She made a very pretty picture of attention. I'm sure she didn't understand a word of it. Then she began to ask me questions about her father—what his office was like, how he dealt with Wall Street people, what he did on the Stock Exchange, and so on.

"Must you?" she asked when I rose to go. "I'm afraid you haven't been entertained at all. I love to listen."

"I just now remember I haven't had any dinner," I said. "I stopped late at the office and came directly here. It's past ten o'clock."

"Dear me! Why didn't you tell me? I'll get you something. You didn't know I could cook. Come on."

Without waiting for yes or no she scurried off in the direction of the kitchen. I followed to call her back, but when I had reached the dining room she was out of sight, the pantry door swinging behind her. I returned to the parlor and waited, thinking she would report what there was to eat. Then I could make my excuses and depart.

She did not return. Presently I began to feel embarrassed, as much for her as for myself; also a little nettled. However, I couldn't disappoint her now. It would be too late to stop whatever she was doing.

She had said "Come on," therefore she was expecting me in the kitchen and was probably by this time in a state of hysterical anxiety, wondering if I would come, or if perhaps I had gone; and no way out of the frolic she had started but to see it through.

I found her beating eggs in a yellow bowl. She had put on an apron and turned up her sleeves.

Her face was flushed, her eyes were bright with a spirit of fun, and wisps of wavy black hair had fallen a little loose at her temples. I surrendered instantly.

"You won't mind eating in the kitchen, will you? It's cozy," she said, almost too busy to give me a look.

A small table was already spread for one; chairs were placed for two.

"This is much more interesting than finance," I said, watching her at close range.

"I can make a perfect omelet," she said. "So light you don't know you are eating it. You only taste it."

"Not very filling," I thought.

"There may be something else too," she said.

There was. She rifled the pantry. The imponderable omelet, accompanied by bacon, was followed by cold chicken, ham, sausage, asparagus, salad, cheese of two kinds, jams in fluttering uncertainty, cake and coffee.

When she was convinced at last that I couldn't encompass another bite and rested upon her achievement she began to giggle.

"What's that for?"

"I'm thinking," she said, "what my sister would say if she saw us now."

As I walked home I could not help contrasting her with Vera, who never, even at Natalie's age, would have thought of doing a thing like that. Why? Yes, why? Well, because she had not that way with a man. Natalie was born to get what she wanted through men. She fed them. She fed their stomachs with food and their egos with adoration. She liked doing it, for she liked men. She already knew more about their simplicities than Vera would ever learn. She knew it all instinctively. And how lovely she was in that apron!

XVI

LATE the next afternoon Galt appeared at my desk, sat down, fixed me with a stare and began to whistle Yankee Doodle out of tune.

"Did they take your plan?" I asked him.

He went on whistling. I couldn't guess what had happened. His expression was unreadable.

"Did they?" I asked again.

He stopped for breath.

"Spit on your hands, Coxey," he said as if I were at a distance and needed some encouragement. "We've got her by the tail—by the tail! tail! tail! We'll tie a knot in the end of it and then we're off."

He never told me how he did it. He had no vanity of reminiscence. Long afterward I got it from a junior partner of the firm of Mordecai & Co.

They hardly knew him by sight. He appeared in their office on that hot summer morning and said simply that he wished to talk Great Midwestern. He would see nobody but Mordecai himself. At midday they were still talking, and lunch was brought to Mordecai's room. One by one the junior members were called in until they were all present. Galt amazed them with his knowledge of the property, its situation and possibilities; even more with his acute understanding of its finances. He gave them information on matters they had never heard of. He gave them original ideas with such frankness and unreserve that at one point Mordecai interrupted.

"Ve cannod vorged vat you zay, Mr. Gald. Id iss zo impordand ve mighd use id. Zare iss no bargain yed. Ve are nod here angels."

"I can't help that," said Galt. "To sell a tune you have to play it." And he went on. When Mordecai spoke again the case was lost.

"Vor uss id iss nod," he said. "Vor uss id iss nod. Ve are bankers. To zese heights ov imagination ve cannod vollow, Mr. Gald. Id iss beautiful. Ve are zorry."

In the doorway Galt turned and faced them. No one else had moved.

"I'm tired," he said. "I need some sleep. I'll come to-morrow."

The scene was repeated the next day—Galt talking, the bankers listening, Mordecai lying back in his chair, gazing at the ceiling, tapping the ends of his fingers together, blowing his breath through his short gray beard.

"Vad iss id vor yourselv you vant, Mr. Gald?" he asked without moving.

It was Galt's way when he was winning to press his luck. He wanted a place on the board of directors. But he demanded more.

"I want to be chairman of the board," he said.

"Id vould be strange," said Mordecai pensively. "Nobody vould understand id. Oo iss zat Mr. Gald? Vy iss he made chairman? Zo ze people vould talk. Ov ze old directors oo vould fode vor zat, Mr. Gald?"

"Gates and Valentine will vote for me," said Galt.

"You haf asked zem?"

"I have asked Gates," said Galt. "I am sure of Valentine."

Another way of Galt's was to stop at the peak of his argument, and wait. When the other man in his mind is coming over to your side a word too much will often stop him. Galt knew he was winning. There was a long silence. They began to wonder if Mordecai was asleep. He was a man of few but surprising contradictions. Conservative, cautious, axiomatic, he had on the other side great courage of mind and a latent capacity for daring. He distrusted intuition as a faculty, yet on rare occasions he astonished his associates by arriving most unexpectedly at an intuitive conclusion, knowing it to be such, and acting upon it with fatalistic intensity. On those occasions he was never wrong.

Now he sat up slowly and began to toy with a jeweled paper knife.

"Nobody vill understand id, Mr. Gald. Nobody vill understand id. Ve accepd your plan. Ve promise all our invluence to use zat you vill be made chairman of ze board—on one condition. You vill resign iv ve ask id immediately."

Galt unhesitatingly accepted the condition.

When he was gone Mordecai said to his partners: "Ve haf a gread man discovered. Id iss only zat ve shall a liddle manage him."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

The Headwaiter and His Captains are There to Help You

By E. M. STATLER

THE headwaiter in any Statler dining room is your host. He is there to see that your way is made easy, that you are well served, that you are *entirely satisfied*, both with what is brought you and the way it is put before you.

Working with him, and sharing his responsibility, are his "Captains"—his assistants—who have the same relation to the headwaiter as assistant managers have to a manager.

If you should ever, in any of our restaurants, have cause for dissatisfaction or annoyance, ask for a captain or headwaiter. Whether it is a question of service, or of the food brought you, you will get immediate action and satisfaction.

Our headwaiters are authorized to see that you are not charged for food which you find unsatisfactory as to quality, portion or price. We want no money for a dish that does not please you.

So if you have been thinking of a headwaiter as purely ornamental, just there to show you to a table, get the habit of remembering that he can be useful to you. And perhaps you would like to see some of the formal instructions by which these headwaiters and captains are governed in all the Statler-operated hotels.

Instructions to Headwaiters and Captains

in the Statler-operated hotels

"ALWAYS remember that it is *you* whom we hold responsible for the satisfaction or dissatisfaction of our guests in your dining rooms.

"Remember that anything which is not right—*and the guest is always the judge*—must be made right as soon as your attention is called to it.

"Remember that courtesy and deference and helpfulness are indispensable qualities in every transaction in these hotels. This applies primarily to contact with guests, but no less forcibly to your relations with your fellow-employees.

"Always greet your guests—and pleasantly, not stiffly—as they enter your dining room. Don't be over-cordial; but be sure to be pleasant.

"Watch every table, and thus make it easy for any guest who wants you to get your attention. Nothing is more provoking to a diner than to try repeatedly to catch your eye, and never find you looking at his table. A guest should always be able to get the eye of a captain or the headwaiter *instantly;* when he can't, that is your fault.

"Don't hurry the diner who wants to be leisurely; don't let anything delay the guest who wants fast service. And don't argue—*don't ever argue*—remembering particularly the paragraph of The Statler Service Codes which says that 'In all minor discussions between Statler employees and Statler guests, the employee is *dead wrong*, from the guest's standpoint and from ours.'

"What we are striving for, and what you must strive for, is to have the public *better served and better pleased* in our dining rooms than in any other. That is one way to steadily-increasing business in our restaurants—which is one way in which your job can become a better job."

E. M. Statler

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

Greet Them

With these extra-flavory oats

Serve the oat dish at its best.

This is the supreme food—almost the ideal food. As a body-builder, as a vim-food it holds a premier place.

Give it that fragrance and flavor which Nature confers on fine oats.

Make it with Quaker Oats always.

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

All the small grains are discarded—the puny, unripe and insipid.

Thus millions of oat lovers, all the world over, have been won to this luscious flavor.

Countless people send overseas to get it.

You have only to specify Quaker Oats to get it at any store.

For the family's sake, don't forget.

Quaker Oats

We get but ten pounds from a bushel

62 dishes for 30 cents

The large package of Quaker Oats will serve 62 liberal dishes. The cost is but 30 cents. It contains 6,221 calories of nutriment, of which one-sixth is protein. It supplies 16 needed elements. This is the cream of the oats—the choicest part of the greatest food that grows.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

MEN OF AFFAIRS

(Continued from Page 19)

a hand tied with a bloodstained handkerchief across his brow.

Mrs. Barraclough was first to notice it, and called for an explanation.

"Oh, that's all right -a scratch—bled a bit. Nothing to bother about. Flora, if you leave that window unguarded you're sacked. Jane, if you love me, a large and a small."

"But what is it all about?" Mrs. Barraclough implored, after shaking her head at the thought of whisky.

"Money, dear—money and a bit of paper I carry in this note case that is earnestly coveted by quite a number of people it doesn't belong to. When I asked for a large and a small, Jane, I was endeavoring to convey the idea that I was thirsty."

But Jane was very reluctant to go, and consented to do so only on a promise that no secrets should be revealed in her absence.

"Be a darling, mother dear, and fill me a pipe."

It was characteristic of Anthony Barraclough that the entire household revolved round him from the instant of his appearance.

"Then there is something wrong with your hand," said the old lady, filling the pipe and putting it in the corner of his mouth, while Flora risked a month's notice by rushing forward with a lighted match. "I shall tie it up while you have your smoke."

Anthony's protests were unavailing when the ministering-angel mood descended upon his mother.

At such a time she was inexorable. She called upon Flora to fill the slop basin with warm water and provide scissors—always so elusive when needed—and naturally Flora, who was entirely absorbed in the adventurous side of the proceedings, could find only the rose cutters, which were entirely useless.

"It's a bullet wound," Mrs. Barraclough declared. "You can't deceive me—it's a bullet wound."

"Well, p'raps it is, mother, but since it was never intended for my hand we needn't bother about it."

"You must have it bandaged and go to bed straightaway."

"Bed!" He threw back his head and laughed. "It's likely."

"And you'll want a sling."

"Not for this David, mother. A sling would be a fat lot of use against the Goliaths I'm dealing with. Mother, I'm within a hundred and fifty miles of being one of the richest men in the world, and as far as I can see they'll be the toughest miles I've ever covered in my life."

And suddenly from the window came Flora's cry of "Look out!"

Anthony did not waste time looking out, but instead flung himself behind the upright piano, which stood out from the wall. Nor was he a moment too soon, for the massive form of Mr. Bolt was framed in the French windows. Mrs. Barraclough took three steps toward him, as also did Flora, thus preventing a definite intrusion into the room.

"I beg your pardon—I do, indeed, beg your pardon," said Bolt in tones as rich as the fat of pork, "but I fancy—I rather imagine—I —— Yes, to be sure, left a pair of gloves on your sofa."

"If you had rung the bell, sir, your property would have been restored to you in the usual manner. I cannot ——"

She stopped as her uninvited guest was sniffing the air suspiciously.

"Mrs. Barraclough," he observed, shaking his head sadly, "I fear I have caught you smoking."

Behind the piano Anthony was feverishly extinguishing his pipe with the ball of his thumb

"I smoke all day," replied Mrs. Barraclough.

The door opened and Jane came in with an abnormally large whisky-and-soda, which she nearly dropped at the sight of the visitor.

"Oh, Mrs. Barraclough!" said Bolt, pointing an accusing finger.

But the old lady was equal to the moment.

"And drink," she said, seizing the glass and swallowing an immense gulp that almost paralyzed the muscles of her throat.

Mr. Bolt smiled cynically and took his gloves from Flora's outstretched hand.

"Gloves are so expensive nowadays, are they not?" he asked.

"To be frank, Mr. Bolt, I do not wish to discuss with you either gloves or Christianity," said Mrs. Barraclough. "I would be glad if you would kindly leave by the way you came."

"I was about to do so, madam, after first thanking you for your hospitality."

Maybe it was appreciation of his mother's inflexible bearing that caused Anthony to relax, but whatever the reason the result was disastrous. There was a small table alongside of where he stood, hidden upon which was a vase of sweet peas. Anthony's elbow struck and overset it. There was a splash of water and a tinkle of glass.

The three women held their breath and Mr. Bolt's eyebrows went up and down twice very quickly. Then he smiled.

"Once again allow me to thank you for your hospitality," he said.

"Show this person out," said Mrs. Barraclough.

And under the escort of Jane and Flora he was peremptorily bustled off the premises.

"H'm," said Anthony, coming out from behind the piano. "That was a pity."

Mrs. Barraclough was almost in tears.

"Do you think he realized you were hidden there?"

"Vases don't tumble over by themselves, mother dear, and our friend is not a fool." He tapped his teeth with a thumbnail reflectively. "Yes—yes—yes. We must curtail his activities. Can't have the old viper sending messages. Settle down at the telephone, best of mothers."

"I do wish you would not address me as though I were a setting hen," said Mrs. Barraclough, drawing up a chair to the writing table.

"The telephone, mother; and ask for the police station."

"But the policeman is sure to be out."

"Then talk to his missus."

"That would be impossible, dear. Mrs. Brassbound ——"

But Anthony did not listen to the objection.

"Tell old Brassbound," said he, "to run in Friend Sky Pilot if he gravitates near the post office."

Mrs. Barraclough picked up the receiver and asked for the police station, and while waiting to be connected remarked weakly, "There is no law to prevent people sending telegrams, dear."

"Then we must make a few to fit the occasion."

"Is that you, Mr. Brassbound?" said the old lady in answer to a voice on the wire. "It's Mrs. Barraclough speaking. I wonder if you would very kindly arrest a clergyman for me."

"Put a bit more sting in it, mother—ginger."

"Ginger," repeated Mrs. Barraclough into the mouthpiece. "No, no; I didn't mean that. He's gray and elderly."

"Say he pinched something," Anthony prompted.

Mrs. Barraclough nodded.

"I rather fear he has appropriated a cream jug. Yes. I thought perhaps he might send it off from the post office. And how is your wife progressing? . . . Yes, of course she is. . . . Yes, I am coming down to see her this evening if I can get away. Good-by."

"What's wrong with the policeman's missus?" demanded Anthony.

"As you're not a married man, Tony, I shall refuse to tell you," said Mrs. Barraclough in the manner of Queen Victoria.

"Going to see her?"

"I was going to take her this basket of roses and some vegetables, but as ——"

"No, no. You take 'em and I'll go down to the village with you in the car and take it on. You won't mind walking home across the fields."

"Anthony," said Mrs. Barraclough seriously, "is it very real danger you're in?"

"Pretty solid, but don't you fret; I'm equal to it."

Flora and Jane came in from the garden.

"We've seen him down the road," they announced.

"Good. Now look here, everyone; I've wasted a deuce of a lot of time when I ought to have been on the way. Here's the position of affairs. Flora, you're going to drive me to London."

(Continued on Page 61)

A Tire that Will be Known Everywhere

Seiberling Cord Tires will become known through high average performance on the road, the one thing that can assure general acceptance and wide distribution.

This company began its service to the public with the definite policy of building only a high-grade product and of putting the Seiberling name on none except the best cord tire it could build.

It had the advantage of beginning with adequate experience, its executives having all worked together for many years in the same business, and having always worked under a manufacturing policy of continuous improvement of product.

It had the further advantages of adequate factory equipment, free of all excessive inventories and liabilities; and without established methods and practices of manufacturing and distributing which might be inefficient and yet hard to change.

SEIBERLING CORDS

These very important considerations made it possible to combine the latest, and correct, methods and materials into one product.

The Seiberling Cord Tire has had a thorough testing and will give a good account of itself. Distribution has begun and will be extended as rapidly as we can be assured that the factory standard of excellence is maintained and that the man who sells Seiberling Tires is assured of sufficient product to give real sales service to his customers.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY · AKRON, OHIO

The one phase of the tire industry that has always had greatest interest for me personally is the opportunity constantly offered for new developments.

Progress in the improvement of automobile tires is still going on and there is room for great new achievements in increasing the durability of tires and reducing the cost for the benefit of the traveling public. New and better methods of manufacture, more efficient and less costly distribution, better service to the user—all offer opportunity.

I am personally happy to feel that we are in position in the Seiberling Rubber Company to devote ourselves whole-heartedly to solving these problems, and believe we shall help the tire industry to give the public better, more reliable, and more enduring tires than have ever yet been manufactured.

In the eight months in which we have been developing the Seiberling Cord Tire, we have already found opportunity to incorporate improvements that will show results in service.

F. A. Seiberling
President

TO TIRE DEALERS: Seiberling Cord Tires are distributed through regular retail channels. We desire to establish connections with good business men who agree with us that high-grade products and service to the user form the right basis for a lasting and mutually profitable relationship. Write or wire Seiberling Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

The National Champion

The Paige 6-66 enters the new year with the most impressive service record that has ever been attained by a motor car. In the field of American sport it stands alone—for the Daytona model 6-66 holds nine world's stock chassis speedway records. In direct competition with the finest and most expensive cars of the nation, it has definitely established itself as a masterpiece of creative engineering.

The Paige 6-66 was the outstanding sensation of 1921. The New Series model with all the added refinements and improvements of the season will still further reveal itself as a superbly beautiful and flawlessly perfect mechanical product. And what is even more important, it will continue to win and consolidate the active friendship of a vast and discriminating body of owners.

A new schedule of reduced prices will be announced at the time of the New York Automobile Show. For 1922, the Paige line will represent the most remarkable dollar-for-dollar values in the motor car field. Watch the Paige

(Continued from Page 58)

"Right," said Flora with sparkling eyes. "Jane! Still got that old service revolver I gave you?"

"Um."

"Keep it handy. Likely enough there'll be a couple of visitors here before long, and you've got to detain 'em somehow."

"I'll keep 'em till they grow roots," said Jane stoutly.

"It's a shame, dragging you into all this, but that bullet did me in as a driver. It's no joke shoving a motorbike along with a bullet through your hand."

"But how did you get the wound, dear?"

As hurriedly as possible he outlined the day's happenings from the moment of landing at Polperro.

"Who are these men?" Flora demanded.

"Couple of spies belonging to a crowd that tried to prevent me leaving London three weeks ago."

"But what do they want?"

Anthony held up the morocco letter case and restored it to his pocket.

"Just this. I've given 'em a pretty good lead all day—played hare and hounds all over Dartmoor best part of the morning, but somehow I don't believe I've shaken 'em off."

"Where did you leave the bike?"

"Couple of miles back on the main road. Shoved her in a thicket. Front tire burst, and that settled it. There's a bare hope they may have been kidded into believing I'd gone straight on, but it's slender enough. Comberstone knows I have a home hereabouts, and they're pretty certain to have watched my tracks on the road. Mother's old bus is going well, you say?"

"I can whack her up to about a thirty average," said Flora.

"Thirty, and we've a hundred and fifty to go. Yes, yes—ought to be in town by eleven."

"Easy."

"Then I'll just swallow a snack of grub and push off straightaway. Get your engine started."

"There's a lovely pie in the larder, dear," said Mrs. Barraclough. "Just the sort you like best. Jane! My motor cloak and bonnet."

She took Anthony's hand and they hurried kitchenward together.

Flora and Jane looked at each other, their eyes a-dance with excitement.

"Oh, isn't this gorgeous!" said Jane.

"Simply topping!" echoed Flora.

"You lucky beast to be going up with him."

"I like that, when you've got a shooting program."

"Oh, well, I suppose the honors are divided! Good luck."

They parted with a wave of the hand, Jane following her mistress and Flora into the garden at a run. But she had scarcely reached the path when two men came round the corner of the house and bore down upon her.

Harrison Smith was too good a strategist to announce his arrival by driving up to the front door. He had left the flivver at the end of the lane and entered the grounds by way of the kitchen garden. At the sight of Flora he bowed very politely, greeting her with a charming smile and an allusion to the clemency of the evening. It is possible these social amenities might have carried some weight but for the appearance of Freddy Dirk, whose heavy jowl, grimed with dust and perspiration, did not consort with the idea of an afternoon caller. Flora fell back a pace into the room, wondering fearfully what course she should pursue.

"Don't be frightened, my girl, don't be frightened," Harrison Smith agreeably besought.

"Who are you? I don't know you," said Flora.

"We're friends of your master's, of course."

"That's it," said Dirk huskily. "Pals of 'is, see!"

The tone was hardly convincing.

"My master is away, and has been away for some weeks."

"Yes, yes, yes, to be sure! But he's come back."

"No," said Flora.

"Look 'ere, girl"—Dirk's fat, short-fingered paw fell on her shoulders—"we ain't soft—do you get me? We knows what we're torkin' abaht. Mr. Barraclough is ere, and the sooner ——"

"Tut, tut, tut!" Harrison Smith interrupted. "Don't talk like that, Dirk; you're scaring the girl. Now listen to me. Your master has enemies; we're his friends. It is of the utmost importance we should see him at once." He moved away and opened the door of Mrs. Barraclough's bedroom. "As a matter of fact, his life depends upon it."

"Yus—'is life," Dirk echoed.

"I tell you my master is not here."

"Isn't 'e isn't 'e?" Dirk's two hands fastened on Flora's wrist and twisted the flesh in contrary directions, a domestic form of torture known to the initiated as the burning bracelet.

"Let go, you brute—let go!" she cried, and with her free hand caught him a full swinging slap across the face.

What particular line Dirk's resentment would have taken is unknown, for Harrison Smith came quickly between them with a muttered order, and at the same time the door opened and Jane ran in. It speaks well for her courage that she did not cry out or betray alarm.

"Jane," gasped Flora very quickly, "these men want to see master. I've told them he isn't here.

"Quiet, you!" said Dirk threateningly, while Harrison Smith descended on the new arrival under a coverlet of smiles.

"Come along, my dear," he said, "you're a sensible-looking girl. Now where's Mr. Barraclough, eh?"

For a second Jane seemed lost in consideration, then shook her head stupidly and replied in a rich brogue, "Maister Bar'clough—doan't know 'un—never clapped eyes on 'un. 'Tis on'y larst week I took sarvice 'ere t'oblige."

"Have you seen anyone strange about the premises to-day?"

"Noa."

"A man—tall, broad-shouldered, wearing a blue suit and cap."

"Oh, 'im," said Jane, her face lighting up with a semblance of intelligence. "I did see some un, 'bout 'arf an hour ago 'twas."

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"Come out of tool shed at garden end and kept low by the 'edge."

"Did he enter the house?"

"Noa, 'e lit off down the road as fast as 'e cud make."

"Damn! We've missed 'im," roared Dirk.

"Which direction?"

"Away from village 'twas."

Dirk was tugging at Harrison Smith's sleeve and dragging him toward the French windows.

"No, no!" cried Smith. "The front way—it's quicker."

The two turned at the exact second Barraclough, entirely oblivious of their presence, walked into the room. The light flashed dully on the barrel of Harrison Smith's automatic.

"Put 'em up!" he said. "Put 'em up!" And as the order was obeyed: "Well met, indeed, Barraclough; well met, indeed."

XXVII

THE timing and arrangement of the situation was flawless. Barraclough with his hands upheld, Harrison Smith masking the persuasive automatic from the view of the two girls, and Dirk's fingers traveling caressingly toward the pocket in which his mascot reposed. It was hugely dramatic. Flora and Jane, robbed for the moment of the power of speech and action, clung to each other on the far side of the room, their gaze riveted on their hero, who in this moment of crisis was whistling a bar of ragtime and accepting defeat with smiling eyes.

Harrison Smith's left hand ran professionally over the contours of Barraclough's coat to satisfy himself that there was no concealed weapon.

"Most opportune," he remarked, "and we had almost despaired of seeing you." Then in a lower voice: "All right, but no games."

"Thank you," said Barraclough, and lowering his arms he walked slowly to the writing table.

"And now you two nice little girls," said Harrison Smith, rubbing his hands together, "cut along and pick flowers. Much too nice an evening to be spending your time indoors. Off you go."

There was certainly a better chance of getting help if they could escape. Nothing was to be gained by staying. As they passed the table by which Barraclough was standing he whipped an envelope from his pocket and thrust it in Flora's hand with the words "Post that for me—quick!"

Flora seized the envelope and made a dash for the window, but hardly covered

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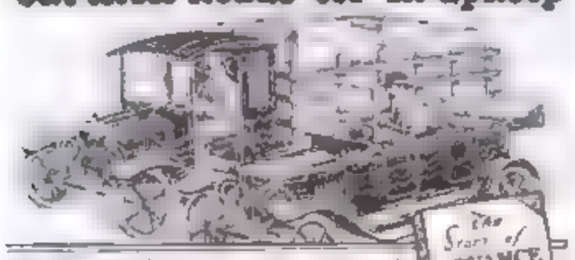

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half the distance before Dirk and Smith closed in upon her, fighting for possession of the paper. It was given to Jane to translate the actual meaning of this extraordinary performance, and she alone saw Barraclough take the note case swiftly from his pocket and bury it under the foliage in the basket of roses. The others were too busily engaged to attend to such a trifle.

"Let them have it, Flora," said Barraclough sweetly. "They are friends of mine. Do as I tell you."

"You girls get out!" gasped Harrison Smith, coming down breathlessly with the envelope; and after Flora and Jane had escaped into the garden: "Cornered, Mr. Barraclough, and we've got the goods."

Anthony was smiling.

"Hadn't you better make sure?" said he.

The envelope was ripped open and a letter withdrawn.

"What's this?"

"I don't know—something my mother wrote. Oh, I wasn't born yesterday, and if you think I carry the concession—search me."

And to emphasize the uselessness of such a course he pulled out the lining of his inner pocket.

Dirk and Smith closed in threateningly.

"We mean to have that paper," they said in a single voice.

"Haven't you chosen rather a public place to get it?" he answered steadily. "Oh, I realize I'm cornered, but is this the place for the kill? After all, I'm not much good to you without that paper."

"Where've you put it?" hissed Dirk, edging closer. "Where've you put it, eh?"

"Aha, my friend, that's the point. But it won't be cleared up by breathing hops in my face."

The barrel of Harrison Smith's pistol pressed unpleasantly into his short ribs and Dirk's mascot whump-whumphed in the air above his head.

"A little persuasion."

"No; not even with a little persuasion." His voice rang high on a note of challenge. "If you want that paper you'll have to accept my terms, and my terms are stiff."

"I can tell you 'oo'll be stiff ter-night if he don't ——"

The sentence was never finished, for from the hall outside came the sound of Mrs. Barraclough's voice.

"I may be a little late for dinner, cook, so don't put on the potatoes till the half hour."

"My mother," said Anthony warningly.

With a curse and a growl Smith and Dirk backed away, pocketing their weapons, as Mrs. Barraclough in a long motor cloak and veil came into the room.

For a second she stood in the doorway, her eyes traveling from her son to the two men and back again. From the astonishment on her features Anthony read plainly enough that Flora and Jane had failed to find and advise her of the danger.

At this perilous stage a false move might mean the loss of everything. The one hope was to preserve a seeming of normality and at the same time convey a message as to the real significance of the situation. And like a flash came into his head a memory of boyhood scrapes and a mother who had never failed him in the hour of need. He whipped out his white handkerchief and, with a single hand and old conjuring trick, threw a knot in the center and dangled it before Mrs. Barraclough's eyes. No message by wire or wireless ever reached its destination in quicker time than that old S O S of schoolboy fame. He saw her tap out the "received" signal with a forefinger on the front of her cloak, then turned with a wave of the handkerchief to introduce the visitors.

"Mother dear, these are two friends of mine, Sergeant Hammersmith and Mr. Cappell." They were the first names to come into his head. He added: "This is my mother, gentlemen, and I am sure you will be grieved to hear she has lately suffered from very indifferent health."

To give herself a moment for reflection Mrs. Barraclough removed her veiled motor bonnet and put it on the couch. Then she turned and descended upon Dirk with outstretched hands and a high-pitched falsetto that fairly rang with welcome.

"Oh, my dear Sergeant Hammer, this is indeed a pleasure. How very kind of you to drop in. So few people drop in nowadays; dropping in seems to have quite dropped out, and I do so dearly love seeing anyone from town. Of course we are so old-world and out of the way down here that we never see anyone—no one at all—nobody. And to hear news direct from ——" She broke off abruptly, fixed her glasses, and fell back in an attitude of amazed rapture. "Anthony dear, do look! Isn't Sergeant Picklesnip exactly like the vicar? The old one, not the present incumbent; he's too high for me." She descended upon Harrison Smith and wrung him warmly by both hands. "Ah, but I wish you had known Anthony when he was a little boy and wore sailor suits—white on Sundays with a cord and a whistle round his neck. My poor husband could not endure the whistle, so he took the pea out of it and then it only made an airy noise instead of a blast."

"Mother dear," Anthony interposed, "aren't you going down to the village?" A suggestion to which Harrison Smith proved a ready seconder.

"Don't let us detain you, madam," he besought.

"No, I won't. Besides, I mustn't be late. As Mr. Gladstone said in '84—and oh, what a hot summer that was!—he said: 'Detention is the mother of time.'"

At which Freddy Dirk, who knew something of both detention and time, shivered uncomfortably and wiped his forehead with the back of his hand.

"Never be late," continued Mrs. Barraclough, rallying her resources for a new oration; "although I was late once for a flower show at Weston-super-Mare—or was it a funeral, Anthony? At any rate, there were a lot of flowers there, so it may have been a wedding or a garden party. But really I mustn't stay a moment longer. I've got to see a Mrs. Brassbound—poor dear. She's—Anthony, go away; you mustn't listen. I'm going to treat you as friends—there's going to be a baby—she's the wife of our village constable, you know—such a nice man—but as I've always said, policemen will be policemen."

"Yes, yes, yes," said Harrison Smith, whose patience was running out; "very interesting. I have a friend staying at the hotel. I wonder if I might use your telephone."

Mrs. Barraclough caught the warning in Anthony's eyes as she gave her consent. Also she caught a glint of light from the rose cutters, which lay on the sofa.

What more natural than for a hostess to be seated while her guest made his call, and what more fortunate than the fact that the telephone wire passed over the arm of the sofa on its way to the insulator in the floor? The snip of the scissors as she cut the wire was quite inaudible because of the good lady's flow of remarks on the subject of telephony.

"They may keep you waiting," she said, and kept on chattering until Harrison Smith hung up the receiver in despair of being connected with his ally, Bolt.

"And now, madam, I feel sure we have kept you much too long," he said.

"You'd better be off, mother," said Anthony, who, although vaguely aware that she was endeavoring to create an atmosphere of vacuity, could not fathom the advantage to be gained.

"I'm going, dear, I'm going. I was thinking, that's all."

"Thinking?" came from Dirk.

"Wondering if you two gentlemen could eat mutton. My dear brother, who died in '93, had very strong views about mutton, especially when it was cold. He said ——"

But the prospect of hearing what he said so shook the good manners of her visitors that they almost breasted her toward the bedroom door. They would probably have succeeded in their object had not Flora hurried in from the garden.

"The doctor is with her now," said Flora. "I've got the car ready."

Mrs. Barraclough became almost hysterical. There was no limit to the instructions she showered upon the hapless Flora. Were the vegetables in the car? Had she been sent for? Was Mr. Brassbound there? And finally, had Flora put the "you know" into the basket?

"The 'you know'?" said Flora hazily.

"Silly, silly girl!" wailed Mrs. Barraclough. "Sergeant Ealing, do excuse me whispering to my maid, but it is so difficult to speak out in public."

She dropped her voice to a confidential whisper only for the briefest space, and Flora nodded gravely and said: "Yes, madam, I quite understand," and went out.

"And now I really must be going," said Mrs. Barraclough at her bedroom door. But she descended again upon her visitors, now purple with exasperation, and possessed herself of their hands.

"I have enjoyed your conversation so much, Mr. Ravenscourt, and yours, too, Sergeant Chiswick; but even the best of friends must part, as Anthony used to say when I bought him his first comb. Good-by—good-by." She paused dramatically. "Oh, I nearly forgot my salts—my salts. It's most important. The doctor said that I should never go anywhere without my salts."

It was only by exercise of something approaching violence that the garrulous old lady was finally induced to enter her bedroom and the door closed upon her.

"If ever anyone ought to be certified ——" declared Harrison Smith blindly.

"I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen," said Anthony; "I don't imagine she will be long now."

"For everyone's sake I 'ope she ain't," Dirk contributed.

But as though to discount this pious ambition came a call from behind the closed door.

"Anthony dear, Anthony! Will you ring the bell for Jane, please?"

"The bell is at your elbow," said Anthony. "It is for you to decide, sir, whether it should be rung."

Harrison Smith tugged at the bell pull viciously.

"And Anthony dear, will you bring me my motoring bonnet?"

Anthony pointed at the motoring bonnet lying on the table next to the rose basket wherein, hidden by the stalks and leaves, was the morocco letter case.

"Take the damn thing in yourself," said Harrison Smith.

It was Dirk who moved forward suspiciously as Barraclough picked up the bonnet and moved toward the bedroom. Harrison Smith waved him back.

"There's no other door. Keep a watch on the window," he ordered.

Anthony entered unmolested and at precisely that moment Bolt came in from the garden.

The united forces did not waste time in greetings.

"We've got him!" said Harrison Smith. "He's in there with his mother."

This was evident enough, for the sound of their voices was audible, Mrs. Barraclough's high-pitched tones crying out "Don't sit on the bed, dear! It creases the quilt."

"Better look out," Bolt warned. "He's as slippery as an eel."

"Trust me; we're just waiting to get rid of the old woman, and then ——"

The other door opened and Jane scampered in, crying "Did'ee ring, marm, did-'ee ring?"

"Put that basket of roses in the car, Jane," Mrs. Barraclough replied, and as Jane turned to obey, from the garden in rushed Flora and Conybeare, calling on their mistress to hasten.

"Mrs. Brassbound, Mrs. Brassbound," cried Flora. "There's not a moment to lose"

"Terrible bad she is, and cryin' out for 'ee, ma'am."

In the midst of this confusion appeared a veiled and cloaked figure, apparently belonging to Mrs. Barraclough, who nervously flapped hands and hastened, surrounded by a babbling mob of servitors, toward the nearest window.

It did not occur to Barraclough's enemies to offer any resistance to this general exodus; their attention was absorbed by the bedroom door, which had shut with a snap and the click of a key. They waited just long enough for the party of cackling females to get out of the room and down the path, then rushed at the door with foot and shoulder. It stood up longer than might have been expected, but Bolt's weight was more than ordinary woodwork could withstand. The lock burst, the beadings split and it fell inward with a crash.

Standing by the window waving a knotted handkerchief to a disappearing car was Mrs. Barraclough. She scarcely wasted a glance upon the intruders.

"Damnation! Done!" roared Harrison Smith as the truth dawned upon him.

In a solid block they swung round, to find themselves staring down the black barrel of a service revolver held dead rigid in the hands of Jane. "Hands above your heads, please," she insisted.

"And if you'll first wait till dear Anthony turns the bend of the lane," cooed Mrs. Barraclough, "I'll go through their pockets

(Continued on Page 65)

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THE NEW CARE OF THE HAIR

Why the Weekly Shampoo Has Joined the Daily Shave as an American Institution – By R. L. Watkins

THROUGHOUT the country, more and more men are finding that the appearance and healthy condition of the hair depend upon just one thing—the care you give it. You simply can't neglect your hair—and keep it. For, if the scalp is allowed to become hard and dry, if dandruff is allowed to accumulate, falling hair and baldness are almost sure to result.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which keeps the hair and scalp healthy; besides, it brings out the real life and lustre and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Effect of Proper Shampooing

WHEN your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, life-like, bright and fresh looking.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it in good condition, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soap. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why more and more men are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

To be well groomed you must have well-kept hair.

If you want to see how well you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

First, wet the hair and scalp in good warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, applying it as before. Again rinse the hair thoroughly, in at least two changes of good warm water, followed by a rinsing in cold water. Finish by rubbing briskly with a towel until it is dry.

Thousands of men now make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing keeps the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright and fresh looking, and gives it the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

The New Shampoo for Women

WOMEN, too, are everywhere turning to the new method on account of the unusually gratifying results.

Shampooing, by the new method, takes no longer than shaving.

Through the use of Mulsified they are learning that having beautiful hair is not mere luck but is simply a matter of care. Any woman may have beautiful hair if she cares for it properly—and careful shampooing with Mulsified is always the important thing.

Mulsified shampooing brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color of the hair—and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

The method of use is the same as that described for men, except that much more care must be taken in rinsing the hair.

After the dirt, dust and foreign matter have been loosened by the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, the next step should always be a very careful rinsing—using only clear, fresh, warm water.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water; and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Thorough Rinsing is Important

AFTER the second or third washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

Nothing is so exhilarating after exercise as a shampoo with your shower.

Keep in mind you simply cannot rinse the hair too much or too thoroughly after shampooing.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo Regularly

GET your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once a week. A boy's hair being short, it takes but a few minutes.

Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes just a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will teach your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life. For a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

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Exhilarating

Makes a woman's hair beautiful

Makes a child's hair healthy and luxuriant

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

(Continued from Page 62)

and take away any nasty things I may find there. You put the roses in the car, Jane?"

"He's got it all right," came the answer.

"Dear roses," said Mrs. Barraclough sentimentally.

XXVIII

APAREL is not beaten into shape by force, but by recurrent blows, light and accurate; and by the same cumulative process Van Diest and his colleagues sought to shape the will of Richard Frencham Altar to their intention.

The fact that their effort had so far failed in no way discouraged the belief that eventually it would succeed. There was no doubt in their minds but that in time he would be brought to speak, but Cranbourne's unexpected disclosure that the opposition knew of their captive's whereabouts robbed them of their most valuable asset. Time, so to speak, was no longer to be relied upon, and they were compelled to resort to a more expeditious method.

True, it would be easy to remove the captive elsewhere, but easy matters are apt to go wrong on performance. A clew might be provided where at present no clew existed. If Torrington brought a charge it would be based on hypothetical evidence, and come to nothing. On the other hand, unpleasant suspicions would certainly be aroused, and neither Van Diest nor Hipps greatly desired to attract the attentions of the police.

If Barraclough could be persuaded to disclose the secret all would be well. He would be generously rewarded not only for his confidence but also for a guaranty to disclose none of the privations to which he had been subjected. The affair would end in an atmosphere of sweet accord. Torrington's crowd would be knocked out of business and a spirit of peace and harmony would descend like a benison upon the hard-working trio.

Could any solution be more satisfactory? But there was a fly in the ointment. Barraclough's resolution strengthened with adversity, he kept his tongue behind locked teeth and said precisely nothing.

At nine o'clock that night the Dutchman's big car delivered him and Ezra Hipps at Laurence's abode and Laurence himself came out to meet them.

"Well?" said Hipps.

But Laurence shook his head.

"Nothing doing at present."

"Has he had any food?"

"Not to-day. He's weak enough in all conscience."

"Sleep?"

"Very little. He dropped off two or three times and I got the chaps to spray him with cold water. That kept him lively. Blayney and Parker are sleeping in the room now and taking shifts to watch him at night. Awfully sorry, you two, but I've done my best."

"I'll get right up," said Ezra P. Hipps. "Say, Aurole'll be along presently. Tell her to stand by. Possibly she may come in useful."

He marched heavily up the stairs and entered Richard's room.

Blayney was on duty, sprawling watchful on a camp bed, his elbows propped on a kit bag.

"Get out, you," said Hipps, and the man obeyed. Then he turned to Richard.

The last few days had wrought a desperate change in his looks. Caverns had sunk in his cheeks and his eyes were ringed with black. That he stood in earnest need of a shave heightened the pallor of brow and temples.

He was seated, cramped rather, in an upright chair, with chin down. His left hand beat a tattoo on the table top and he sucked the thumb of his right hand like a badly trained child at a make-believe meal.

"Taste good?" asked Hipps. "If I'd known you'd a fancy that way I'd have brought along a soother."

Richard removed his thumb and said "Go to hell!" very distinctly.

Hipps walked a few paces toward him and remarked, "Still pretty fresh, I see."

"Leaking badly, but still afloat," came the reply.

"Durn me! but you're a sound citizen, bud. I respect sand but I despise a fool."

"All right you do," mumbled Richard sleepily.

"Pretty tired?"

"Not sufficiently wide awake to listen to your talk, damn you!"

Hipps smiled nastily.

"Maybe not, but this is a case of having to. Say! ever been in one of those big machine shops and seen a giant flywheel swizzling round at three hundred revs a minute? Guess you wouldn't be gink enough to put out a hand and try to stop it. Never saw any machine yet that develops more power than I can."

Richard shrugged a shoulder; it was too great an effort to shrug both of them.

"And I guess you ain't going to stop the flywheel of my destiny."

"You've had a sample," he replied with a touch of spirit.

Hipps came a step closer and hooked his foot round a leg of Richard's chair.

"Know anything about the third degree?" he demanded.

"What you've shown me."

Richard's voice sounded far away and disinterested.

"Show you some more. Stand up! Stand up! I can't bear a drowsy man." And he kicked the chair half across the room. "Don't hang onto that table—stand on your legs!"

And grasping Richard by his shirt front he forced him into an upright position and held him there. His voice hardened and rasped like a cross-cut file as question after question boomed out with the relentless quality of minute guns.

"A year ago you went traveling."

"You say so." The replies were barely audible.

"During that time you tumbled on your find."

"If I did, I did."

"When was it you struck?"

"That's my affair."

"I've made it mine. When was it you struck?"

"During the six months," said Richard with a twinkle of dying humor.

"That answer won't do."

"Only one you'll get."

"I'm pretty close behind you, Anthony Barraclough."

Again the twinkle came and went as Richard gave answer.

"Still behind?"

"Anthony Barraclough, I've a complete list of the places you visited."

"Been buying a pocket atlas?"

"The actual places."

"Fine!"

"And I could hazard a guess where the locality is. Like me to try?"

"If it amuses you any."

Hipps' voice rose and filled the room, reverberant as thunder.

"Pr'aps it isn't so far away, after all."

And out of the wreckage of his resources Richard Frencham Altar brought up his big guns for a final effort at counter battery.

"Pr'aps it isn't, pr'aps it is," he cried. "Why, you blasted fool, you'll get nothing from me—nothing. If you know so damn much, go and find the place yourself."

Ezra Hipps seized him by the shoulders and flung him back against the wall.

"We mean to find out."

"Not from me—not from me," Richard repeated, but the power which had upheld him was dwindling fast.

He knew, knew beyond question that in a few more moments the truth would be shaken out of him unless he could devise some means of slackening the strain. And then he had an inspiration.

"You fool! You fool!" he cried. "Can't you see what you've done, you and your idiot crew? As you've driven health from my body so, by your blasted privations, you've driven memory from my head."

He tottered drunkenly toward a chair and sat down all of a heap.

"What's that?" demanded Hipps with real alarm.

"I can't remember"—Richard laughed hysterically—"I can't remember what you want to know." And his head fell forward into his hands.

For nearly a minute Hipps looked at him in silence and his face was very white indeed. Then with the breath escaping between his teeth he turned away.

It was sheer lunacy on the part of Richard to peep through his fingers to judge the effect of his words, for it is an established truth that the nerves of a man's back are sensitive to another's gaze.

Ezra Hipps swung round so quickly that Richard failed to cover his face in time. The mischief was done.

"Very clever," said the American, and laughed. "Very clever, and I nearly bought it, but not quite." He seized Richard's wrist and twisted it downward.

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"A word of advice against the future, Mr. Barraclough. Next time you're working a crumple-up don't let the chap you're pulling it on see you looking at it between your fingers." He strolled up to the door whistling pensively, and halted with his hand on the latch. "I'm doubting if you're going to be a whole lot of use to us, for you're a tough case. When it comes up at committee my thumb points down."

He went out and the bolt shot home behind him.

For a long while Richard rocked in his chair, muttering. He felt very lonely and his throat ached, his head ached—he ached all over. A childish desire to snivel possessed him and could not be subdued. If only there had been a shoulder, some sweet, kind, soft shoulder to soak up the tired angry tears that fell and fell. A kindly shoulder, a gentle voice to drive away the horror of these nightmare days. Was all sweetness gone out of the world? Was the world no more than four square walls peopled with devils who asked and asked and asked? Was there nothing but greed of money, hatred, want and damnable persecution?

A voice within cried aloud "Why suffer it all? Why bear the brunt of other men's adventure?" Five thousand pounds? Was it a fair price for breaking one's body against rocks, for shattering one's soul against man unkind?

Wild, uncontrollable resentment seized him and in its wave tossed him against the door of his prison, battering at the panels with bare fists and shrieking aloud in a voice he could not recognize as his own.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! You've made a mistake. I'm not Bar'clough, nev' met him. Richard Frencham Altar I am—father shot himself—Torrington paying me five thousand—keep it up for three weeks—but you've made the course too stiff. I can't stay the distance. I can't stay the distance."

His knees gave way beneath him and he fell to the floor, beating the boards and blubbering like a schoolboy.

But there came no answer from the hollow, empty house, and presently the paroxysm passed and he looked up slowly, seeing, as it were, a vision of himself false to every tradition of manhood he had held most dear.

'Coward!" he said. "Rotten, blasted coward! Three weeks, and this is the last day." He looked at his watch. "Only another hour and then I'm free to speak. Stick it for another hour. Stick it for another hour."

And the very saying of the words seemed to increase his stature, swell his chest, revitalize his manhood.

When a moment later the door opened and Van Diest chanting his perpetual hymn came quietly into the room he found Richard rocking on his heels beside a chair, beating time to the music with a shaking forefinger, while from his parched lips he emitted a pathetic pretense at whistling the same tune.

"'Sbad," muttered Hugo van Diest. "'Sbad business. Must tink all the time and be worried by dese things. For God's sake you don't fidget. You tink all the suffering was wit you, but it was inside of me where the pain live."

"Ha, ha!" said Richard.

"Discomfort is nutting. I haf before me the prospec' to be beat. It wass the torture to be beat. You know that."

"Not yet."

"Mus' be taught."

"Ha, ha!" said Richard again, and banged the dish cover against the table implements of a foodless tray that had marked the hour of a mealtime.

"Don't fidget!" roared Van Diest, emitting a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"Don't smoke!" Richard countered in the same tone.

"I shmoke on purpose."

"And I fidget on purpose."

With a sweep of the hand he sent the tray crashing to the floor.

"Ach! Ach! Ach!" cried Van Diest, and was almost choked with a violent attack of coughing.

"I make you to speak! I make you to speak! What if I burn you with my cigar? What if I ——" He stopped abruptly and dropped his voice almost to a whine. "You don't know how goot I make myself to you. I wass a very kind man. At my home I keep the birds."

"Poor darlings," said Richard.

"The canaries; and you look what I haf here. A portrait of my little granddaughter Sibelle. She sit on my knee the Sunday afternoon and listen to the tale of Hänsel and Gretel.

"She call me grandparkins."

Richard swept the photograph aside with the back of his hand.

"I'm not sitting on anyone's knee, grandparkins," he said.

A bright purple ran over Van Diest's features in blotches and streaks. He rose to his feet and held out a quivering forefinger.

"You pay very heavy to make fun of my heart, Mr. Barraclough. If you haf any senses at all you know that all mens wass the two mens—the home man and the business man—and the one hass nothing to do with the udter."

"Leave it at that," said Richard. "I'm not feeling altogether at home just now."

"That wass your last word?"

"My last word."

"So!" said Van Diest. "So!" His eyebrows went up and down and he seemed lost in thought for a moment. Finally: "You go into the bedroom now, please."

He gave the order slowly and to Richard's hypersensitive ears it held a threat of real and imminent danger. It sounded as the burial service must sound to a man who stands upon a trap with a knotted cord around his throat.

"No!" said Richard. "No!"

"The bedroom."

"No!"

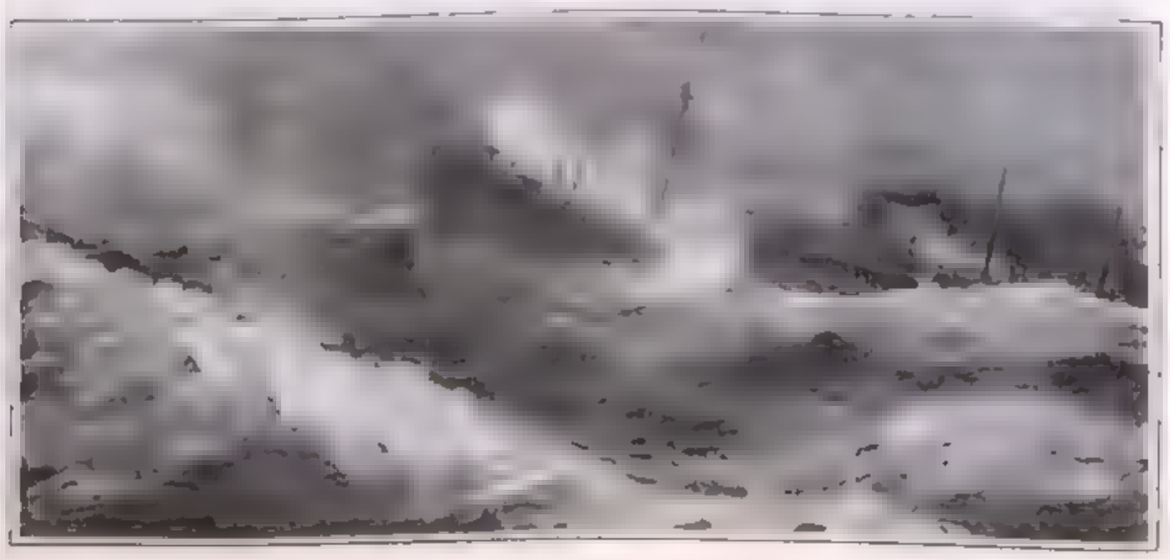
An impasse. They stood looking at each other like duelists trying to read intention in each other's eyes.

Hugo van Diest made the mistake of his life when he abandoned mental force for violence. The hand he raised to strike Richard across the face never reached its mark; instead he felt himself go tottering backward across the room. There was not much force in the blow Richard struck, but the science was good and he put his weight into it. Van Diest took it on the point, and as he measured his length on the floor he saw Richard make a dash for the door, which had remained unlocked during the interview.

Ezra P. Hipps caught him on the landing outside and put on a jiujitsu arm lock which closed the argument and sent Richard staggering toward his bedroom, beaten, it is true, but, absurdly enough, triumphant.

"Listen, you," he gasped, his back against the panel. "You think I can be made to speak—you're wrong. You think I can be tortured and beaten and bullied into giving up the secret. You're wrong—wrong! There's something inside of me that'll lick you, lick you hollow. Do your damnedest, my lads, my breaking point is outside your reach." And as a Parthian arrow he said "Blast you!" and banged the door.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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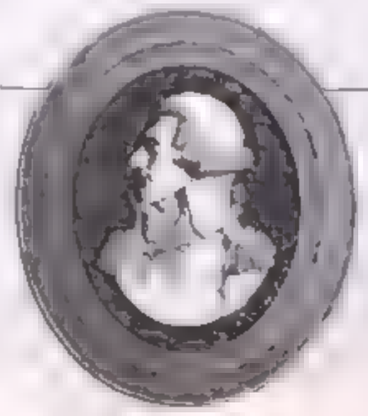

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RELATIVITY

(Continued from Page 11)

Whitney grinned again, observing a sympathetic amusement on the other faces. Kip had never bent his neck to the stupid tyranny of clocks. He could come in at three in the morning and be fresh as a buttercup next day.

"Well, I'm healthy all right," he conceded.

For once he earned an applauding chuckle. The idea of his being rich or clever was comic, of course.

"We've been talking things over, Whit." George Kenyon spoke quietly. "Kip's home to stay now, and he'll want a job. Didn't I hear of an opening over at the plant?"

Whitney's eyes went wide and shut quickly. He hadn't thought of that at all. His mind moved at an unfamiliar speed. If Kip came to the plant things would be different there—more different than they'd be at home. As matters stood, nobody down there particularly noticed his defects; he was just an unobserved plodder. But he'd learned that whenever people considered him as Kip Kenyon's brother his qualities acquired a sharp relief. With Kip on hand to serve as a gauge of comparison, Whitney would inevitably look slower and duller than he did now. It was even possible that there would be no annual raise for him this year.

"Why, yes—there's an opening in the city sales," he said slowly. "It—it's a good chance, too, I guess."

Kip stretched his arms.

"I'll go down in the morning and write my name on it." He sat up. "Look here, everybody—I know how many kinds of a fool I've been. I want it on record that I'm through. From now on my nose goes against the grindstone. I'm a reformed character."

Whitney saw his father's face find a contented pride. Aunt Ella nodded approvingly and said something about bygones.

"You'll be able to help Whitney along too," she added. "It'll be splendid for him. You'll be running that business in a few years, Kip."

This seemed wholly probable to Whitney, although Kip shook a deprecatory head in contradiction. Kip wouldn't stay in a rut anyway. He'd make them sit up and notice him instead of avoiding attention as Whitney did.

"Well, 'night," he said, turning. Aunt Ella stopped him.

"I moved your things back to your old room, Whitney. Of course, now that Kip's home again —"

"All right." He reproached himself, as he climbed the stairs, for a mild annoyance. Kip's room adjoined the bath and had three windows; the chamber which would again be Whitney's was at the back, where the steam heat didn't arrive till noon. And he had bought the new furniture himself, too—the box springs and the chiffonier which held the shaving glass so conveniently, the deep chair and the reading lamp. He felt pretty sure that these items were not among the things of which Aunt Ella spoke. They were not.

A brief inventory revealed other omissions—the thick, fuzzy dressing gown, the military brushes, the treed shoes—he had thought that he recognized these on Kip's feet above the gas grate. He lowered his weight to the sagging, lumpy bed. This was a fine way in which to contemplate Kip's home-coming! Kicking about a few trifles as if they mattered! What difference did it make? He could get another suit——

Was there any use of that now? He considered the point gravely. The clothes he was wearing were perfectly suitable. He really didn't need new ones; and there wasn't any sense in trying to imitate Kip, now that Kip was present in the flesh to emphasize the contrast. Laura— but Laura wouldn't notice Whitney now. That idea had always been ridiculous anyway. He abandoned it while he undressed, and he rather despised himself for falling asleep so quickly, with so many things to think of.

Aunt Ella had a chance to mention the suit and the other things before Kip came down in the morning.

"I want you to get yourself another suit, Whitney, and let me pay for it. That one that came yesterday fits Kip beautifully and I burned the things he wore home." She produced the morning paper. "There's a special sale at Wockenheimer's to-day. I should think you could find something there you're easy to fit."

Whitney shook his head.

"I'll get along all right. Kip's welcome to the suit and stuff." He detected an unfamiliar smell. "Bacon to-day?"

"Yes. Kip's so fond of it."

She smiled at the infraction of her own law. Bacon and Sunday had been inseparable for years. Somehow Whitney didn't enjoy the single rasher Della brought him. He waited for Kip to finish, a little nervous over his watch. Kip jollied him about it.

"Bet you've never been late once, Whit."

Whitney was suddenly ashamed of his record. It seemed as if punctuality had acquired a disgraceful aspect; as if he'd been on time at the office merely because he was afraid of old Carlton. He realized that this was true; he was afraid, a little. Carlton had a trick of drawing down his big bristling eyebrows and waiting for a fellow to say something. It wouldn't bother Kip, of course; but Whitney had always found it disconcerting.

He saw George Kenyon stop Kip in the doorway, interpreted the almost furtive gesture between them. Of course Kip couldn't go about with empty pockets. It was right and seemly for his father to slip those bills into his fingers, and yet—Whitney rebuked himself for the ungracious thought. There hadn't been any reason for George Kenyon to give Whitney money not since he'd left high school. And the law practice had never paid any too well, so that even if he had offered it, Whitney would have refused. This was different—a loan, of course, which Kip would pay back soon; nothing to excuse Whitney for frowning.

He listened silently to Kip's flow of speech as they rode downtown. Bufort, it seemed, hadn't changed a bit. Kip spoke amiably about certain landmarks—the funny-colored slate pattern on the Brunlows' roof, the iron stag on the Polson lawn.

"It's a good little burg though. I made my mistake in not sticking to it. Towns like this are just gold mines for a little brains. If I'd stayed here I'd own the place by this time."

Whitney nodded. It was probably true. There wasn't any ground for resenting the tone either. Bufort was just a dull little city.. A fellow like Kip could do what he pleased with it. He admired Kip's ability to contemplate undismayed the coming interview with Carlton. In Kip's place Whitney would have been apprehensive, concerned about his chances, thinking out his phrases. Kip seemingly wasn't even interested.

"Carlton the same old gloom he used to be?"

It was his only sign of curiosity. Whitney shrugged for answer. He didn't even think of Carlton in such disrespectful terms but he felt the accuracy of Kip's epithet. Carlton took things pretty soberly, especially during business hours.

He felt Kip's eye on him as he punched the time clock, suddenly ashamed of the act which had always seemed wholly honorable. Kip wouldn't do that; the salesmen weren't judged by minutes like the office force. He tapped gently at Carlton's door, conscious of Kip's amused attention. Carlton's brows were extraordinarily formidable. Whitney found himself stammering. Kip cut through his awkward speech:

"I guess you've forgotten me, Mr. Carlton. I'm Kip Kenyon. Been away for quite a while."

Whitney saw the brows relax, marveled at the geniality with which Carlton shook hands. Kip was a wonder! He had now no part in the interview; he was only in the way, conscious of the contrast. He muttered something about getting back to his work and escaped, dismissed by an inattentive, sidewise nod. In the corridor he heard an unfamiliar sound and shook his head over the realization that Kip had actually made Carlton laugh—and before noon too!

He discovered that he was disappointed; that he must have been hoping all along that Kip wouldn't get the job. He despised himself hotly. A dog in a manger! He ought to be delighted. He performed his usual trick with his mind, focusing it singly on the uppermost letter in his tray. It was noon before he learned Kip had been hired.

"Live wire, that brother of yours, Kenyon," Carlton nodded. "Going to give him a chance in city sales." He paused, surveying Whitney. "Not much alike, are you?"

Whitney shook his head, with a sickly grin. Already! Somehow he hadn't expected it so soon. He was distinctly aware of a new quality in Carlton's inspection. The eyes below those impressive brows had regarded him heretofore with merely a passive want of interest; he had not mattered either way. Now he felt a certain amusement in them. Carlton was taking notice of his insignificance, comparing him with his brother instead of judging him by the other office workers.

He meditated gloomily over a deliberate lunch in an armchair restaurant, reproaching himself for a mental attitude which had already become habitual. He was sorry Kip had come home. There was no use trying to pretend that he wasn't. And it was contemptible, despicable, to be sorry.

The news, divulged at the dinner table, that Kip had walked straight into a big, lucky sale on his first call only strengthened his mood. Aunt Ella demanded light on the gross commission accruing to Kip from this introductory stroke. Her eye moved to Whitney.

"Sixty dollars! Why, that's almost as much as Whitney gets in two weeks!"

Kip explained that Whitney's income was certain, while such windfalls as this must of necessity be far between; but Whitney caught the old hint of patronage in the tone, and he felt a pricking in the lobes of his ears. It had taken him years to work up to his thirty-five-dollar job. He had sometimes felt a little pride in it as an achievement, and just because Kip had come home it seemed almost a disgrace.

He refused almost sullenly to go up to the Finlays' with Kip. At any rate, Laura wasn't going to see them together, and there wasn't any use in going up there now. He'd better recognize that and make the best of it. He watched Kip light a cigarette. Aunt Ella eagerly denied that she objected when Kip asked her. But Whitney knew better than to take advantage of her consent. Kip leaned against the mantel gracefully while he smoked, and deposited the butt in the asbestos grate—a capital crime under Aunt Ella's penal code.

"I must buy some ash trays in the morning," she remarked. "Kip never could remember not to throw things in the grate." Her glance shifted to Whitney. "You boys are so different—even in little things like that!"

Whitney went up to the back room and lay on the uneasy bed to read. Funny, wasn't it, that even a fault in Kip became a virtue? If he'd even smoked Aunt Ella would have coughed and sputtered. He discovered that his heels were leaving marks on the spread and hastily removed his shoes. He wasn't Kip. It was a scarlet sin in the Kenyon household to make washing—except for Kip, of course.

Kip came in on his way to bed and stopped for a final cigarette. It was clear that he had enjoyed his evening; that he approved of Laura.

"Some queen—for Bufort, Whit!"

He settled Whitney's newest necktie with a faintly self-conscious accuracy, and a smile which Whitney felt was reminiscent lifted the corners of his mouth. Whitney disliked the phrase itself, but the qualification irritated him much more. He listened silently, while Kip repeated his declaration of intent, reproaching himself for a deepening depression. If Kip stayed at home for keeps, as he said he would, things would never be any better for his brother.

"About this suit, Whit I'll get some new rags right away "

Whitney shook his head. He had already reached a decision on the point. He couldn't wear that suit now. It would only make him more absurd than he was.

"You keep it. No use to me now."

Kip needed no persuasion. He inspected the sleeve approvingly.

"All right—fits pretty well, considering Pay you for it when I draw down my commissions."

Whitney nodded. Kip yawned and departed. Whitney swept up a little pile of ashes from the rug before he switched out the lights. No use getting Della down on him.

III

FOUR weeks of it brought him to an audacious decision. It might have taken longer except for the circumstance

(Continued on Page 71)

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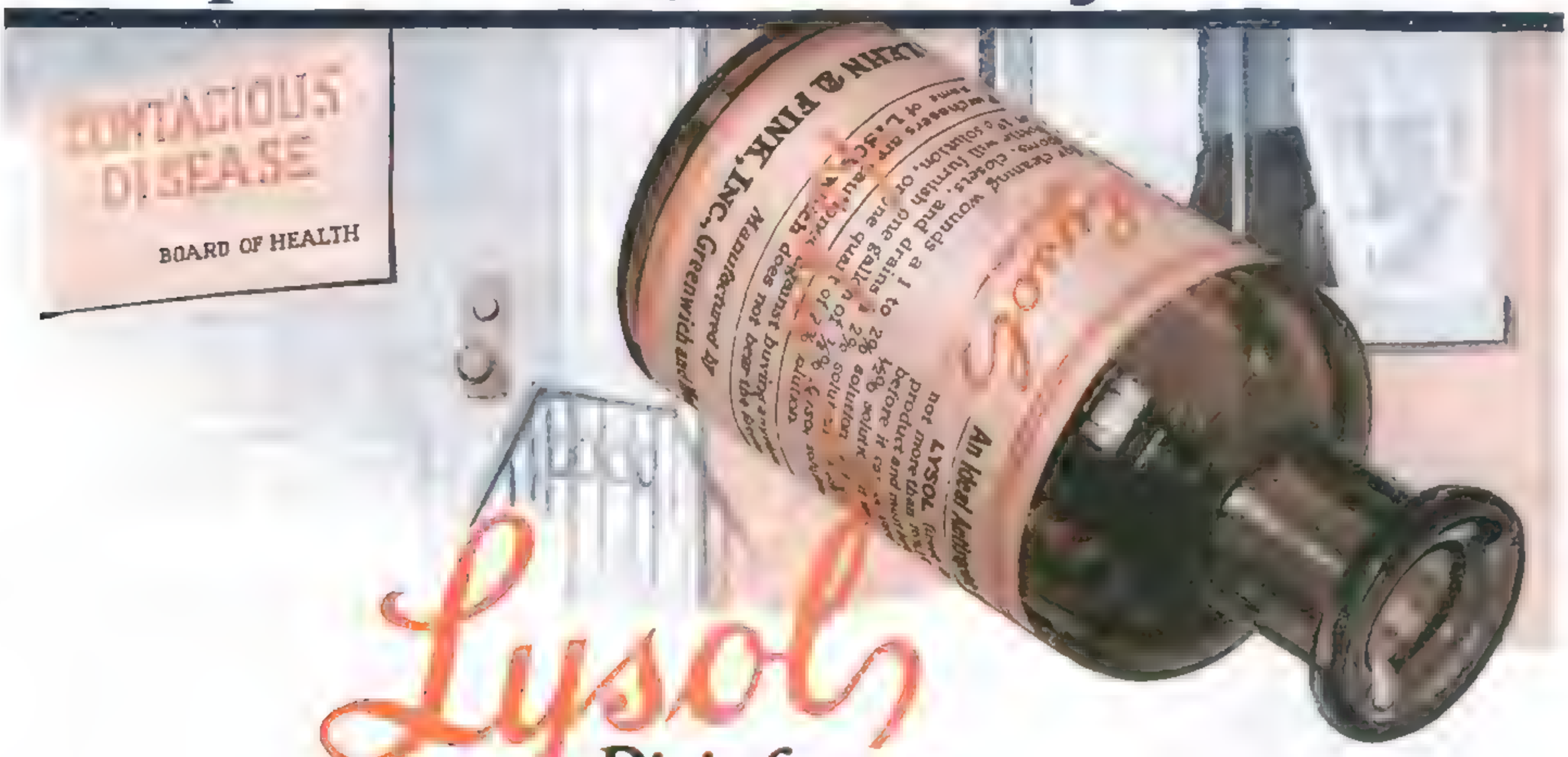

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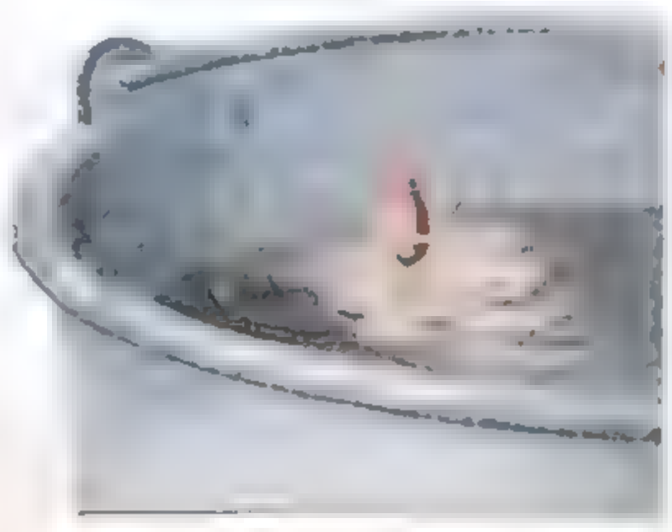

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Continued from Page 68

that his aggravated insignificance gave him more time to think. It wasn't necessary for him to follow the table conversation any more, for instance. He could sit and eat and meditate while Kip held the family attention. His evenings were free, too, now that Laura didn't occupy one or two of every seven. And it became clear to Whitney Kenyon, in this enlarged leisure, that if Kip stayed in Bufort, Whitney had better get out of it.

Not that he disliked Kip. He discovered, indeed, a puzzling fondness for his brother, an attachment strangely intensified by traits and incidents which logically should have displeased him. He actually liked Kip's trick of casual borrowings, invariably forgotten. He found that he enjoyed being called Turt, which Kip explained was short for Turtle. He wondered sometimes why he never resented broken appointments, for which Kip would apologize as if they were mildly clever jokes.

His decision to migrate was solidly founded on the attitude of others, and chiefly on that of Hubert Carlton. Whitney wouldn't have been driven away from home by Della's obvious preference for Kip, for instance. He didn't object very bitterly to the way his father treated him, and Aunt Ella had always oppressed him anyway.

Even Laura Finlay—he remembered now that she had simply tolerated him before Kip's return. He estimated that there were at least six other men whostood higher in her regard than he. Kip hadn't injured his status with her a bit.

But it was different at the office. Business was an exceedingly serious affair to Whitney, in both its broad and personal aspects, and he saw that Kip's homecoming had radically altered his standing with the firm. Before Kip came he had not invited notice of any sort; since then he had felt himself the object of a constant observation, a daily comparison with his brother. Even Miss Capps saw the contrast; Fenton and Blake mentioned it frequently, and delightedly adopted Kip's nickname.

This was important. Whitney felt that he had been sufficiently handicapped at birth, without this additional burden of comparison. He knew that he wasn't clever, and was reconciled to the prospect of living the humdrum, plodding life for which he had patently been constructed. But he saw plainly the difference between his former unspectacular mediocrity and this new advertised and visible inferiority to Kip. He was a joke at the office now. It would be better to get out and begin again, where they wouldn't use his brother as a yardstick by which to measure him.

He realized that this meant leaving Bufort. There wasn't any other local business where his training as a correspondent would serve. Kip was right about the town; it was little and sleepy and slow. Probably that was why Whitney had managed to get on as well as he had. He wouldn't risk the big, hurrying cities, he decided. There were plenty of others like Bufort.

His conscience was at peace about leaving home. Now that Kip was back they'd scarcely know that Whitney had gone. Yes, it was the best thing to do. As long as people could see both the Kenyon boys they'd always laugh at Whitney and admire Kip.

He kept the idea to himself. There was no hurry. His year wouldn't be up till January, and that would be the best time to quit. Somehow, though, the decision itself provided him with a secret satisfaction. He could look forward to a definite end of the present state of things now. It was queer, though, that he should feel sorry about leaving Kip. As the time he had set approached he discovered a puzzling reluctance at the thought of this.

He was thinking about it when Mr. Garfinkle stopped him on the street before the shop. He felt slightly uneasy under the professional eye, aware of his ready-made overcoat from Wockenheimer's. And Mr. Garfinkle's opening remark confirmed the sense of reproach.

"We ain't got it no more of your business, Mr. Kenyon. You should honestly ought to give a look at the new fall goods we got in."

A minor grievance came to Whitney's recollection. Kip had bought two suits from Garfinkle since his return, and on both he had been manifestly favored in price and quality.

"You get my brother's business," he said. "I guess you don't want mine very much, judging by what you charged me last time."

Mr. Garfinkle's wide smile went flat. He seemed to catch a hasty answer on his tongue.

"Your brother, Mr. Kenyon, is something else again." He swallowed and reconstructed the smile. "You and him—it's a quincidence, Mr. Kenyon, that I should be saying to my cutter only to-day yet how different you should be from him. 'Lipvitz,' I says to him, 'I give you my word I never seen it two brothers what ain't more alike as them two yet.'"

Whitney waa used to it. Everybody seemed to regard the lack of similarity between the Kenyons as a peculiarly sagacious observation of his own. He wasn't even annoyed any more.

"I make you a proposition, Mr. Kenyon. If you ain't satisfied I treated you right on that suit, you pick out any goods in the store and I make you one for"—he hesitated—"for 20 per cent off what I charge your brother."

Whitney wasn't interested. He had definitely abandoned that old folly of trying to imitate Kip. He ended the interview with a noncommittal shrug and grin. But as he went back to the office something puzzled him. Garfinkle was trying to please him; there was no doubt about that. He wanted Whitney's patronage, or he certainly wouldn't have volunteered to give him a preferential discount. And yet he'd talked about the difference between Whitney and Kip—talked a lot about it. Queer. Garfinkle must think Whitney Kenyon would be complimented by emphasis on his unlikeness to Kip! Well, it didn't matter. Before long, now, he'd be out of reach of that sort of talk.

He finished his day's work in his invariable fashion, clearing his mind for action very much as a man clears a desk, excluding his personal concerns until the last letter was initialed and the time-clock bell was chattering its amiable release to the office force. He was mechanically ordering his desk for the night when Kip came in. A purely subconscious impulse moved Whitney's hand to his pocket. Kip's manner and countenance enlightened him instantly.

"How much do you want?"

Somehow these interviews were less trying if he spared Kip the necessity of a preface. He had learned that he liked the affable preliminary conversation decidedly less than the process of lending money itself. Kip grinned.

"Oh, spare me a ten-spot, will you? I'm low this month, and old Bugby won't slip me a nickel over my drawing account."

Whitney took the bills from the scuffed old wallet. Queer how easily Kip did it. He tried to imagine himself as a borrower in this assured, half-condescending key of Kip's. Anybody'd think it was Kip who was granting the favor! He made a microscopic entry on a slip of cardboard; keeping track of his expenditures had long since become instinctive with him. Kip, crumpling the money and stuffing it carelessly into his trousers pocket, observed the action and chuckled.

"That's right—make a note of it, Whit. I'll forget it if you leave it to me." Whitney thought that his brother took a bit of pride in this quality of his. "How much do I owe you, by this time?"

Whitney footed up a column on the card. "A hundred and eighteen, fifty," he announced. He cleared his throat uncomfortably. "I'm not hurrying you, Kip, but I'd like to get it before the first of the year. I—I'll need it then."

He foresaw the need uneasily. A fellow like him couldn't stroll into a strange town and pick up a job the way Kip would do it. He'd have to live on his savings for quite a while, probably, before he found anything. And it wasn't as if Kip couldn't afford to pay up.

His drawing account was bigger than Whitney's pay, and his commissions always exceeded his advances, of course.

Kip frowned.

"Oh, don't worry! I'll fix you up before then all right." But his tone was a shade flat to Whitney's ear.

"Anything wrong, Kip?"

"No, of course not." Kip achieved something like his normal expression. "I was just thinking about an old gloom named Bleeker—some of the birds I have to see in this job are in the wrong business. They ought to be embalmers."

Whitney started. City sales were not in his province, but he couldn't help knowing that Humphrey Bleeker was about the best of the firm's local customers.

"You don't mean there's any trouble there, Kip?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that. I'll sew him up all right. Only he got out of the off-side of bed this morning." Kip grinned. "Well, I got a date. Tell Aunt Ella I had to stay downtown for dinner with a customer, will you, Whit?"

He took his brother's connivance for granted and went out, whistling. Whitney was faintly worried. It might be true, of course; but Kip hadn't said it as if it was. And Bleeker—there'd be a row if anything happened to his relations with the firm. Mr. Carlton had a way of mourning a lot more over one customer lost than he rejoiced over two gained.

He thought he knew what was wrong with Bleeker. That change in the discount on the standard goods—he'd been writing a good many letters explaining it to displeased dealers. Perhaps Kip hadn't managed to make it clear that it really worked out to the dealer's advantage in the long run.

He sacrificed his transfer and walked four blocks up Pearl Street on the chance that Bleeker hadn't gone home on time. He was a little disappointed to find him, suddenly aware of the fact that he was trespassing on tacitly forbidden ground. Correspondents had no authority to deal with city customers. Bleeker regarded him grimly, one arm in his dingy overcoat.

"Kenyon, eh? What's happened to the other one?"

"I just wanted to talk over that discount matter—more in my line than my brother's, you see. Only take a minute."

Bleeker grunted.

"Tell you right now, young fellow, it's got to be a mighty funny story that'll make me forget 8 per cent off my margin on your line."

Whitney was puzzled.

"Funny story?"

"That's what I said. Go ahead and tell yours. I've heard the one about the gas meter and the kid who thought it was a bank. It reminded me that Flaherty hasn't boosted his prices on me."

"I'm no good at stories," said Whitney. "But that discount adjustment—it's to your advantage, Mr. Bleeker. You handle more novelties than staples—goods that have to be pushed, I mean—that don't always sell out clean. We're trying to equalize that by giving you a wider margin on such lines. The old schedule penalized the progressive house in favor of the shellbacks who wouldn't touch a thing but standard goods which practically sell themselves."

Bleeker's grunt was slightly less sardonic. He listened while Whitney quoted other paragraphs from his dictation. In the end he yielded a grudging agreement. They went out together. Bleeker, on the sidewalk, underwent a baffling chemical change of manner. He chuckled reminiscently.

"That was a darned funny yarn your brother pulled on me this morning," he admitted. "You heard it, of course?"

Whitney shook his head. He could never remember stories, somehow, even when he saw their points. Bleeker repeated this one.

"Can't tell it the way he did. He's got the knack. Darn good mixer, isn't he?"

Whitney nodded. He knew what was coming next.

"Not much alike, you two, are you?"

Whitney shrugged. They parted at the transfer corner, and Whitney paid a second fare with a sense of injustice. He really ought to charge that extra nickel to Kip's account. He was late for dinner, of course, and Aunt Ella was fretful about it in spite of his mumbled reference to business.

"It's hard enough to keep house with one irregular man in it," she declared. "I don't expect Kip to be on time for meals, of course; but if you're going to come in when you please too —— If Della leaves I don't know where I'm going to find another girl."

Della entered with Whitney's tardy soup.

"Sorry, Della," he said. "Couldn't help it this time."

She accepted the apology without prejudice. If Kip had said that to her, he thought, she would have revealed all her sacred golden teeth. He ate silently, inattentive to Aunt Ella's monotone, aware of a hint of anxiety in his father's manner and

Continued on Page 73

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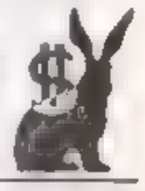

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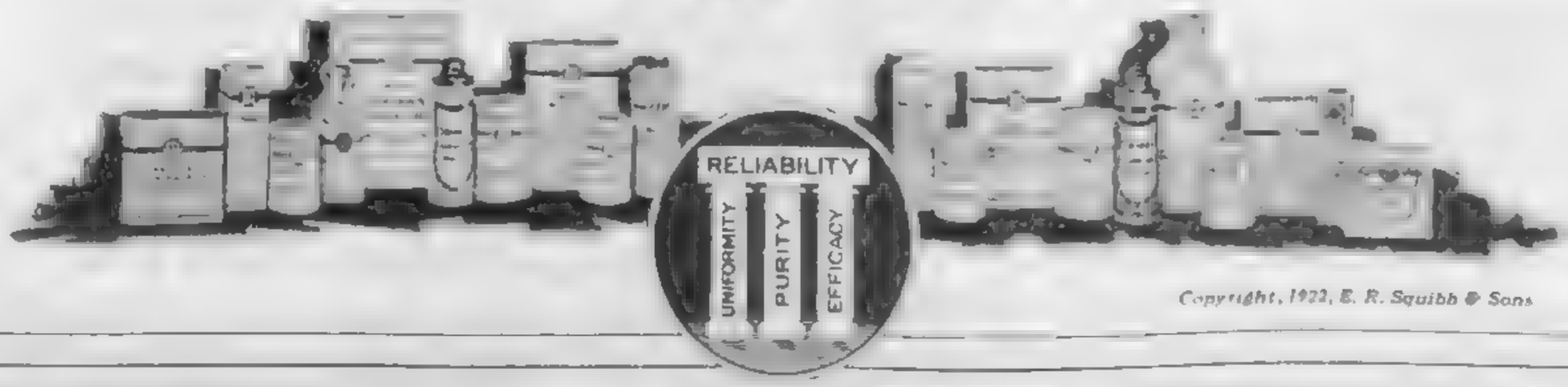

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(Continued from Page 71)

look. George Kenyon stopped him at the foot of the stairs.

"Did Kip happen to say where he'd be, Whit?"

Whitney shook his head. Queer how they all seemed to revolve around Kip. If Whitney had stayed away his father wouldn't have worried a bit, but Kip

"Nothing wrong at the office, is there?"

Again he shook his head. Why should there be? Kip had stayed downtown for meals often enough before now. He was two years older than Whitney—there wasn't any sense in fretting as if Kip were a kid, unable to look out for himself. And yet there was exactly that implication in George Kenyon's tone.

"Kip's all right," said Whitney.

He was surprised to hear a touch of impatience in his voice. He discovered that Kip himself was at the root of the annoyance. It was Kip's fault that they all babied him like this. Probably he was having a party with some other good mixers—good mixers who didn't mind having Kip pay for their food and fun. Kip was easy, for all his smartness, in things like that. He'd spend that borrowed money without getting any value for it, and never realize that he'd made a fool's bargain.

That Bleeker business, too—Kip ought to have known better than to try his funny stories on a man like that. He could have smoothed out that discount matter just as easily as Whitney had done it if he'd used his wits.

He couldn't fix his thoughts on his book to-night. He kept thinking about Kip. He'd have to have a talk with him in the morning—explain that discount thing so that Kip could square the firm with the rest of his trade. Otherwise there'd be trouble with Carlton. Salesmen had to make good every day for that gentleman. Whitney came downstairs, driven by a vague idea of looking for his brother at the Onondaga House or the Seneca Grill. The telephone rang as he hesitated in the hall. He knew the voice instantly, and it hurt him, although he'd had plenty of time to acquire a sensible view of Laura's preferences.

"Oh, Whitney, is Kip there?"

"Downtown somewhere—said he had a customer."

"Isn't that just like him!" Laura laughed, but Whitney distinctly heard an overtone of exasperation. "I suppose he forgot all about taking me over to the settlement house! I might have known that he would. He didn't want to, and when Kip doesn't want to do a thing he can forget it better than anybody else on earth!"

Whitney scowled at the wall. If Kip wasn't careful he'd get Laura down on him. You couldn't treat her the way some girls could be treated. The settlement house in East Bufort meant a three-mile ride in the frowzy Carroll Street trolley, but as long as Laura was going, Kip shouldn't have minded ——

"I'll take you out there, Laura. I'm sorry about Kip, but I guess he felt that he had to ——"

"I'll meet you at the transfer corner," she cut in. "I'm late now."

He found himself discussing Kip with her as the flat-wheeled car clattered east. She wasn't exactly annoyed, he saw. If he himself had defaulted in an engagement she'd have been angry, but toward Kip's shortcoming she showed a sort of amused tolerance, which he tried to encourage. Kip was a fool to risk losing her liking for him, thought Whitney. Laura wasn't like the other girls—girls who were interested in nothing but clothes and food and fun. There was something to Laura.

"He's—he's like that, you know. It doesn't mean anything, Laura. To-morrow he'll be horribly cut up about it."

"He'll say he is," said Laura. "He'll say it so well that he'll almost believe it." She laughed. "But by to-morrow there won't be any chance of his having to spend a couple of hours at the settlement house, you see. That's Kip, Whitney."

He protested, inwardly convinced that Laura was right. He'd have to talk to Kip about this too. No matter how much Laura liked him, she wouldn't stand this sort of thing very long.

He rather enjoyed his evening. There was a joyously rough basket-ball game to be refereed while he waited for Laura to finish her dancing lesson, and the ride home wasn't bad either. He talked about Kip mainly.

"Let's go to a movie some evening soon," said Laura as they hesitated on her doorstep. "We haven't been for ever so long, have we?"

"Like to," he said. "To-morrow?"

"Fine!" She shook hands. "Thanks for taking me to-night, Whit. I hate to go out there alone."

"Enjoyed it." He paused. "Don't be hard on Kip, Laura. He's just a kid, some ways."

She laughed.

"I won't. It's funny, Whit—you said that as if you weren't younger than he is"

"Did I?" He reflected. "Guess I'm older maybe. Feel that way sometimes anyway. 'Night."

On the way home he definitely gave up the idea of going away from Bufort. Somebody'd better be on hand to look after Kip. Funny that Laura should have said that—he examined his attitude toward his brother, puzzled to discover that she was right. He did feel older than Kip—and wiser.

He laughed at the pretension as he went to bed. Wiser than Kip!

IV

AUNT ELLA coughed delicately, with an unmistakable effect of intention.

"I do think you might be more considerate, Kip. You know that smoke simply suffocates me." She repeated the cough by way of illustration. "Whitney never smokes in the house," she added. "It's really amazing how much work it makes for me and Della."

Kip sighed and flipped the lighted cigarette into the asbestos grate.

"Oh, dear! I've asked you so often to use the ash trays, Kip! I have to clean the grate myself—Della grumbles if I ask her ——"

George Kenyon looked over his paper.

"It does seem pretty thoughtless, Kip. Your aunt's reminded you enough ——"

"Oh, all right—all right!"

Kip retrieved the cigarette and crushed it in the tray, his manner conveying clearly the conviction that he was yielding to an absurd whim. Whitney was apprehensive; these trivial irritations had a way of leading up to more serious friction; he could see the lines deepening between his father's brows and was relieved when Kip strolled out. Perhaps he'd go up to the Finlays'.

"Kip's so careless," said Aunt Ella. "Della always fusses about his room. He simply can't remember to hang things up, and he spills ashes over everything." She glanced at Whitney. "I wish he'd catch some of your neatness, Whitney. You do keep your room in order beautifully."

George Kenyon made a noncommittal sound behind his paper.

"Might imitate Whitney in a few other things too."

Whitney oiled the uneasy waters. He was becoming rather skillful at this.

"He's just a kid, some ways. Too bad to scold him. First thing you know he'll take it into his head to go away again."

"He's got it there now." The newspaper came down. "Wants to go out to the Coast and get into the film business. Talking to me about it yesterday." He repeated the wordless noise in his throat. "Thinks there's a big future in it for him. H'mph!"

Aunt Ella was interested.

"Perhaps he's right. I keep hearing about people who—who haven't succeeded at anything else and then do very well in the movies. It might be the very thing for Kip. He used to be so good in the Sunday-school cantatas—don't you remember, George? I always thought he'd make a splendid actor."

Whitney braced himself for a vigorous response. His father had always frowned on Kip's bent for the theatric. But he surprised a meditative look in George Kenyon's eyes.

"Something in that, Ella. He always did have a sort of knack for it. And he certainly hasn't any gift for business—that's clear enough."

He frowned. Whitney identified the thought behind that look. There had been something like a fuss over the discovery that Kip had neglected to pay Garfinkle's bill with the money George Kenyon had advanced for that specific purpose. They didn't understand Kip—didn't realize that he was different.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, father. He's pretty young."

"Two years older than you, isn't he?" George Kenyon scowled again. "You're old enough to know that it's a good idea to

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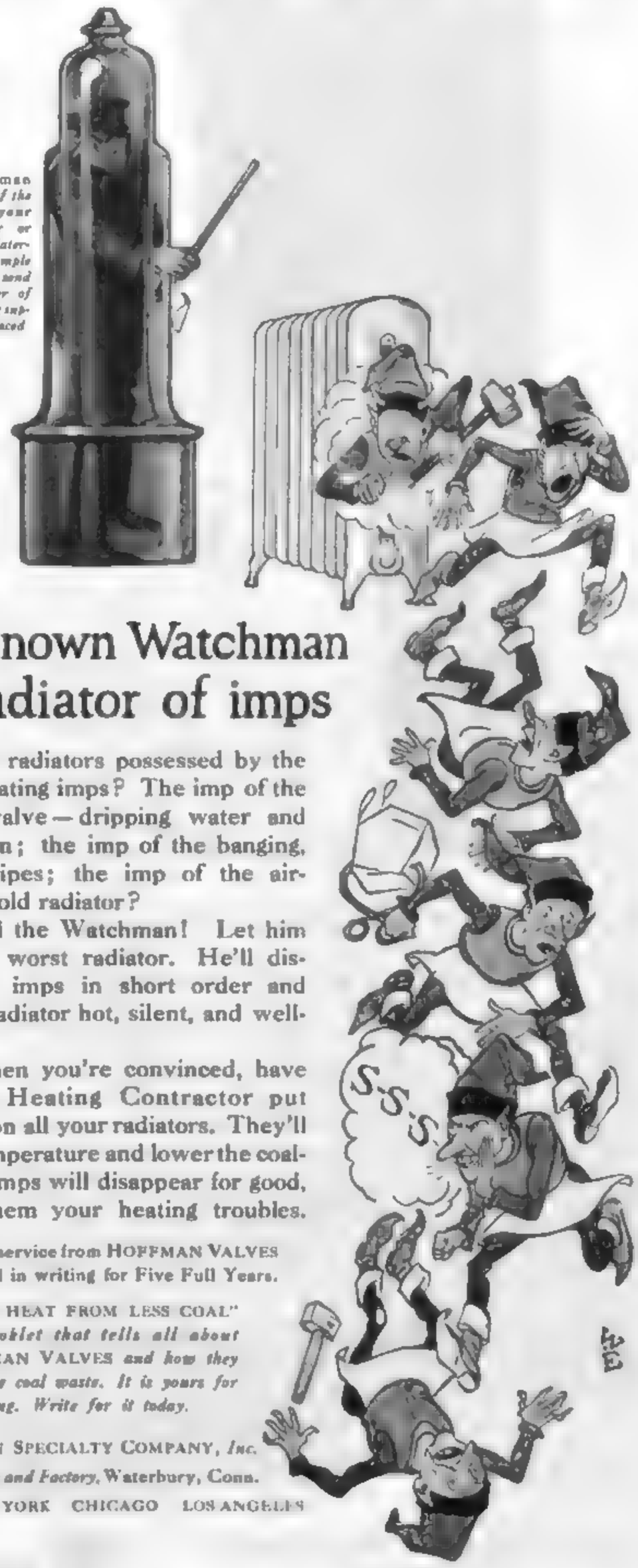

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pay your bills now and then, aren't you? Old enough to have two—three thousand tucked away at interest. When's Kip going to find it out ——"

"That's different."

Whitney was almost annoyed at his father's seeming inability to realize that Kip and he weren't identical. It wasn't fair to keep comparing them this way. Kip couldn't help feeling it; if they didn't stop he'd certainly leave home again. Just because they happened to be brothers was no reason for expecting them to be duplicates There wasn't any more reason for contrasting Kip and Whitney Kenyon than for comparing either of them to Napoleon or Confucius or Jesse James.

George Kenyon grunted and resumed his paper. Aunt Ella's fancy had been fired by the movie project. She discussed it tirelessly till bedtime. By then she was entirely persuaded that an eager success waited for Kip on the rim of the Pacific. Whitney's occasional objection fell on closed ears, and he was troubled to observe that his father saw nothing ridiculous in the idea. If they let Kip see how they felt about it he'd go—he only needed a little encouragement.

He spoke to Laura about it when he saw her again. If she helped he could keep Kip at home, even without the aid of the family. But Laura didn't seem to think so badly of the plan either.

"If I were Kip I'd do it," she declared. "It may not work out, of course; but there's nothing for him here. He—he doesn't fit in in Bufort."

"Why not?" Whitney frowned. "Bufort's about the same as any other small city, isn't it? And people know him here."

"Yes, that's just it. As long as he stays here they're bound to keep comparing him with you. It's silly, but everybody does it. I do myself."

Whitney nodded.

"I know. They're always nagging him at home because he isn't just like me, and at the office too ——"

He stopped, suddenly envisioning the reason why Kip and Mr. Carlton had not been able to agree. If Carlton had judged Kip on his own merits he'd have held his job; he hadn't done badly, as cub salesmen went. They'd never have fussed about his faults if they hadn't thought of him as Whitney Kenyon's brother. He remembered his own interview with Carlton.

"Why, Whitney, that boy hasn't any more respect for business hours than for the Eighteenth Amendment! It doesn't seem possible that he belongs to your family. They tell me you haven't been late once since you came with us!"

There it was—always condemning Kip because he happened to have a brother who was different! Even Laura—he'd counted on her to stand up for Kip! He foresaw that they'd drive Kip out of Bufort with it sooner or later, and the prospect displeased him strangely. He hadn't realized how fond he was of Kip, how he'd hate to have him go away again.

"I thought you—you liked him, Laura."

"I do—lots. But"—she laughed—"see? I can't help it, even when I'm trying not to! I was right on the edge of saying that he wasn't a bit like you!"

They had a few minutes to wait at the station. It was just as well, for Kip had forgotten to buy his ticket and check the new trunk. Whitney attended to both matters, glad of the distraction. He had begun to miss Kip even now. He was afraid Kip had noticed a certain acquiescence at home in their farewells. Aunt Ella, of course, had cried a little when she kissed Kip good-by, but she'd also warned him not to miss the train.

And their father—why, in Kip's place Whitney would have thought they were all glad to see him go!

Well, he wasn't anyway. There was no substratum of relief in his regret. He was sorry all the way down.

"Keep in touch with me, won't you, this time?"

Kip grinned and shrugged.

"I say I will, but will I? I never could get around to writing letters, Whit. But I'll try. You've been mighty decent to me."

"Shucks!" Whitney waved his hand. "I wish you'd stay, Kip. Going to miss you a whole lot."

Kip met his eyes, sobered suddenly.

"I believe you mean it at that! You're all right, Whit!"

They shook hands as the train rumbled close. Whitney insisted on carrying the suitcase to the sleeper step. There was now no time for ordered thought. A quick contact of hands, a cheerful word and the train seemed to snatch Kip and hurry away with him.

As he watched the rear platform dwindle in the darkness which the yard lights barely managed to dilute, Whitney Kenyon had a queer sense that he, too, was shrinking. Suddenly he realized what it meant, understood why the world had changed its mind about him since Kip had come home; why, aside from a moderate affection, he was so sorry that Kip had gone. The idea frightened him at first. Perhaps they'd all change their minds again; perhaps Carlton would take the new job away from him; perhaps Laura ——

He shook his head with a new confidence. Laura wouldn't change. And the others—well, they seemed to matter remarkably little, after all.

Besides, Kip would come back sometime. Another advertisement in that lost-person magazine would bring him home if people forgot too fast.

He braced his shoulders. Just the thought of Kip seemed to arrest that funny shrinking feeling. He laughed softly. Even if the others forgot Kip he wouldn't—and that, after all, was what counted.

Half Dome, Yosemite Valley—Yosemite National Park

KREOLITE

Outlast the Factory

Now Is The Time

To Replace Old Floors While Production Goes On

For the busy man who wants the "boiled down" reasons for Kreolite Floors, here they are—

1. They can be laid over old, worn wood or concrete floors *without* interrupting production.
2. Once down, they settle your floor problems *permanently* because they outlast the factory.
3. They are more economical and give a better working surface for men and machines.

Many manufacturers who were so busy a while back that they neglected their floors are taking the opportunity *now* to fix them and get prepared for maximum production.

Worn floors can be made water-tight and wear-tight with Kreolite Blocks. The tough end-grain of the blocks is laid uppermost. Their grooved construction permits the Kreolite Filler to flow freely between the blocks and bind the entire floor into a solidified unit.

The surface is smooth and comfortable, more sanitary and durable!

Let our Kreolite Factory Floor Engineers study your floor needs and make their recommendations.

All lines of business, such as machine shops, foundries, warehouses, roundhouses, tanneries, paper mills and stables, have solved their flooring problems permanently by using Kreolite Floors

We will be glad to send you our book on Kreolite Floors. Address the Toledo office.

The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio
Branches in All Large Cities

WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

Hydro-Toron TIRES

Guaranteed for 10,000 miles against stone-bruise, rim-cut and blow-out, according to guarantee tag attached to every tire.

Four distinctive points that make Hydro-Toron the *greater* tire: The Internal Hydraulic Expansion process, the wonderful Toron treatment of fabric, the oversize feature, big as cords, and prices less than cord prices.

Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process

The tire is built on a collapsible iron core which is replaced, before vulcanizing, by a heavy fabric bag made to hold water under pressure. When in the vulcanizer, this bag is pumped full of water heated to the proper vulcanizing temperature and the right pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch is applied inside the tire.

No hidden imperfections. The right uniform pressure, from within, results in a smooth, strong, evenly built tire. No part is crushed out of shape—no wires or beads misplaced.

Stone-bruise, rim-cut and blow-out are nearly always caused by concealed faults in the tire. Our method of building enables us to guarantee against them.

Toron (No-Rot) Fabric

Every layer in this tire is Toron fabric—a chemical treatment that waterproofs each fibre of the fabric, increases tensile strength practically one third, increases by 50 per cent the holding power of layers, tread, etc., to each other, and prevents oxidation, rot and decay in all their forms

Toron *preserves* the tire—in service and on the spare rim. It is a new departure in tire building—the result of years of study and investigation by expert chemists, and with our process of building makes possible our unusual guarantee.

Every claim made for the service rendered by Toron fabric is backed by extensive tests made in one of the leading American laboratories.

The Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process

Cord Size—Cord Mileage—at LESS THAN CORD PRICES

DEALERS: If you sell tires, you should write for our attractive proposition. Make MORE MONEY by selling Hydro-Toron tires—big as cords, guaranteed for 10,000 miles against stone-bruise, rim-cut and blow-out—at LESS THAN CORD PRICES.

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HYDRO-UNITED TIRE COMPANY

Western Sales Office and Warehouse: 1051 W. 35th St., Chicago *Executive Offices and Factory: Pottstown, Pa.*

Guaranteed for 10,000 Miles Against Stone-Bruise Rim-Cut, Blow-Out

THE TIDE OF FORTUNE

(Continued from Page 13

"Whuf! Sho is noble! Bes' long sweetnin' us eveh et!"

Feed me now while I still can chew,
Don't postpone it till it's overdue

Boon me wid flowers; but boon me while I still can smell,
Boon me wid pork chops, boon me while I still can eat;
Boon me wid raiment; don't need no heavy clothes in hell,
Boon me wid likker; but boon me while de gin tastes sweet.

After ten minutes' steady dipping he summoned the mascot.

"Goat, come heah an' git yo' drippin's f'm Lady Luck's skillet." He called again, but Lily was engaged in eating eight feet of molasses-soaked waste which she was unwrapping from around a leaking valve stem. "Suit yo'self. Eat m'chinery does you crave it. As fo' me, de long sweetnin' is my pussonal failin'. Whuf!"

With the edge of his appetite dulled by half a gallon of warm molasses, the Wildcat remembered the rudiments of his technical obligation. He walked over to Number Four Tank and peered down into it.

"Kain't see no red mark. Lawd, mebbe de ol' red-paint mark is drownded!" He looked again at the level of the viscous liquid in the tank and cast a glance sidewise at the three filled tanks. "Looks de same as de othehs. Whut dat white man say do? Shut dis off—turn dat one on—fo' down, off—five down, on. Dat's it! Sho is! Us knows dis on-an'-off bizness wid de pipes. Jus' like a steamboat. Huh! Us knows all about dis bizness—all an' den some!"

Serene for the moment in the knowledge that there was mighty little left for him to learn about the tank-filling profession, the Wildcat indulged in a little vocal visiting. He called down into the darkness, "Demmy, you dah?"

"Whah you spec' I is? Who is you, topside?"

"Ise de handler whut runs dese mix-up pipe things dat—"

"Knows whut you is. Ise axin' who is you?"

"Folks calls me Wilcat. Whut dat Demmy name mean, Demmy-john o' Demmy-crat? Dat yo' police name o' yo' votin' name?"

"Whut I goes by. Used to run dinin' car till I strained mahself. Folks called me Demmy Tass, 'count I neveh got mah full growth."

"Whut you mean, strained yo'self?"

"Eatin' so heavy. Had to quit an' git away f'm so close to de grub."

"You ain't fur f'm grub now. Dis long sweetnin's de bes' ration Ise et fo' many a day."

"Wildcat, don't eat dat stuff! Dem 'lasses is half sour now, an' does dey hold 'em one mo' night dey foments so much de flies git staggerin' drunk f'm de smell alone. Leave dat long sweetnin' go 'less you craves de stummick misery."

"Demmy, dey's two kinds—de full misery an' de vacant. Rich folks has de full-stummick misery an' de poor has de otheh kind. How come de flies git so drunk? Is dis stuff got somethin' in it whut keeps it f'm gittin' lonesome?"

"Sho has when she gits ol' an' vig'rous. Dey makes rum f'm 'lasses—folks whut kin wait dat long. Me, I drinks my vigor whilst it's still my size. Drink dis 'lasses afteh it foments long 'nuff an' de fust thing you heah's de judge sayin', 'Six months, an' leave de irons on him.'"

"No judge ain't said nothin' to me fo' de longes' time—don't crave to hear none. Ain't dey a place in dis town whah a boy kin git some tame likker?"

"Sev'al. Is in all towns. Thought you wuz bust, talkin' dat hungry talk all de time."

"I is. Aims to build up though. Craves mos' to git on my way to Memphis, whah ol' Cap'n Jack is waitin'; but a ra'r of likker now an' then might help me beah my cross."

"Who dis Cap'n Jack?"

"He's my white folks. You mus' 'a' heerd 'bout him. Won de wah in de A. E. F. agin' dem German boys."

"Win it single-handed?"

"Single-handed, 'ceptin' us shock troops in de Fust Service Battalion an' Lootenant Hudson an' some white engineer boys."

"Heard 'bout you. You is de troops whut run dem Germans to death—leadin' 'em. You sho covered de groun' when you got goin'."

"Demmy, you talks like dem flyin'-squab boys tellin' de quart'masteh how much groceries a hero needs. But I fo'gits an' fo'gives. Wah is done now, an' us won it. Dat's all."

"Whut you mean, won it?"

"Still got it, ain't we? No likker, no work, no money, no rations an' only clothes enough to hol' de buttons. Dat's hell, ain't it? So is war. If anybody win it, us did. Hope us lose it some day."

"Good times comin'."

"Gone, you means. Demmy, you is headed backwards. Ise lookin' at to-day an' to-morr'."

"Wildcat, dem 'lasses you et is soured you. Yo' nach'ral sweetness is fomented. Betteh git on dat Numbeh Six Tank. Only takes a hour to fill each tank. Wait till us quits to-night, an' I leads you to a place whah you gits fed wid real grub an' mebbe a ra'r of real likker."

"Demmy, you sounds like heaven. Gam'lin' too?"

"Some in case you is 'flicted wid de bone cravin'."

"Whut you think I means—dis heah boy-size gam'lin' wid spinnin' tops whut says grab o' donate? Huh! All right fo' folks whut kain't read, but when us trails Lady Luck us craves action. Don't want no tiddledywinks pesterin' me. Don't want nothin' spinnin' round whilst I drops dead wid anxious heart disease. Bam! Read an' repeat! Fire an' fall back! Dat's me!"

"Wildcat, dem wor'ds goes double! Me an' you, each. De bones speaks de verdict long befo' dem tops quits spinnin' an' stutterin' like dese pledge-signin' boys sayin' yes to a gin-ruckus invite. Boy, to-night I leads you f'm de straight an' narrow to de wide an' pleasant."

"You soun's noble. Preacher say de way of de progressor is hard-surfaced. Us mebbe makes some speed when us gits off dis long lane."

The Wildcat turned to his work. He fumbled around with the feed valve to Number Six Tank, and when the stream of heavy liquid was pitching downward into the black depths of the tank he relaxed his attention to duty long enough to eat another quart of slightly fermented molasses.

The six tanks were connected at the level of the red danger marks by eight-inch overflow pipes which limited the liquid level as long as any one of the tanks was not filled. On a narrow plank running from one of these short connecting pipes to the edge of the operating platform the Wildcat sat for half an hour, dipping down and hoisting his dripping cargo to his wide mouth. After a while, temporarily gorged to flood stage, he slacked up. In two minutes his head was nodding and he was asleep. Twice he rolled dangerously near the point beyond which recovery of his equilibrium was impossible, and then the subconscious miracles ceased and in his sleep he stretched full length along the narrow plank that bridged a gulf almost entirely surrounded by lukewarm molasses.

Meanwhile, a little apart from the sleeping valve tender, Lily and Number Six Tank were filling up the best they knew how without the Wildcat's pussonal supervision.

III

AT SUNDOWN, while the Wildcat slept, Demmy ducked out of the tank house and headed for a loose board in the stockade fence. Stealth marked his movements. He slid through the narrow opening in the fence, and then like an elusive black shadow he prowled down along an eroded gully which led to the back door of a dilapidated house whose companion structures lifted their broken fronts along the staggering boundary of a crooked street. At a door three steps below ground level, opening into the basement of the house, he knocked the two-one-four signal which announced the arrival of one to whom the ritual of admission was old stuff. A moment later the blue calico curtain behind a small glass panel was drawn to one side.

"It's Demmy," the visitor whispered. "Leave me in."

The door opened and the sawed-off brunet dived into the darkness of the basement. He walked ten feet in the darkness,

"Yes, we have standardized on Jenkins Valves"—

"We can depend upon them—and they prove most economical."

That's why so many executives, engineers, architects, and owners use Jenkins Valves throughout a plant or building.

Dependability is assured, because each valve is made, tested and guaranteed for the severest service, not merely the average.

Economy comes from uninterrupted valve service, and the fact that it is unnecessary to carry a large stock of replacement parts, which is the case where many and various makes are used.

Further, Jenkins standardization means: that workmen and operatives are not compelled to remember the actions and peculiarities of a scattered assortment of valves.

Nation-wide distribution, through supply houses everywhere, carries Jenkins Valves and their interchangeable parts to every locality. They are made in brass, iron or steel for all requirements—Jenkins "Diamond" and signature on the body identify the genuine.

Write for data on valves for any service.

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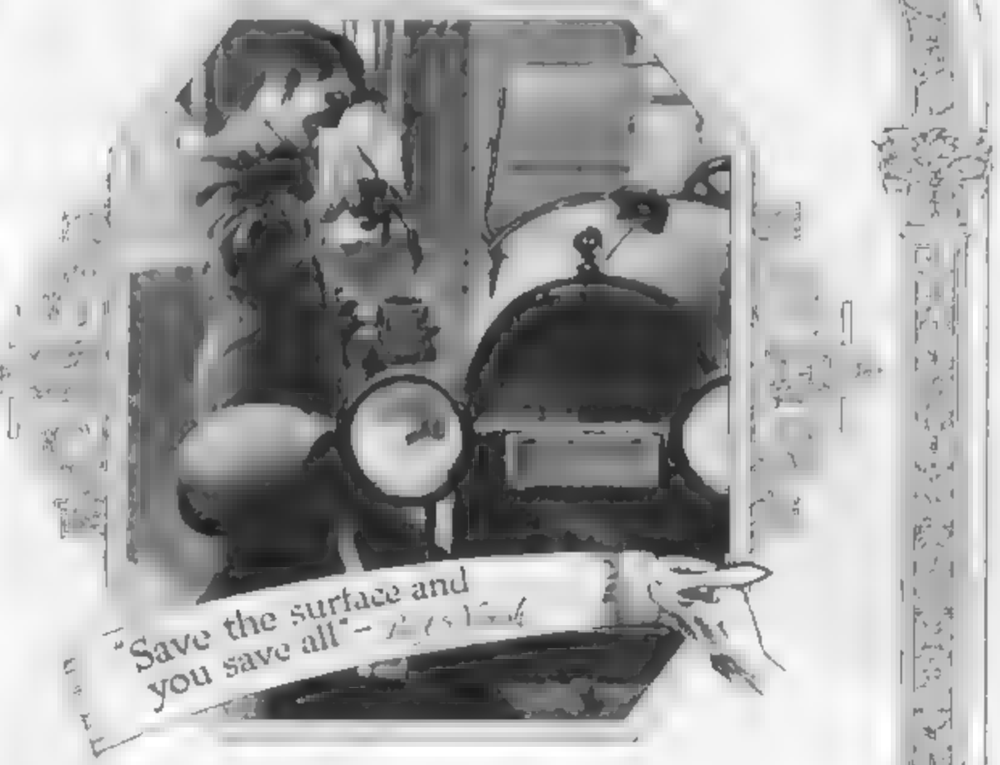
FACTORIES: Bridgeport, Conn., Elizabeth, N. J.

Jenkins Valves

SINCE 1864

Elegant coaches of fifty years ago were finished with Murphy Univernish



Da-cote

— the enamel with a pedigree

When you renew your car at home with Murphy Da-cote, you use a wonderful, smooth-flowing enamel which is the culmination of half a century of making fine varnishes. For over fifty years, wherever beautiful surfaces have been required—on fine pianos, interiors, coaches and automobiles—painters have preferred Murphy Varnish.

Da-cote is the motor car enamel with a pedigree—Murphy Varnish ground with finest pigments.

The remarkable thing about Da-cote is that anyone can use it and get great results. It flows on like cream; brush marks and laps disappearing after each stroke. Dries overnight, leaving a surface brilliant and hard as glass. *And it wears!*

Try it yourself some afternoon. The cost is trifling—about two dollars. Comes in black and white and ten popular colors. Da-cote is fine for baby carriages or anything exposed to hard usage.

Brighten Your Home With Murphy Univernish

Remember how your woodwork used to glisten with sweet newness and how the kitchen smiled when you first laid the linoleum? A few hours with Murphy Univernish will bring it all back, for Univernish is the wonderful "universal" varnish that leaves a professional finish wherever applied. Naturally it won't turn white from soap or water, nor will alkali or ammonia affect it. Comes transparent and in six wood colors. Ask any good dealer.

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canadian Associate

and then two heavy curtains in front of him opened upon a dimly lighted room twenty feet square. The air of the room was soggy with the gases trailing from a score of semifireproof cigars, and under this odor of burning vegetation was the sour scent of alcohol and the acrid tang that pervades packed and perspiring humanity.

The newcomer twisted his way between three groups of players seated around card tables and found the man he sought, beyond this barrier and back of a semicircular green table on whose felt-covered top a pair of active dice galloped around with the latest bulletins from Lady Luck's headquarters. Demmy waited until the bank collected on a delayed seven and then spoke to the banker.

"Sledge, come wid me to de li'l' room a minnit. Us has bizniss."

The banker was quick to obey the summons. He turned the game over to a Friday hand and followed Demmy into a smaller room opening from the main pasture of chance.

"Whut you want?"

"They's a new boy on de top valves." Demmy hesitated long enough for this news to hit the target. "Looks like a quick-learnin' boy, Sledge. Mebbe I better bring him over here to-night an' git him gentle an' wise befo' he 'vestigates roun' an' finds dat inch pipe whut runs f'm de 'lasses tanks to yo' 'stillery room downstairs. Whut you think?"

"You is right, Demmy. Better bring him an' show him de sights. Bring 'em befo' dey comes prowlin' is my motto. Whut kind is dis boy?"

"Memphis nigger. Name Wilecat. Fit in de war, but 'ceptin' fo' dat he seems bright."

"Fetch him heah at nine o'clock."

"Us comes at nine. An', Sledge, mebbe you better have some grub an' a ra'r of de homemade hooch waitin' to say howdy-doo. Boy ain't et lately, an' he gits fren'ly when de rations is donated."

"Rations is comin' up, an' all de likker he kin handle." The moonshining host stripped a bank note from his roll. "Heah, Demmy, lend him dis five-dollah bill so he kin take a bite at de relief c'mittee wid de square teeth. Dat's all right; dem first-aid cubes paya me back. Likely be a big game to-night. Big gang comin'—'nitiation night fo' de Colored Damons, an' dey gin'ally gits heah at ten o'clock fo' de final cer'monies. See you an' dis Wilecat boy at nine o'clock by de roun' almanack. Sez good night till dat time."

Demmy slid out into the big room, and from there into the night, which veiled his journey to the stockade fence. He wriggled through the fence via the loose-board route and walked silently to his post of duty. He entered the tank house in which three incandescents had bloomed during his absence, and then he became aware of a series of strange noises originating above him. The disturbance sounded to his quickened ears like a vocal omelet of groans and bleats and gurgles. He hesitated a moment, and then as quickly as his short legs would carry him he mounted the narrow stairway and explored the length of the operating platform that ranged the open molasses tanks.

On the plank leading from the platform to the connecting pipe between the third and fourth tanks he saw the sleeping Wildcat stretched at full length and undulating to an accompaniment of incoherent mumbling. The Wildcat's mouth was open, and as near as Demmy could make out the mumbler was trying to sing the Umph-Blah chorus to the Madhouse Banquet song. A moment later the muttering victim of lukewarm molasses was half awake and all ashore, sitting up on the platform near the control valves. Demmy relaxed his grip on his companion.

"Wake up, Wilecat! Heah us is! Wake up! You been ridin' a nightmare."

"How come? Whah at is us?"

"Heah you is! Dis is Demmy wid you. You been dreamin'."

"Wuz dat dreamin'? Dream mah mascot goat—was swimmin' in de 'Lasses Riveh—an' went oveh de falls an' —— Whut dat?"

Sharply into the steady gurgling of the flowing molasses came Lily's voice. A single bleat, eloquent with distress, fell on the listener's ears.

"Dat's Lily callin' me! Dat dream wuz true! Leggo, Demmy!"

A moment later the searching pair found the source of the S O S in Tank Six. Riding a submerged soap box which she had carried over the edge of the tank with her in her fall, Lily drifted with the tide, submerged to the gills in the heavy flood of sweet temptation.

"Blaa-a!"

Seeing the Wildcat's dim outline, the drifting mascot voiced an overwhelming vote against bulk molasses.

"Ise comin'! Hang on, goat! Us gits you de nex' time roun'!"

A moment later the drifter came within reach. The Wildcat clutched at Lily's neck, lifted, grabbed the mascot's forelegs and hauled the dripping truant upward to the security of the platform.

"Stan' still! Do yo' drippin' in one place, goat, else us pays back all de woe you's 'posited in de hell bank fo' de las' ten years!"

"Blaa-a! Hee-et!" Lily apologized and sneezed and shook herself, one leg at a time, losing weight meanwhile like a squeezed sponge and veiling her chagrin in a violent wagging of head and tail which the Wildcat interpreted as rank anarchy.

"Shut up dem sass words, goat! Come to 'tention an' stick dere! Drip small befo' I knocks you silo high an' swamp wide!"

Demmy, having retrieved the drifting soap box, interrupted the chastening.

"Lead dat prong-head fly bait down de stairs till us kin run de wateh hose on him." He added some professional advice. "Betteh shut off Numbeh Six an' start fillin' Numbeh One again."

The Wildcat spoke a sharp command to the dripping mascot.

"'Tention! As you is! Let de 'lasses dribble till us gits back!"

He walked to the valve rack and altered the flow of the supply stream as Demmy had advised. Then, followed by his four-legged fly lure, he marched downstairs to where Demmy had the water hose ready and waiting for the bath business.

"Stan' still, goat, till us baptizes you loose f'm dat sweet raiment. You sho' is de disreptile-lookin'ist varmint I eveh seed. Turn roun', drippin' fool, whilst us gives you a mussage an' nannycure wid dis gunny sack."

A little before nine o'clock the beauty treatment was completed, except for a few areas of matted goat hair in whose cryptic environment still oozed enough molasses to create a weather-proof coat. The discouraged Demmy called a halt.

"Goats is nach'ral-born 'cumulators when it comes to 'lasses. Us an' de flies neveh kin git dis mascot unwropped f'm dem 'lasses. Got to grow out an' wear off. Dat takes time. Leave him be, Wilecat. Us is due now fo' a visit to a house down de gully. Dey's a s'prisin' ruckus waitin' fo' us."

Demmy was a better prophet than he knew.

The Wildcat gave Lily some orders:

"At ease! Walk yo' post whilst us sees is de m'chinery runnin' right." He addressed Demmy: "How long will us be gone away, Demmy?"

"Midnight, mebbe. Us comes back ev'y hour an' 'ranges de valves. Got to git back in time to quit at midnight."

The Wildcat went above to the operating platform, and when he returned Demmy handed him the five-dollar bill which the moonshining king of the gambling joint had provided for the new man.

"Heah's a stake fo' you, Wilecat, does you crave to take a ra'r at de cube croquet in de place whah us is gwine."

"Five dollahs! Demmy, how come? Boy, dat sho is de right han' of fr'en'ship. Hot dam! Somethin' tells me dat's a big five. Ise had money an' Ise lost it when de gallopers got backslid, but 'less dis hunch is lyin' dis is my night. Us reaps—reaps big, an' half whut I gits is yo' reward fo' ketchin' dis five spot."

Demmy, wise to the technical perfection of Sledge's establishment, smiled a twisted and skeptical smile at the Wildcat's enthusiastic assurance.

"Spec' us buys a house an' lot befo' you gits done buildin' up f'm dat five-dollah start, Wilecat. Hope so, but mebbe not. Bring dat goat an' le's go."

He led the way through the shadows to the loose board in the stockade fence, and a moment later the trio were marching down the channel of the gully which led to the back door of the theater of action. The two-one-four knock sounded on the door. Five seconds later the door opened narrowly, and then the Wildcat was being introduced to the proprietor of the place. Before the ceremony had been completed a

(Continued on Page 81)

A DRASTIC CUT
KODAK and GRAFLEX Prices

Cameras, particularly Kodaks, were not advanced in price in proportion to other goods during the war. And now there is not merely a nominal reduction—many models are back to pre-war prices.

And yet present prices include the excise war tax.

NEW KODAK PRICES

	1920 Price	1923 Price	Present Price
Vest Pocket Kodaks			
Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak, Single Lens	$ 9.49	$ 8.00	$ 6.50
Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak, R. R. Lens	10.58	9.00	8.00
SPECIAL MODELS			
Fixed Focus, Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 Lens	16.58	15.00	12.00
Focusing Model, with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.9 Lens		21.00	18.00
Autographic Kodaks, Junior			
No. 1 2½ x 3½, Single Lens	$16.67	$15.00	$14.00
No. 1 2½ x 3½, Rapid Rectilinear Lens	19.26	17.00	14.50
No. 1 2½ x 3½, Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 Lens	24.16	22.00	19.00
No. 1A 2½ x 4¼, Single Lens	18.50	16.00	14.00
No. 1A 2½ x 4¼, Rapid Rectilinear Lens	20.96	18.00	15.00
No. 1A 2½ x 4¼, Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 Lens	26.50	23.00	20.00
No. 2C 2½ x 4¼, Single Lens	20.00	18.00	16.00
No. 2C 2½ x 4¼, Rapid Rectilinear Lens	24.11	20.00	18.50
No. 2C 2½ x 4¼, Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 Lens	28.22	25.00	20.00
No. 3A, 3¼ x 5½, Single Lens	21.04	19.00	17.50
No. 3A, 3¼ x 5½, Rapid Rectilinear Lens	24.64	22.00	20.00
No. 3A, 3¼ x 5½, Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 Lens	30.62	27.00	24.00
Autographic Kodaks, "Regular"			
No. 1A, 2½ x 4¼, Rapid Rectilinear Lens	$25.92	$22.50	$19.00
No. 1A, 2½ x 4¼, Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 Lens	30.09	28.00	24.00
No. 3, 3¼ x 4¼, Rapid Rectilinear Lens	24.07	22.00	19.00
No. 3, 3¼ x 4¼, Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 Lens	32.58	28.00	24.00
No. 4A, 4 x 5, Rapid Rectilinear Lens	29.80	27.00	22.50
No. 4A, 4 x 5, Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 Lens	35.44	32.00	27.50
Autographic Kodaks, "Special"			
No. 1A, 2½ x 4¼, Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.3 Lens, Kodamatic Shutter		$ 70.00	$ 60.00
No. 1A, 2½ x 4¼, Optimo or Ilex Shutter	$ 66.87	65.00	56.00
No. 1A B. & L. Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.3 Lens, Kodamatic Shutter		83.00	71.00
No. 1A B. & L. Optimo or Ilex Shutter	84.47	78.00	67.00
No. 1A B. & L. Series IIb, *f*.6.3 Lens, Kodamatic Shutter		91.00	81.00
No. 1A B. & L. Optimo or Ilex Shutter	101.01	86.00	74.00
No. 3, 3¼ x 4¼, Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.3 Lens, Kodamatic Shutter		66.00	55.00
No. 3, 3¼ x 4¼, Optimo or Ilex Shutter	81.49	75.00	67.00
No. 3, with B. & L. Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.3 Lens, Kodamatic Shutter		75.00	70.00
No. 3, with B. & L. Optimo or Ilex Shutter	79.09	70.00	60.00
No. 3, with B. & L. Series IIb, *f*.6.3 Lens, Kodamatic Shutter		86.00	80.00
No. 3, with B. & L. Optimo or Ilex Shutter	95.04	81.00	72.00
No. 3A, 3¼ x 5½, Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.3 Lens, Kodamatic Shutter		79.00	70.00
No. 3A, 3¼ x 5½, Optimo or Ilex Shutter	73.94	74.00	64.00
No. 3A, with B. & L. Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.3 Lens, Kodamatic Shutter		86.00	80.00
No. 3A, with B. & L. Optimo or Ilex Shutter	103.14	93.00	80.00
No. 3A, with B. & L. Series IIb, *f*.6.3 Lens, Kodamatic Shutter		109.50	100.00
No. 3A, with B. & L. Optimo or Ilex Shutter	124.48	104.50	90.00

NEW GRAFLEX PRICES

	1920-21 Prices	Present Prices
No. 1A and 3A Autographic Graflex		
No. 1A Graflex, without lens, 3¼ x 4¼	$104.00	$ 83.00
No. 1A Graflex, with Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f* 4.5, No. 31	114.00	99.00
No. 1A Graflex, with B. & L. Tessar, Series Ic, *f* 6.3, No. 14	133.00	126.00
No. 3A Graflex, without lens, 3¼ x 5½	120.00	100.00
No. 3A Graflex, with Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f*.4.5, No. 33	133.00	114.00
No. 3A Graflex, with B. & L. Tessar, Series Ic, *f* 4.5, No. 15a	145.00	138.00
The Auto Graflex		
Auto Graflex, without lens, one double holder, 3¼ x 4¼	$ 85.00	$ 65.00
Auto Graflex, with Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f* 4.5, No. 30	97.00	81.00
Auto Graflex, with B. & L. Tessar, Series Ic, *f* 4.5, No. 14	111.50	100.00
Auto Graflex, without lens, one double holder, 4 x 5	97.00	77.00
Auto Graflex, with Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f* 4.5, No. 32	113.20	97.00
Auto Graflex, with B. & L. Tessar, Series Ic, *f* 4.5, No. 13	127.00	115.00
Auto Graflex, without lens, one double holder, 5 x 7	116.00	94.00
Auto Graflex, with Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f* 4.5, No. 34	182.13	156.00
Auto Graflex, with B. & L. Tessar, Series Ic, *f* 4.5, No. 16	209.00	176.00
The Auto Graflex, Junior		
Auto Graflex, without lens, one double holder, 2¼ x 3¼	$ 64.00	$ 52.00
Auto Graflex, with Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f* 4.5, No. 29	78.00	65.00
Auto Graflex, with B. & L. Tessar, Series Ic, *f* 4.5, No. 12	109.00	89.00
Revolving Back Graflex, Junior		
R. B. Graflex, Jr., without lens, one double holder, 2¼ x 3¼	$ 88.00	$ 68.00
R. B. Graflex, Jr., with Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f* 4.5, No. 32	97.00	81.00
R. B. Graflex, Jr., with B. & L. Tessar, Series Ic, *f*.4.5, No. 15	148.00	116.00
The Compact Graflex		
Compact Graflex, without lens, one double holder, 3¼ x 5	$130.00	$ 93.00
Compact Graflex, with Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f* 4.5, No.	141.00	115.00
Compact Graflex, with B. & L. Tessar, Series Ic, *f* 4.5, No.	161.00	150.00
Compact Graflex, without lens, one double holder, 5 x 7	146.00	120.00
Compact Graflex, with Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f* 4.5, No.	164.00	135.00
Compact Graflex, with B. & L. Tessar, Series Ic, *f* 4.5, No. 16	224.00	180.00
Revolving Back Telescopic Graflex		
R. B. Tel. Graflex, without lens, one double holder, 3¼ x 4¼	$120.00	$ 96.00
R. B. Tel. Graflex, with Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f* 4.5, No.	161.50	133.00
R. B. Tel. Graflex, with B. & L. Tessar, Series Ic, *f* 4.5, No. 15	190.80	151.00
R. B. Tel. Graflex, without lens, one double holder, 4 x 5	146.00	105.00
R. B. Tel. Graflex, with Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f* 4.5, No.	180.31	141.00
R. B. Tel. Graflex, with B. & L. Tessar, Series Ic, *f* 4.5, No. 16	230.00	180.50
Revolving Back Auto Graflex		
R. B. Auto Graflex, without lens, one double holder, 3¼ x 4¼	$130.00	$108.00
R. B. Auto Graflex, with Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f* 4.5, No. 31	150.11	131.00
R. B. Auto Graflex, with B. & L. Protar, Series VIIa, No. 13	200.00	170.00
R. B. Auto Graflex, without lens, one double holder, 4 x 5	167.00	134.00
R. B. Auto Graflex, with Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f* 4.5, No. 34	218.71	190.00
R. B. Auto Graflex, with B. & L. Protar, Series VIIa, No. 14	258.00	220.00
R. B. Auto Graflex, with B. & L. Tessar, Series Ic, *f*.4.5, No. 17	297.00	241.00
The Press Graflex		
Press Graflex, without lens, one double holder, 5 x 7	$ 97.50	$ 75.00
Press Graflex, with Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f* 4.5, No. 31	128.25	108.00
Press Graflex, with B. & L. Tessar, Series Ic, *f*.4.5, No. 16	287.00	244.50

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Ten Million Dollars Worth of Teeth

THE great stars of the stage and screen whose pictures appear on this page and the many others who have endorsed Chlor-E-Dixo Tooth Paste must preserve the beauty of their teeth if they are to continue to earn the vast sums of money they now receive.

From many parts of the United States the American Druggists Syndicate has received letters from users of Chlor-E-Dixo Tooth Paste that confirm and strengthen every statement made on this page by stars of the stage and screen.

Letter after letter from satisfied users proves conclusively that Chlor-E-Dixo is the tooth paste for an acid mouth that will not harden in the tube, removes film from the teeth, prevents the accumulation of film, soothes the gums and whitens the teeth like peroxide.

PRISCILLA DEAN, popular film star of "Conflict," writes:— I like to use CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste because it never hardens in the tube.

VIOLA DANA, famous Metro star of "The Match-Breaker," writes:— I find that CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste checks the condition known as an acid mouth.

DOROTHY PHILLIPS, famous star of the First National production "Man, Woman, Marriage," writes:— I use CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste because it keeps my teeth pearly white, which is so essential to my profession.

ALICE FERRY, Metro star now appearing in the first Ingraham-Powell production, "The Conquering Power," writes:— I use CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste because it leaves a most refreshing taste in the mouth.

GLADYS WALTON, popular Universal star of "High Heels," writes:— I use CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste because it prevents the accumulation of film and tartar caused by an acid mouth.

CARMEL MYERS, Universal star of "A Daughter of the Law," writes:— I have never found anything equal to CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste as a cleanser and of a mouth antiseptic.

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(Continued from Page 78)

plate of sandwiches appeared from some source and into the Wildcat's free hand was thrust a goblet filled with rum which had been made in the subcellar of the Sledge establishment.

"Circulate round," Sledge invited. "Us hopes you an' Demmy enjoys yo'selves an' makes de place yo' temp'rary stampin' groun'," the host concluded.

"Sledge, sho will! Heah's howdy! Whuf! Noble likker! Noble rations!" Half a sandwich disappeared into the Wildcat's mouth and further talk was abandoned. "Don't aim to let no howdy-doo gabblin' stop me an' dis grub gittin' 'quainted. Col' pork an' good soggy bread! Gran' likker! Keep yo' heaven!"

During the next five minutes all the sandwiches and two more goblets of rum were added to the Wildcat's cargo. He molded his mouth back into place with the back of his hand.

"Demmy, dis a gran' place to be. Dat Sledge man seems real fren'ly."

"Sho is," Demmy agreed. "You crave some mo' likker an' grub, Wilecat? You kin git all you wants."

"Demmy, I sez yes; but at de present minnit dis pussonal stummick Ise 'quipped wid sez no right to my face."

"Leave it rest. De deep-dish banquit commences in a half hour anyway—begins right afteh de unifawm guards gits heah."

"How come, guards?"

"Sons o' Damon. Lodge boys. Dis is de 'nitiation night an dey gives de social degree heah at Sledge's place. Gran' rally. You meets de real folks. Dey's seven can'dates whut gits de 'Steemed Yaller Sash to-night. Lily! Whut dat goat eatin'?"

The mascot, having finished the bread crusts from the last four sandwiches which the Wildcat had eaten, had cast her eyes around in search of casual amusement until, at the level of her nose, crimped between a card-player's leg and the chair seat, she had discovered two idle bits of pasteboard. When Demmy saw her the final fragments of the second ace were being munched into pulp.

Demmy handed out some low-pitched advice.

"Wilecat, 'strain dat goat. Does he eat ev' helpin' card he sees, he likely git into bad trouble. Some man need a extry ace an' find out dat goat et it dey might be blades wavin' befo' you 'splained it."

"Lily, rally 'way back! Goat, one mo' stumble on dis sin road you is travelin' an' you falls hard! Whut you mean, s'questerin' dat card? Stan' heah befo' us knocks you loose f'm de rest o' dem 'lasses."

To his guide the Wildcat made apologies for his mascot's conduct.

"Lily ain't learned no betteh. Started wid a army trainin' an' neveh had a chance to repent an' sin no mo'."

"Dat's all right, Wilecat. Only you betteh keep de eagle eye on dat animal befo' he eats up a card some man needs real bad. 'Muse yo'self till I gits back. Got to see is de ol' 'lasses valves doin' all right. I 'tends de top side fo' you whilst Ise gone. Stay heah an' do yo'self proud."

"Sho will! Lily, come wid me."

He edged toward the crap table behind which Sledge was banking the house bets. At the table he greeted the fringe of ivory hunters.

"Men, howdy."

He fished for his five-dollar bill. Finding it, he broke out with an acute attack of spotted fever.

Impatient, he waited until the orphan cubes yearned for a stepfather.

"Pass me dem limpin' leopards till dey learns who is de spot-changin' lion tamer. Major babies, meet yo' gin'ral! Beef bones, de butcher is whettin' de knife! Sledge, Ise got five dollars an' de hook feels de bait. Shoots de five!"

"Wilecat, you soun's old time. You is faded an' I hopes you win. Unravel yo' luck." The banker, needing the Wildcat's favor in the distillery department, meant what he said. "Roll 'em!"

"Whuf! An' I reads—five-dooce! Jitney an' twins. Lets it ride. Shoots de Ten-o-see. Ise a five-passin' fool an' de money clock sez one. Funeral bones, slow but sure! An' howdy-doo, six-ace. Half a jury an' de ol' judge. Sledge, dat's two, an' dey's three mo' passes nes'lin' in my hand. Shoots de twenty! Fade me an' weigh less!"

"Bank fades you! Pull de trigger!"

"Bam! An' I sees a Dem'crat dozen! 'Leven f'm heaven! Short an' painless, like a wooden leg. Dat's forty an' I lets it sleep. Shoots de forty, wid two passes hatchin' de money eggs."

The smile was fixed on the banker's face, but his reply assumed a brevity from which the honey of courtesy had ceased to drip.

"Roll 'em!"

To his aid the Wildcat summoned the rudiments of an education received at the hands of an uncle whose technical perfection with twin dice had finally resulted in a meeting of the creditors where the expert's remains were viewed by one and all after being marked "Perishable. Rush. Use No Hooks."

"Dixie dice, drip yo' money dew! Green hay, de harves' man is got you! Wham! An' Li'l' Joe leads de quartet. Hot dam! Joe, you 'members who fed you. Re-turn back on fo' wheels. Whuf! Dat's nine an' eight. Dice, git small! I reads five—an' dey sez six—an' ten. Craves double twins. Lady Luck, whah at is you? An' I reads dooce an' dooce! Lady Luck sho got ears. Dat's eighty on de table an' I shoots it all. Fade eighty an' lock de safe! Shoots eighty dollahs!"

Nobody ever made five passes with the house dice.

"Roll 'em!" Sledge sensed a conclusion to the run of luck. "Roll 'em, an' us ships de fragments to yo' next of kin."

"Baby money, nutrify an' grow big! Ice dice, melt an' shower down! Wham! Read de top sides an' you reads—six-ace! Dat's five passes. Drags down. Shoots a hund'ed. Fade me, is you ——"

"Heah's de Damons," Sledge interrupted. "Pos'pone dis a minnit, Wilecat."

The banker was glad of the opportune alibi. He circulated around as long as he could, hoping to sidetrack the Wildcat; but when he returned to the crap table he noted with deep disgust that the victor in the recent session had held his place.

Submerged in the crowd, Sledge saw Demmy, who had returned from his momentary attention to the valves in the molasses tank house. He summoned the sawed-off individual to the little room.

"Demmy, who is dis Wilecat boy?" He whispered his question.

"Sledge, ask me! Neveh seed dat boy befo' noon to-day. Been watchin' him ramble. Right agile wid de clickers."

"You neveh seed him befo' noon? Demmy, 'less he changes you ain't gwine see him much afteh midnight. Bizness is bizness an' fren's is fren's, Demmy, but de way he's travelin' I betteh give him de place an' git me a pay-day job. You brung him heah—betteh git him out. All de 'lasses whut runs into de 'stillery pipe downstairs don't mean nothin' 'longside de way he's robbin' de safe wid whut he calls luck. Luck! Demmy, de way dat six-ace come wid dem taper dice shows me jus' one thing, an' dat's a nigger's neck lonesome fo' a wire-edge blood hook. Git him out soon as you kin, else I sets de iron swingin' twins on his track."

"Sledge, I gits him out. Don' start no blood ruckus whilst de Damons is all rallied roun'. Kain't tell 'bout dem lodge fools. Dat Wilecat might make some lodge sign an' git de whole lodge helpin' him spread mis'ry an' distress. I gits him out quiet—oozes him out befo' he knows whah at is he."

"Git oozin'!"

"I is."

Followed by Sledge, Demmy slipped back into the big room. He edged his way as quickly as he could to the Wildcat's side.

"Boy," he whispered, "lissen to me! Betteh git back to de job. Ol' night rounder come an' find you missin' you ain't got no mo' job dan a fish kin sing."

"Don't crave no job, Demmy. Don't need no job whilst Lady Luck does de work. Don't pester wid me now. I got three things 'cumulated dat's been a long time comin'—luck, money an' de clickers." He faced the audience and voiced his challenge. "Gents an' Damons, rally whilst de Wilecat treads his prowl!" He turned to the crap table. "Bank man, shoots a hund'ed!"

From his seat at the banking center Sledge cast an acid glance at Demmy. Then reluctantly yielding to the obligations imposed by rank he covered the Wildcat's stake.

"Shoot!"

"De second session an' de gallopers is had a recess. Dice, wake up an' git in de collar! Bugle babies, sound de pay call! Wham! An' de lodge folks sees—seven! De cash quartet, wid Faith, Hope an' Charity. I lets it stay seed till de big money sprouts.

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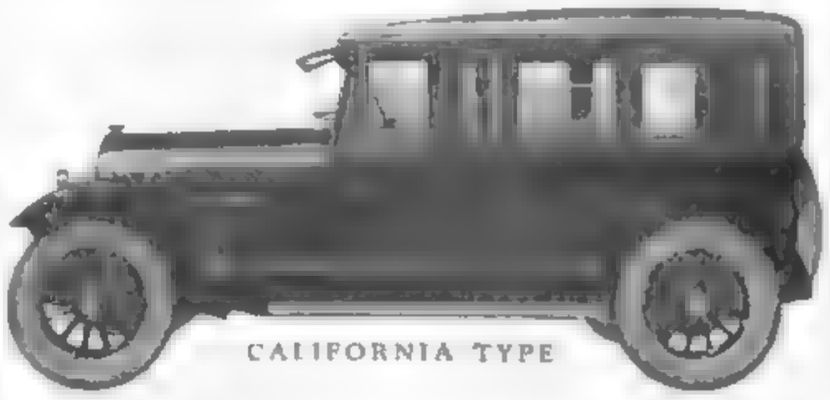

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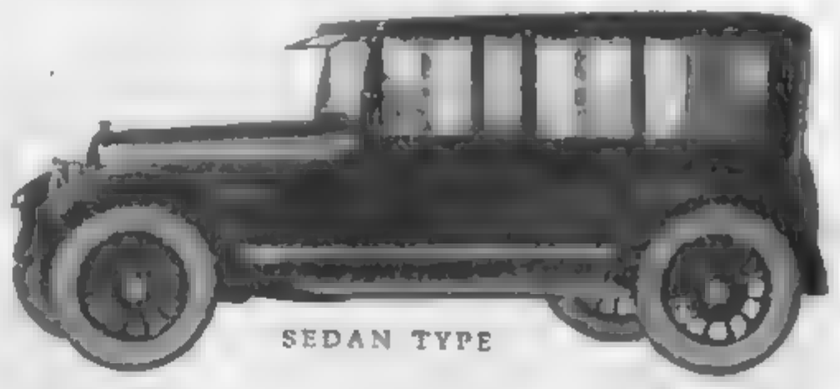

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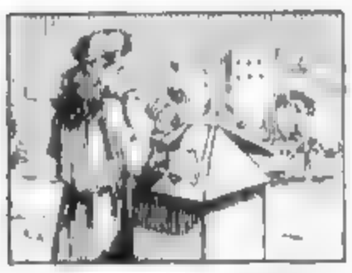

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Sledge, shoots two hund'ed! Lodge folks, watch de second degree!"

His invitation was superfluous, for by that time the crap table had become the center of interest. Sons of Damon, straining in store clothes and the yaller sashes of their order, with one accord bent their plumed headgear in the direction of the big-money game. Above open mouths, in the half light of the room, white eyeballs rolled in weaving platoons.

"Dat boy gone hog wild! Bet ol' Sledge quit befo' long. Look at dat Sledge man sweat!"

"Shoots two hund'ed! Shoots de scenery—'less de bank is feeble!"

"Bank's all right. Shoot!"

The Wildcat's hand gyrated about his head and returned to the level of the table. Hardly touching the green cloth, the twin cubes leaped toward the fenced edge and bounced halfway back, spinning with that certificate of virtue without which no crap shooter in a house game would long retain his health and strength.

"Wham! I reads 'em rollin', an' when dey rests dey tells de worl'. Jury wid de fo'man A.W.O.L.! Dat's 'leven! I drags down de widder's mite an'—whut dat you say, Lily?"

An eager Son of Damon had stepped on Lily's foot and the mascot's remonstrance lifted sharply above the Wildcat's words.

"Blaa-a!"

"Goat, you say let it ride? Sledge, us lets it lay. Dat mascot neveh guessed wrong yit! Shoots de fo' hund'ed!"

"Wilecat, keep de ivory a minnit till de bank visits de safe."

Sledge stood up and walked toward the little room. En route, with two slight inclinations of his head he summoned a brace of followers. When the door had closed behind them the trio went into executive session. Sledge whispered three quick orders.

"Dis is de las' pass," he confided. "I tells him Ise done. When he leaves—all I tells you is fetch back de cash, an' use de blackjack. No blades. Don't want no p'lice findin' nothin' a tall! Dat's dat!"

Sledge returned to his place at the table and counted out four hundred dollars. He laid it down.

"Wilecat, de bank announces de finish fade. You is reached de play limit fo' de night." To himself he added another reservation. "If he makes dis pass it's de las' one he makes till some fool fades him in hell!"

At the Wildcat's side, sensing the fatal consequences of success, Demmy tried again to drag his companion away from the game.

"Wilecat, fo' de las' time I tells you dem 'lasses needs de tanks changed. Come on wid me befo' dey busts."

"Demmy, at res'! As you is! Git calm! I leaves wid you when I shows dese lodge boys dis bank-bustin' pass wid de dynamite dice. Leggo! Watch de cyclone seed git big!"

He turned to the wide green table. He held the dice in his left hand and reached down gently with his right until his exploring fingers encountered Lily's uplifted head.

"Lily, I tags you fo' luck."

He transferred the dice to the luck-infested fingers of his right hand. For an instant he was calm, dispatching to his finger tips a summons for the exquisite technic of absolute control; then, "Rifle dice, de las' ca'tridge! Bam! An' twins in de jitney! Five-dooce!"

The Wildcat reached for the money and parked it quickly in the depths of his pocket.

"Sledge, me an' Lily bids you good night. Lodge folks, sho proud to know you. Sez good night 'till de nex' session." He turned to the door. "Come on heah, Demmy. Us got to 'range dem 'lasses. Come 'long, Lily. Say good night to de meetin'."

"Blaa-a!" The mascot spoke her farewell as clearly as she could with her face crowded with a five-cent cigar that had been dropped by an excited Son of Damon. "Ba-a! Blaa-a!"

Under the ripple of laughing comment that followed the mascot's message Sledge whispered three words to a pair of desperate brunets beside him.

"Git him now!"

Ten feet behind the Wildcat and Demmy the messengers of violence followed to the exit. At the door the Wildcat turned for a moment and looked back.

"Seems quieted down a lot, Demmy. Us must of killed de evenin's joy wid dat las' pass."

He faced the door. Behind him the brace of sluggers stepped forward to follow him into the night.

"Demmy, seems like de ruckus is all died down."

The Wildcat stepped through the door, into the dark, as Demmy voiced his reply, and on the instant, Demmy's words were smothered a mile deep beneath the crash of a new ruckus that lifted around the pair. Then, ahead of him, Demmy heard the Wildcat's voice above the tumult.

"Lawd, Lady Luck, float me high!"

In the faint light Demmy saw the Wildcat grab for Lily, and then he felt a grip of steel about his wrist.

"Demmy, dey's a deep flood! I drags you out!"

Around the Wildcat's waist, down the gully leading to the room where the evening's ruckus had so lately died, whirled a black eddying stream on whose surface rode twisted rafts of tank staves and timbers from the wrecked tank house. In the rush the blackjack twins met defeat. The Wildcat, doubly burdened, stumbled once and disappeared beneath the flood. He came up, spouting like a whale and shaking his head free from its intimate covering. "Whuf! 'Lasses! Kick wid yo' feet, Demmy! Dey's high groun' close! 'Lasses tanks an' dat crap game both bust de same minnit! Feel wid yo' feet! Kain't keep me an' dis goat's haid up much longeh. Whuf! Lawd, heah's de high groun'!"

Heavily freighted and swimming hard against the current of molasses that swirled down the gully, the Wildcat felt the solid earth under him. Five seconds later he and his two companions were ten feet up the bank. "Hot dam! Demmy, dat was sho heavy draggin'! Whuf! Stay heah wid Lily whilst I goes back and sees does any Sons o' Damon crave a helpin' hand."

He turned again toward the Sledge establishment. In the dim light shining from the curtained windows of the basement suddenly appeared a rush of panic-stricken Sons of Damon, and each son was trying his pussonal best to unwrap himself free from his oozing shroud of brown liquid. Plumes and sashes, store clothes and complexions were one color now, and the green crap table which had been the field of evening battle was flooded deep with the flowing molasses. Lodge brothers, slicker than diving seals, forgot the ritual of departure and waded to their necks in a wild stampede for the windows.

Demmy scooped enough of the sticky stuff away from his face to permit his organs of speech to function. He reached out a restraining hand and clutched the Wildcat's arm:

"Wilecat, dem 'lasses kain't git mo' dan five feet deep in dat place—runs out de winders to de front street befo' dat. Stay 'way f'm dem folks. Come on wid me whilst nobody kin tell who f'm which. Git gone f'm dis place! Don't ast me nuthin'! Fetch dat goat an 'us busts de leavin' time whilst de bars is down."

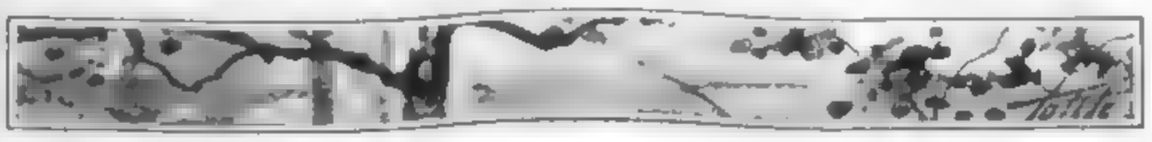
Impressed by his companion's words, the Wildcat guessed the concealed half of Demmy's warning.

"Demmy, Ise wid you!" He turned to the mascot. "Come on heah, goat, an' come runnin'! Le's go!"

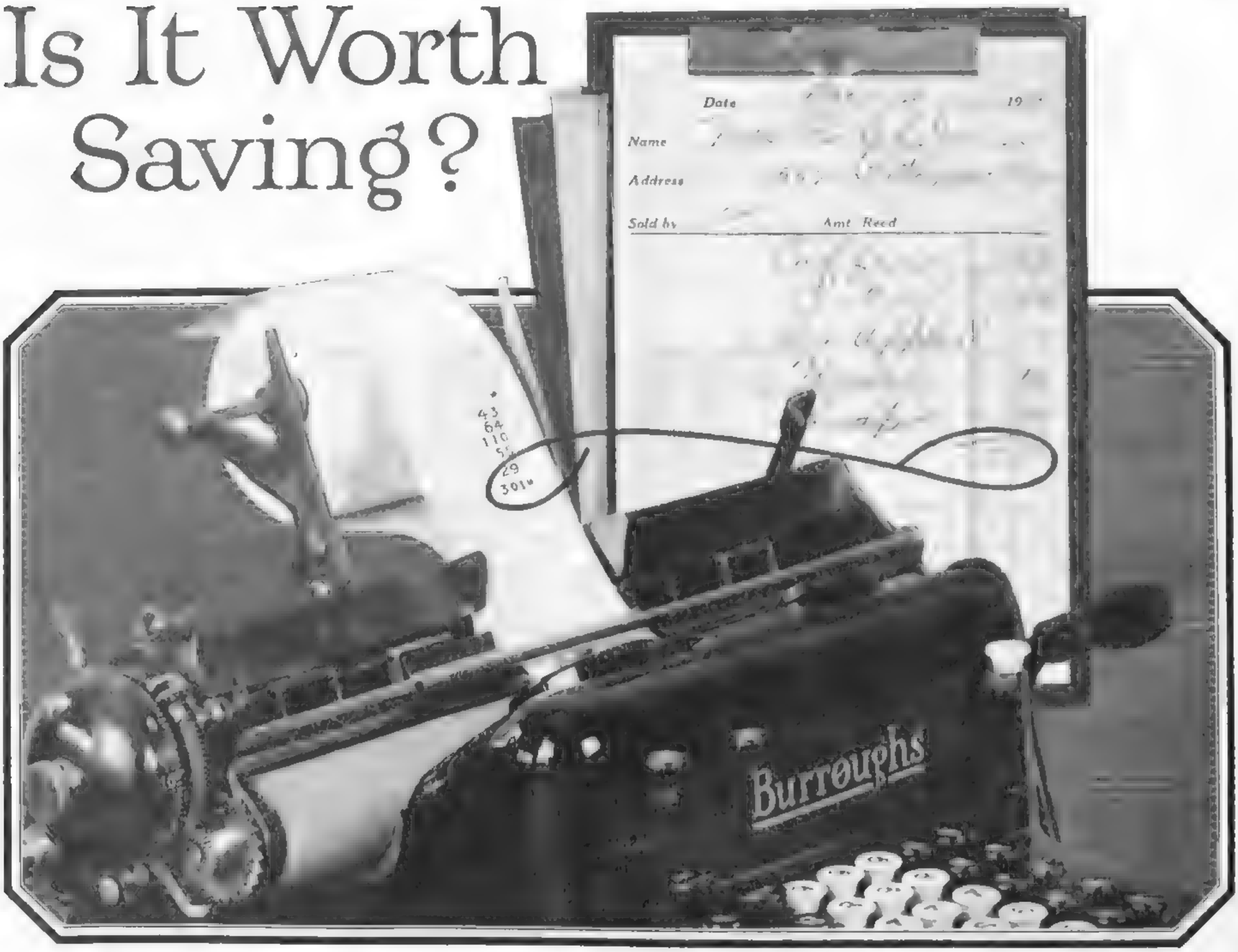
A mile out of town the trio waded into the waters of a little creek, emerging presently fit to travel half as fast as Demmy advised.

"Wilecat, hit de hot foot till us ketches de no'thbound train at de crossin'-tower stop whah you sees dem green lights. Us is lef' dis Ruddville town fo' de las' time."

"Ise comin', Demmy. Ol' town ain't so bad. You an' me made oveh fo' hund'ed dollahs apiece in one day. Heah dem flies headin' fo' dat 'lasses? Town gwine be de county seat fo' all de flies in de worl'. 'Lasses a foot deep in de streets an' all de cellars full. Gran' drinkin' town when de street pavin' begins to fo'ment. Dat town's name ain't Ruddville. Wid 'lasses so clingin', dat town's name is Mud. Git marchin', Lily, befo' you sticks!"



Is It Worth Saving?



IF IT IS worth saving, save it. That's one way to add to retail profits. You may think "Little leaks don't amount to much in my business." Perhaps not; but isn't it worth while to prove it?

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The organization back of this new car is composed of some of the industry's leading and most successful motor car executives.

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This car will sell at a popular price.

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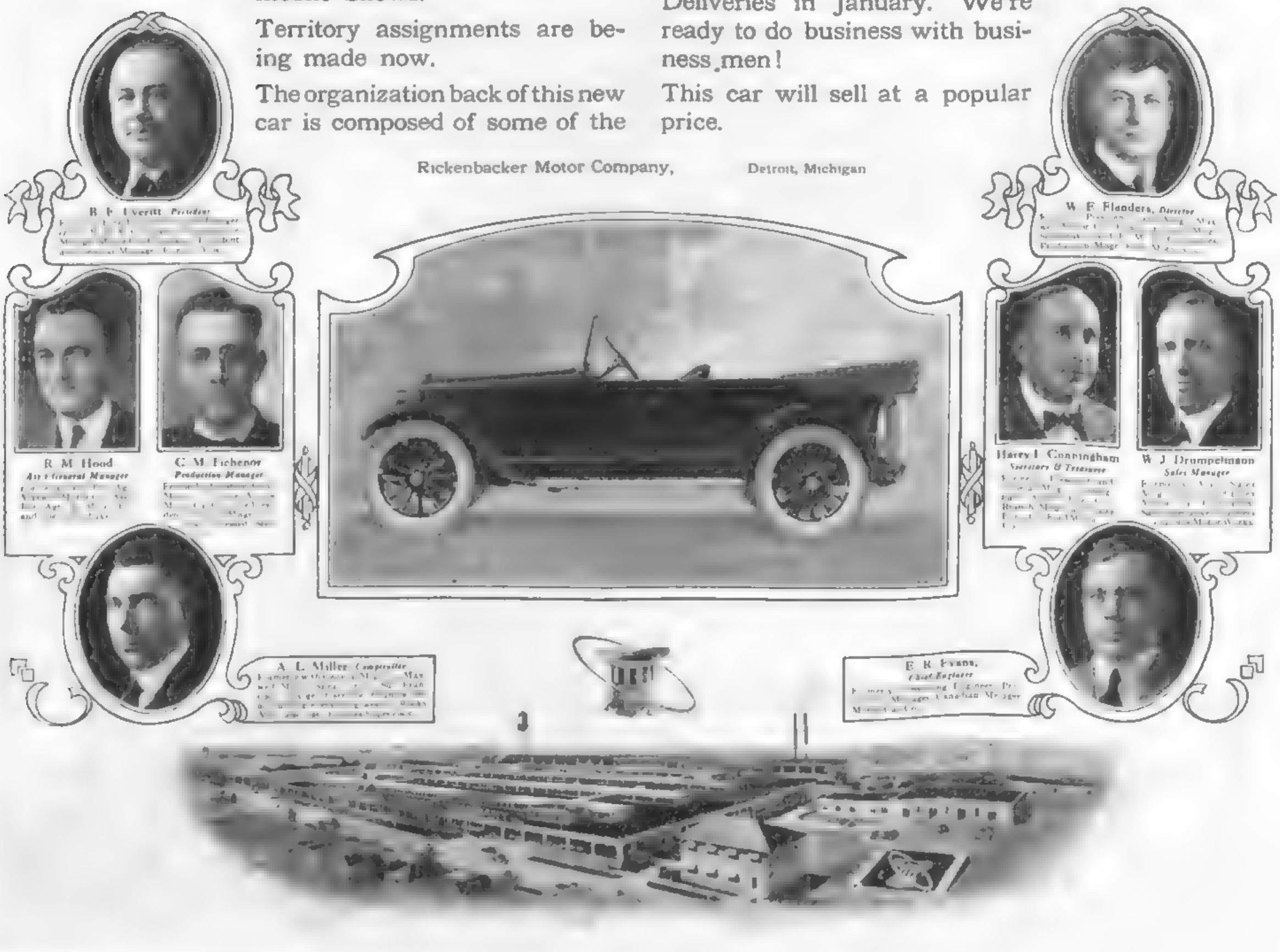

YOUTH WILL BE SERVED

Continued from Page 4.

FIRST CITIZEN: There's the brazen hussy now. Neandy, you take off that shameless thing this minute! Ain't you got no self-respect? What you mean comin' out before company that way?

NEANDY: Don't be silly, pa. *(She smirks and peers over her shoulder to get the trailing effect.)* I admit it's daring, but you'll see all the girls wearing them by next season.

[*The two* CITIZENS *glance at each other uneasily. There is undeniable portent in the girl's words.*

SECOND CITIZEN: I bet that sissy of mine put you up to it.

NEANDY: Nothing of the sort. I got the idea from one of the Cro-Magnon girls—that new family that's taken a furnished cave for the summer over in the next valley. They're a swell lot, all right.

FIRST CITIZEN *(with heavy scorn)*: Cro-Magnon! Hyphen stuff! I bet their right name is Smith or something. Anyhow, you take off that thing, like I said. You can't tell what it might lead to. You're tryin' to attract attention, that's all. I guess the way your pa and ma go round is good enough for you. Hear me?

[NEANDY *and* CLARENCE *regard each other inquiringly and seem to reach a decision as the youth nods. Still they hesitate.*

SECOND CITIZEN: And you, Clarence, you keep away from that trollop. Didn't I warn you a girl that'd stand for bein' asked wouldn't be no good? I guess next time you git to feelin' sentimental you'll take the good old stone hatchet out and court your gal the way I done.

[*The youth and* NEANDY *appear now to have decided. They nod to each other. The grandsire glances up with freshened interest, but resumes his task without speaking.*

CLARENCE: I guess that'll be about all for you, dad. Come over here; I want to show you the scenery.

[*The* SECOND CITIZEN *rises. His rugged face reveals alarm, but he does not dispute the order.*

NEANDY: Come along, too, pa. There's scenery enough for both of you.

FIRST CITIZEN: Why, Neandy, ain't you got no proper reverence fur age?

[*He arises protestingly, but follows, as he knows he must. The young people walk over to the edge of the cliff with their fathers and presently return without them. This age is simple, direct, with almost no trace of the circuitous in its methods.*

NEANDY *(as they return to near the cave entrance)*: Botheration! I forgot ma. While we're at it we might as well ——

CLARENCE: Has she been ——

NEANDY: Twice this morning she told me girls in her time didn't talk back the way I do.

CLARENCE: Ain't it the limit? And I thought the old girl was good for a couple of years yet. However ——

NEANDY: Oh, ma, come over here and get the lovely view!

[*The old lady comes, though with visible misgiving. The young people escort her to the cliff edge. As they presently return without her they observe with speculative eyes the laboring grandsire.*

CLARENCE: How about him?

NEANDY: Perhaps. No, wait; let him talk a little first. *(She addresses the old gentleman crisply.)* Say, grampa, how do you like me in this sports skirt? I got it to wear to meat parties, braining affairs—just little informal gatherings.

GRANDSIRE *(glancing up approvingly)*: Why, dear me! That's certainly right neat, Neandy. You'll sure have the boys lookin' twice at you now. And say, I saw the dance the two of you was doin' last night, the one your late father was mentionin' a few minutes back. Purty swell steppin', I'll say. Gosh, if I was twenty years younger ——

CLARENCE *(not yet convinced)*: On the level, now, old top, what do you think of us younger set nowadays? Are we all right or all wrong?

GRANDSIRE *(with deep conviction)*: Sure you're all right. You're just another such bunch of young rascals as they was in my time. Little differences here and there, o' course, but you're the same underneath. Neandy, girl, I hate to talk about her so soon afterwards, but I could tell you a few things about your dear departed mother that would make you set up—things before your pa put that fancy dent just above her left ear. I reckon you never knew she had quite some carryin's on with one o' that low Piltdown outfit. One tough bird he was, believe me! Before I got his merry old roof caved in proper I'd busted as purty a bit o' stone work as a body ever saw in these parts.

[CLARENCE *and* NEANDY *regard him approvingly and nod to each other.*

NEANDY: All right, grampa. Hang around the place. I'm glad you don't feel about us the way pa did.

GRANDSIRE: To tell the truth, Neandy, I did feel that way when I was his age, only I had the sense to keep my trap shet. But you git plumb over that foolishness after you got grandchildren. Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, as the feller'll say in a couple hundred thousand years. *(He rises briskly.)* I'm right glad you young mischiefs didn't ask me to look at the view too. Seems like I'm jest beginnin' to git something out o' life besides trouble and worry. Well, I'll leave you alone fur a spell. I'll go in and finish up them pictures your pa was drorin' on the parlor wall, showin' the exercises you got to take to reduce. I know he'd like that. Seems like them two subjects—how to reduce, and how young folks now'days is different—was about all he could talk of just before he was took from us. Well, so long! Your young man better stay to tea. They's some of that chipped hyena left over that's gittin' real tasty.

NEANDY: So long, grampa! And you can bet if ever I have a daughter I'll know how to talk to her right.

CURTAIN

ACT III

TIME—*The present; a summer evening.*

PLACE—*The dining room of a country club. Tables are set along the edge of a space reserved for dancing. Many of the places at these are vacant, their late occupants being engaged in a native dance to music in which the ribald incitement of a saxophone is persistent.*

Among those at a table for five are a father and mother lingering as to age in what might be called the fat, or perhaps the fatuous, fifties. And a grandsire. The two vacant chairs have been left by a son and daughter, now on the floor.

Father takes from the inner pocket of his evening coat one of those modish form-fitting flasks of silver.

It is flat, thin, slightly curved. It is specifically intended to promote lawbreaking, yet is tastefully monogrammed.

FATHER: Another drop of Scotch, father?

GRANDSIRE: Thanks! Just a wee drop, if you've some left.

[*The father pours, dividing between his own glass and that of his father-in-law the remaining liquor.*

MOTHER *(anxiously)*: But what I say, father, living off there in the country as much as you do, you simply can't realize the mad pace our youngsters are going in this day. Times have changed since you left the city. I warn you, you'll be shocked by our pair before the week's out. I dare say this modern-dance craze is largely to blame.

GRANDSIRE *(after a sip of his Scotch and water)*: Mary, don't I seem to recall your mother saying something of that sort a thousand years ago? If I remember, she was blaming it on croquet—the modern croquet craze.

MOTHER: Croquet? How perfectly absurd! You surely wouldn't compare that innocent old diversion with what's taking place before your eyes this moment. *(She leans sidewise in her chair.)* Watch the couple that just passed—the girl in blue—do you note, sir, where her cheek is and where his cheek is? Croquet, indeed!

GRANDSIRE *(mildly)*: I'm only remembering what your mother said, my dear. Croquet and archery. And a few years later surely you recall the roller-skating craze that swept the land and led to such dangerous intimacies. And after that there was the bicycle to be blamed. You surely recall how the bicycle was scored in press and pulpit for the way it brought the young of our species together long excursions, short skirts—that sort of thing. All I can tell you, in my long time if it hasn't been one thing it's been another.

Osteopathy

WHEN John Paton started the tedious digging of a well on the Hebrides Islands, the unlearned natives ridiculed him, saying that water fell from the sky and came not from the earth. But he continued to dig that their lives might be sustained through long periods of drought. Water came! It had flowed beneath their feet those many years and they knew it not.

When old Doctor Still, more than half a century ago, toiled faithfully in the face of ridicule to unearth the truths of Osteopathy, many contended that the sources of health were not *within* the body. But Doctor Still labored on to discover the relation of the body's mechanism to health and normal life. He found wondrous truths! The fundamental principles of Osteopathy had existed always but mankind knew them not. Doctor Still brought them to light and instructed men in the application.

It was not long after the "Old Doctor" started demonstrating his system that those who witnessed believed. Then his character and his ideas were vindicated.

With a heart full of charity, and a beautiful reverence for God and the handiwork He had created in His image, the Doctor was such a man as you would learn to love.

So, finally, the people who came in contact with him and his work, judged him for what his memory now stands—an industrious intellectual giant, whose extraordinary mental and physical vigor translated the human body into an understandable mechanism.

Thus out of the trying years of a staunch old physician's endeavors, was born the science of Osteopathy—a system of healing expressing itself through bringing about and maintaining *normal relation* of all bodily parts. A perfect machine will work perfectly in performance of tasks it is intended to perform. The Osteopathic Physician seeks to bring to perfection the mechanism of the human body, thus producing completely healthful life.

Osteopathy is the science of healing by adjustment of the body, more specifically of the spinal column.

The Osteopathic Physician is trained through four separate school years of nine months each, in all branches necessary for correct diagnosis and processes fundamental to healing.

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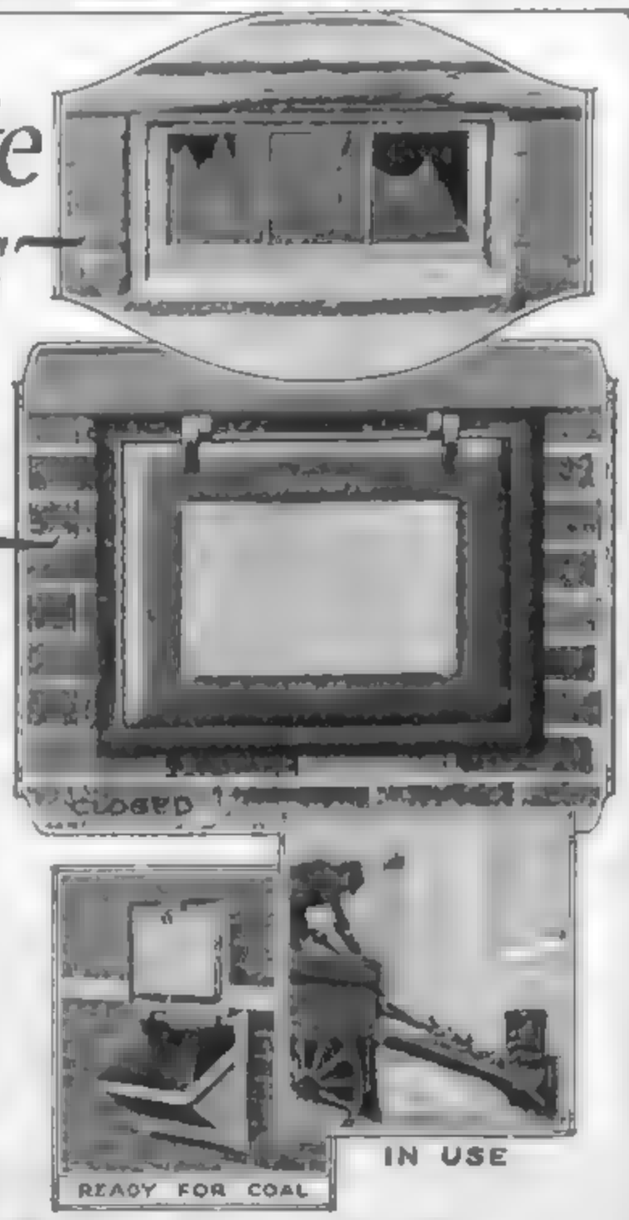

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THE MAJESTIC COMPANY
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Majestic Coal Window

FATHER *(helpfully):* I think what Mary means to say, it's not so much a question of change in sports as of a change in the attitude of these youngsters toward their elders. You're out of it, of course; you can scarcely realize with what a humorous tolerance they regard us. Absolutely no reverence for age.

GRANDSIRE: Reverence? That's a strong word, my boy.

FATHER: Well, respect, if you prefer. They seem not to have the least respect for our opinions any longer. They'll bluntly disagree with us on the most vital topics. Actually that boy of ours makes me shudder sometimes, the cold-blooded way he'll take with me. The most I can expect, apparently, is a sort of pitying contempt for my old-fogyism.

GRANDSIRE: John, precisely how'd you feel toward your own father when you were twenty-one?

FATHER: Ah, I see your point. But you can't fairly compare me now with my father when he was my age. I'm modern, I trust. I'm not hidebound nor a Puritan. Dad was both; a fine old gentleman, but narrow. By the time I was twenty-one he'd become so set there was little real contact between us. He couldn't get my point of view. He seemed to live in another world where all things had become crystallized and were to go on without end in precisely that form, the form he knew and approved of. For instance, he thought Darwin's book should have been suppressed by law. Surely you're not intimating that I'm the reactionary he was in his later years.

GRANDSIRE: I'm not intimating anything. I'm merely comparing your attitude toward him and your boy's attitude toward you.

FATHER: But remember I'm a progressive and he wasn't——

GRANDSIRE: No, no—I tell you the attitudes are the only thing to consider here.

MOTHER: I think I see your point, father, but you really must consider the change that has come about in our young people, regardless of attitudes, as you call them. Take Gertrude, and take me at Gertrude's age. There are two-thirds of that girl's life to which I'm simply not admitted. She goes her own way, makes her own friends, has her own secrets. If you wish to hear that peculiar little dry laugh of hers, tell her she shouldn't be out till all hours with some young chap in his motor car without a chaperon. If you want a new experience, listen while she merely utters the word "chaperon." She somehow conveys to you that the institution is as antiquated as the hoop skirt. And this dancing—— *(She again leans sidewise in her chair.)* Watch her now with that boy she calls Gerald. He's one she sees a good deal of, but I can't recall his last name if I ever knew it. That thing they're doing now is called the shoot-the-chutes clutch. Fancy my having submitted to—and assisted in—that when I was her age.

GRANDSIRE: No, I can't fancy it. But again I'm thinking of attitudes—points of view. I seem to recall your mother telling me that the waltz was a devil's device for throwing young people too close together.

MOTHER: That dear, innocent old waltz. How staid, how severe it seems now!

GRANDSIRE: But you remember, don't you, that your mother did object to it and wished you to dance only the square dances?

MOTHER: Of course the dear thing was quite the least bit austere where I was concerned. But wasn't it good for me? Can you imagine my having had the freedom that Gertrude so coolly claims? Can you imagine me at her age being out till all hours with a—— Why, what is it, father?

GRANDSIRE *(whose face has been working curiously in what he now explains to have been an effort of memory):* I was trying, my dear, to recall the name of a family that had the place next to ours one summer up in the Berkshires—I believe it was the summer you were nineteen. Let me see. Would it have been Patterson? No; not Patterson. Robinson? Nope; not Robinson. Now I have it—Culbertson! You remember the Culbertsons, don't you, Mary? Let's see—my memory for names was always so atrocious!—what was the Culbertson boy's name, that wild young blade who was turning hearts right and left? Alaric? Alexander? Albert?

MOTHER: Does it matter? *(She glances at her husband, who in watching the dancers has become inattentive to the talk.)* Alonzo, father But I wasn't exactly immured in a convent by mother; and, anyway, you can't say——

GRANDSIRE: I was just comparing——

MOTHER: The cases are entirely different.

GRANDSIRE: I'm not denying it. I'm thinking only of attitudes—yours toward your mother, and Gertrude's toward you. Rather alike, aren't they?

MOTHER: It isn't the point. *(She is plainly relieved at the passing of the Culbertson reminiscence and goes swiftly on.)* Just for one thing, take the item of dress with Gertrude, and with me at her age. Can you remember the modest gowns we wore—even party gowns? We were covered, father. Look at that wisp of a thing partially covering Gertrude.

GRANDSIRE: My dear, I still distinctly recall the incident of your first party gown without sleeves. You had privately suborned the dressmaking woman, and your dear mother was spared the dreadful sight until the thing was on you. She spoke ably, you may remember.

MOTHER: But you don't compare that with Gertrude's rather startling equipment. Surely bare arms were innocent enough.

GRANDSIRE: Bare legs, too, if they chanced to be the mode. I hope, my dear, you have gathered from your random reading of the past that modesty and morals must have come into being long before a stitch of clothes was worn. The variations in sartorial convention have been wide and form an interesting study, but one to be kept entirely apart from the study of morals. There has never been the least relation between the two. The effort to make it appear otherwise is the fruit of lazy thinking on the part of those who are shocked at each change, and blame it on the cause nearest at hand. The outcries of these people are invariably amusing to those in the know.

Perhaps you don't recall an occurrence on the stage of a prominent New York theater one night only twenty-five years ago. A certain attractive soubrette whose name I still cherish revealed in the course of a dance that she was wearing socks instead of full-length hose. Her skirt was long, but in her gyrations the dreadful revelation was made. Unless you actually recall it you can have little notion of the sensation that followed. Editorials were evoked by it in which New York was compared most unfavorably with certain Biblical municipalities of ill repute. And several societies for the prevention of—I forget their names, but you might lump them under the general title of The Society for the Prevention of Others—tried to have the constabulary suppress this shocking display. Naturally Broadway flocked to witness it. And mind you, this was years after that most austerely moral of plays, The Black Crook, had accustomed audiences to the spectacle of the human leg—all of it—clad in tights. Here was merely a fleeting glimpse of some three inches of bare calf about the top of a pink sock when this saucy baggage would flirt her ankle-length skirt—and all the forces of Indignant Right were up in arms.

My word, what a simple day it was! I couldn't help but reflect on this last night, when you and John and I sat at that new girl show. I was really not aware of the lengths to which what I may call the bare-legged drama had proceeded. As I watched the utterly frank epidermal display—the merest commonplace to-day, as I understand—I remembered poor little Merri and her comparative reticence that induced a city-wide scandal. But actual morals were concerned at neither time, my dear. Indeed, I learn that shrewd managers are reverting to the gossamer tight for their beauties, having divined, just as some witty coquette of the old stone age undoubtedly did, that a covering of sorts is so much added lure to the human frame. Trust your own child to know as much. Yours is the radical sex; the male is ever the conservative. She will experiment, but she will never wear so little as to make herself unattractive; and her experiments will affect neither her modesty nor her morals.

MOTHER: Very well, leave dress aside. But what about the drinking these young people do? Do you realize that probably one-half those boys out there are carrying liquor in their pockets, or have it out in their cars? Do you know that not only the boys drink but the girls too?

GRANDSIRE: You, I believe, drank wine with us at the table in your late girlhood.

MOTHER: But that was so simple, so normal. It was a part of our food. The young men at parties didn't carry flasks, and the girls didn't drink away from home.

(Continued on Page 89)

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

How Do *You* Buy Your Spark Plugs?

How much does it cost you in a year to experiment with spark plugs for your car?

Don't buy spark plugs carelessly, it is costly.

Inferior spark plugs mean poor performance, big gasoline consumption and frequent plug replacement.

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Can You give him work?

4 million like him need work now

YOU owe it to the man without a job to find one for him, if you have work that needs to be done.

You owe it to the man without a job, to buy — and buy now — materials that his labor can supply, if you or your business have good use for these materials.

Every extra day's work you cause to be done *now* takes men off the streets.

Every dollar you use *now* for worth-while purposes puts money into circulation.

Every dollar you put into circulation employs men — checks business depression — hastens business prosperity.

Relieve Unemployment by Maintaining Your Property

Mr. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce and Chairman of the President's Conference on Unemployment, has rendered a report giving the recommendations of the conference. Please read the sixth clause of that report:

Private houses, hotels, offices, etc., can contribute to the situation by making repairs and alterations and doing cleaning during the winter instead of waiting until spring, when employment will be more plentiful.

The eleventh clause, which deals with the construction industry, contains this:

Considering all branches of the construction industry, more than 2,000,000 people could be employed if construction were resumed.

The findings of the conference showed clearly that acute unemployment can be promptly relieved *if the public will act.*

Property maintenance presents a large field where *action* will benefit equally both the owners and the unemployed.

You have an interest in or own some kind of property —your home, an automobile, a factory or store—perhaps a railroad.

Neglect of your property means direct loss to you and economic loss to the whole country.

A firmly established principle that applies to the maintenance of practically every kind of property is *surface protection* by means of paint or varnish.

Paint and Varnish NOW!

Winter is as good a time as any for all kinds of interior painting and varnishing.

Don't wait till spring to have it done. Painting and varnishing done now will relieve unemployment, when relief is most needed, and will save the surface of valuable property.

The paint brush is our greatest weapon against property deterioration and its by-products — dirt, disease, ugliness, depression.

The painter's brush spreads more than paint and varnish. With every stroke it spreads economic maintenance, cleanliness, health, beauty, cheer — the ingredients of prosperity. Put the paint brush to work *now*—this winter—and you will share in a public service to meet the national emergency of unemployment.

* * *

Today it costs less to paint than it did. The cost of materials has led in the downward economic trend of manufactured products. But no matter what it costs, the fact remains that it always costs more not to paint than to paint. Rust and rot go on till you check them. The logical time to paint and varnish is NOW.

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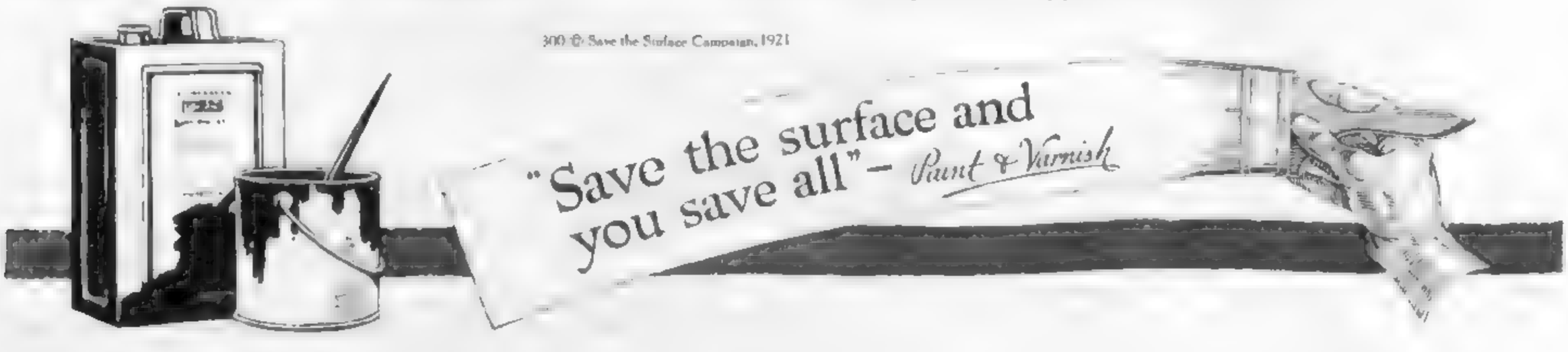


(Continued from Page 86)

GRANDSIRE: I'll not defend the drinking, my dear, but perhaps I can explain it. In the first place, healthy boys and girls like those out there don't really care for drink. They don't like whisky, care little even for wine. In the old days when boys drank at all they did it to be smart, and they didn't bring whisky to dances because that was emphatically not smart. But now, under a law the wisdom of which I feel incompetent to question, that very thing has become smart. It has become smart merely to possess liquor. I gather that in this day the man who can't produce a flask of whisky is rather a social nobody. The possession of one gives prestige, a distinction that not a multitude of merely social graces could impart. It's not a pretty situation, but don't blame the young people for bringing it about. And why expect this younger set to differ from your own? John brings his Scotch here and is not averse to confidences about the excellence of his cellar. Only this afternoon I heard him extol a barrel of prime old rye he had clandestinely purchased from one of the later captains of industry. What can you expect from your youngsters? You say the law is good, and believe that the sellers of liquor should be punished, but you rather exalt those who merely buy. Certainly no disrepute attaches to the purchaser. For three years I've been searching for a good citizen in the higher walks of life—meaning by that one who, accustomed to the use of liquor in the old days, would now refuse to buy it because the law forbids its sale. I have not yet found him—or her; and I have a wide acquaintance, as you know, among what we call the best people. Imagine the social and official distinction of my clientele, if, for example, I should go to Washington and let it be known I had one dozen cases of decent Scotch that I would part with at an indecent price. Don't try to think who would flock to me. Try to think who wouldn't. It's harder. Very well, then. So long as the possession of liquor means social distinction, so long as the purchaser is a notch or two above the nonpossessor, you must expect your young people to do more drinking than formerly. Why not, when it's smarter now than formerly? But I wouldn't worry too much, at that. Paul has made the team, hasn't he? The trainer will take that nonsense out of him. And doesn't Gertrude hold her class record for pole-vaulting or the hundred-yard dash or something?

MOTHER: Father, you're hopeless. You simply can't see as John and I see. You get one side of our perplexity, but you're too detached to get the other, the more intimate side. If you could hear Gertrude sometimes ——

FATHER: Yes, or if he could hear Paul putting me in my place when we happen to disagree about what he should or shouldn't do. As a matter of fact I often feel they can't really be our children at all. I simply don't know them.

GRANDSIRE: But your father, I'm sure, didn't know you; and I surely didn't know Mary.

MOTHER: There the old dear goes again—attitudes!

FATHER *(extinguishing his cigarette):* Come on, Mary, let's do this fox trot. We're both overweight.

MOTHER *(pushing back her chair):* And I didn't have time for my exercises this morning. *(She turns to the aged one as she rises.)* Do you think, father, we've been too easy with the children? Should we have been stricter?

GRANDSIRE: It wouldn't have made the least difference—perhaps you could have made them wilder rebels.

(The couple dance off with rather a vehement lightness. The old man regards the moving throng. The lewd pleading of the saxophone stirs his ancient blood. "By Jove!" he murmurs. "If only I were twenty years younger!" This is a moderate wish. He would then be sixty-five. He is now joined by his granddaughter, who is left at the table by an admiring youth after he has danced repeatedly with her. She is a pretty girl in a pretty frock, her age in the late tumultuous teens. She is flushed from dancing and possibly from the ardent regard of the departing youth. She sips from a glass of water, and touches up her nose with a powder pad.

GRANDSIRE: Having a good time, child?

GERTRUDE: Perfectly fine, granddad!

(She takes a cigarette from her father's case. The old man holds a lighted match for her.

GRANDSIRE: Gertie, dear, how do we old people impress a young thing like you? I often wonder.

(GERTRUDE makes an "O" with her scarlet lips and lazily exhales smoke. She regards this absently a moment, then brushes it aside as something clouding her vision.

GERTRUDE: Grandpop, you're an old dear, aren't you?

GRANDSIRE: Conceded, my love; but what about your revered parents, now so agile in the dance? How do they seem?

GERTRUDE *(grimacing slightly):* They're dears, too, but they don't understand about things nowadays. They're not like you and—well —— *(She hesitates.)* It's this: they're positively noxious with advice.

GRANDSIRE: Do you think you and your brother respect them enough? Have you lost the right reverence for age?

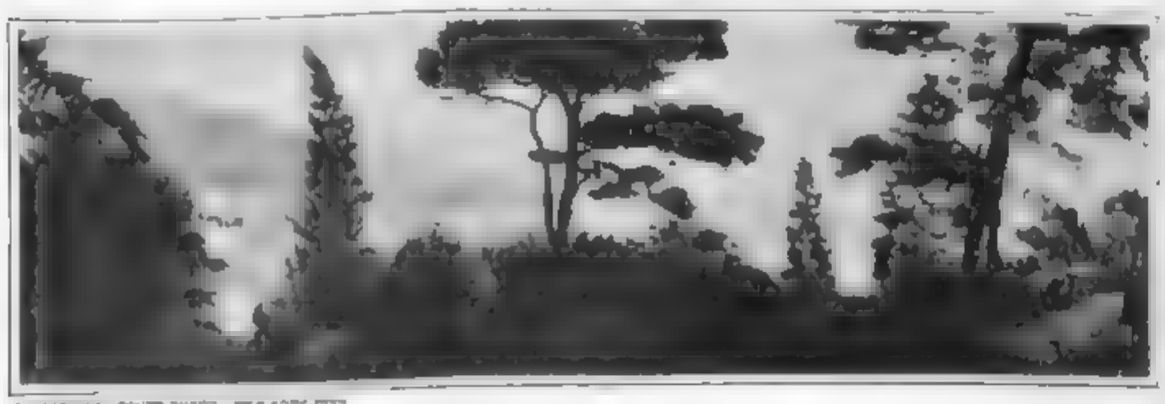
GERTRUDE *(eying him shrewdly):* Those two been filling you up, or have you been reading articles? *(She considers seriously.)* I suppose we respect them in a way. I don't know, as to reverence. Say, how about that anyway? Why should you reverence people because they're old?

GRANDSIRE: Think of all they've done for you since you were helpless little polyps provided for you, taught you, protected you—*(vaguely)*—all that sort of thing.

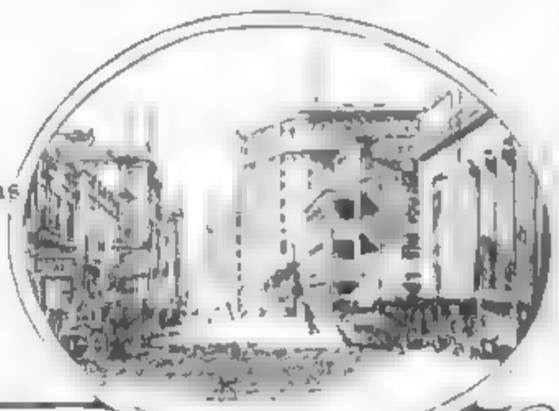
GERTRUDE: I do think of that. I love them to death and it would be terrible if anything happened to them. But that isn't reverence. *(She is persistent.)* Why should I reverence someone because he's old? If I ought, then I ought to reverence Gerald's father, who's even older than dad; and if you can get a peek at him down at the corner table you'll see that's out of the question. After all, grandpop—I know it sounds like all kinds of ugly conceit—but aren't we young ones the only people of any importance in the world? The others have quit. Nature doesn't expect anything more of them. Lots of old people I know are just like dried stalks in a garden. Others are still fit to work a lot of the world's machinery, but they're doing it for us. If there's reverence due, or respect—except the kind you feel without being told to feel it—seems to me it's due to us. We're the big thing. We're another generation and another problem, and we've got to solve ours in our own way, as they solved theirs in their way.

GRANDSIRE: You get something besides athletics in that college of yours, don't you?

GERTRUDE *(airily):* Oh, a few little things. Granddad, you know sometimes I get thinking, and I simply can't understand how those two can be my father and mother. They're so different. I suppose perhaps it's because with them everything's settled. Nothing big can ever happen to them. But wouldn't you think they'd understand that the big things are still to come to us, and that we must go out to turn them up as they once went out to turn up their own? That's what I feel when the music's going and I'm dancing—something wonderful is coming—just around the corner. It's mine, and when it comes I'll take it. It keeps running through my head like a song. And all the time I hear the good advice and cautions and warnings, world without end, but something inside says



A View of Nice and Monte Carlo Through the Trees



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"Pay no attention to it—don't listen—forget it." It's so wonderful I can't stop to think sober thoughts. And I can't live the way mother would have me; she'd have me live the way she does now, not the way she did when she was my age. *(She looks up at the old man with a sudden thought.)* Granddad, she wasn't always like this, was she? When she was nineteen she didn't take life too darned hard, did she?

GRANDSIRE *(guardedly)*: Well, she was she was like other girls.

GERTRUDE: She was! Say, wouldn't that make you cry after the ceremony! But I'm glad you told me. I can be kinder to her, now I know it. And I want to tell you one solemn thing, you old dear, something I've made up my mind to in a very serious moment. *(Raptly she stares through the smoke of her cigarette into the wondrous future. She is serene, assured.)* I'll not make the mistake some mothers make. If ever I have a daughter I shan't put myself apart from her when I'm forty or fifty. We shall be chums. I'll never be heard telling her that girls in my time were different. I'll know how to understand her, sympathize with her, hope with her, want with her—all that.

[She comprehensively waves a hand at the beckoning future she has so accurately mapped.

GRANDSIRE: Of course you will, dear! How splendid that will be!

[But as the girl is whirled off by GERALD *the old man is seen to be chuckling as if in the hugest enjoyment of some secret knowledge.*

CURTAIN

ACT IV

TIME—*Always.*

PLACE—*Just Beyond.*

CHARACTERS *The collaborating dramatists of the foregoing:*

GROWTH FORCE, INCESSANT PLASTICITY OF THE HEREDITY-CHROMATIN, TENDENCY TO DIVERGE *(a practical joker)*, LAW OF ANCESTRAL REPETITION *(less a law than a fetish, having never been more than very loosely enforced. Not altogether a joke, but enough so to be funny—or tragic).*

These characters, who have observed the preceding scenes in an hour of their time, now linger in the gray shadows of their habitat.

LAW OF ANCESTRAL REPETITION *(complainingly)*: I should think you people would begin to listen to me. Can't you see now how perfectly things would go if we could get rid of this pestilent fellow? *(With a bony and accusing finger he indicates* TENDENCY TO DIVERGE.)

He's the one that makes all the trouble. He's simply an element of discord. He upsets all my plans.

TENDENCY TO DIVERGE *(resoundingly smiting the venerable brow of the last speaker with an inflated bladder which he carries tied to a stick)*: That for you, Old-Timer! *(To the others.)* You know well enough how far you'd got if it hadn't been for me. Fancy his having had his way. We'd never have gone beyond the single cell.

LAW OF ANCESTRAL REPETITION: Why should we have left that, when everyone was as alike as two peas in a pod?

TENDENCY TO DIVERGE: And about as interesting. Do you fellows remember the row he kicked up when I ended the old fashion by which cells multiplied—just by splitting in two? Remember how he accused me of bringing sex into the world, and all the trouble he said it would make?

LAW OF ANCESTRAL REPETITION: Well, and hasn't it? Take the item of poetry, or unequal suffrage, the womanly woman, divorce

TENDENCY TO DIVERGE: Yes, I know all your arguments, problem plays and triangles, and so on. But can't you see we weren't getting anywhere with you in control? And there have been compensations. *(He jests again.)* Why, we wouldn't even have geometry if it hadn't been for the triangle. You're all right in your way, old dear, and you can stick with us, but you needn't think you'll ever count for much. *(He dances off to join* GROWTH FORCE *and* INCESSANT PLASTICITY OF THE HEREDITY-CHROMATIN, *who have listened to him with approval. Arm in arm between them he calls back.)* Follow on, old pippin—we'll tolerate you.

LAW OF ANCESTRAL REPETITION *(following along, grumbling)*: But where do you chaps think you're going, anyway?

[The three figures ahead of him dance off down the interminable vista. Their chant comes back to him:

Don't ask us. We don't know. We never did know. We never shall know. We only know we're on our way, and a merry old time we're having—an everlastingly merry old time!

CURTAIN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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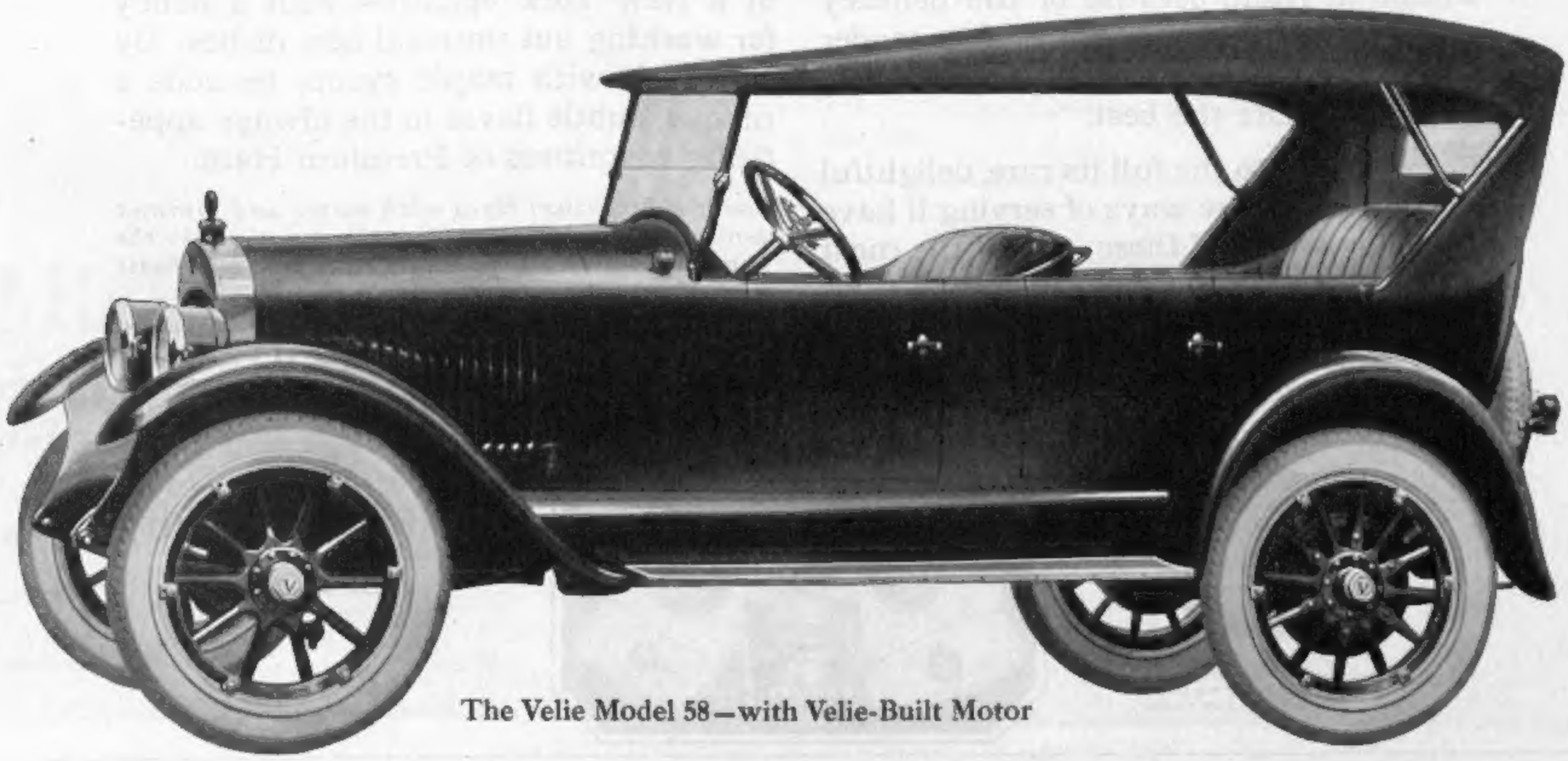
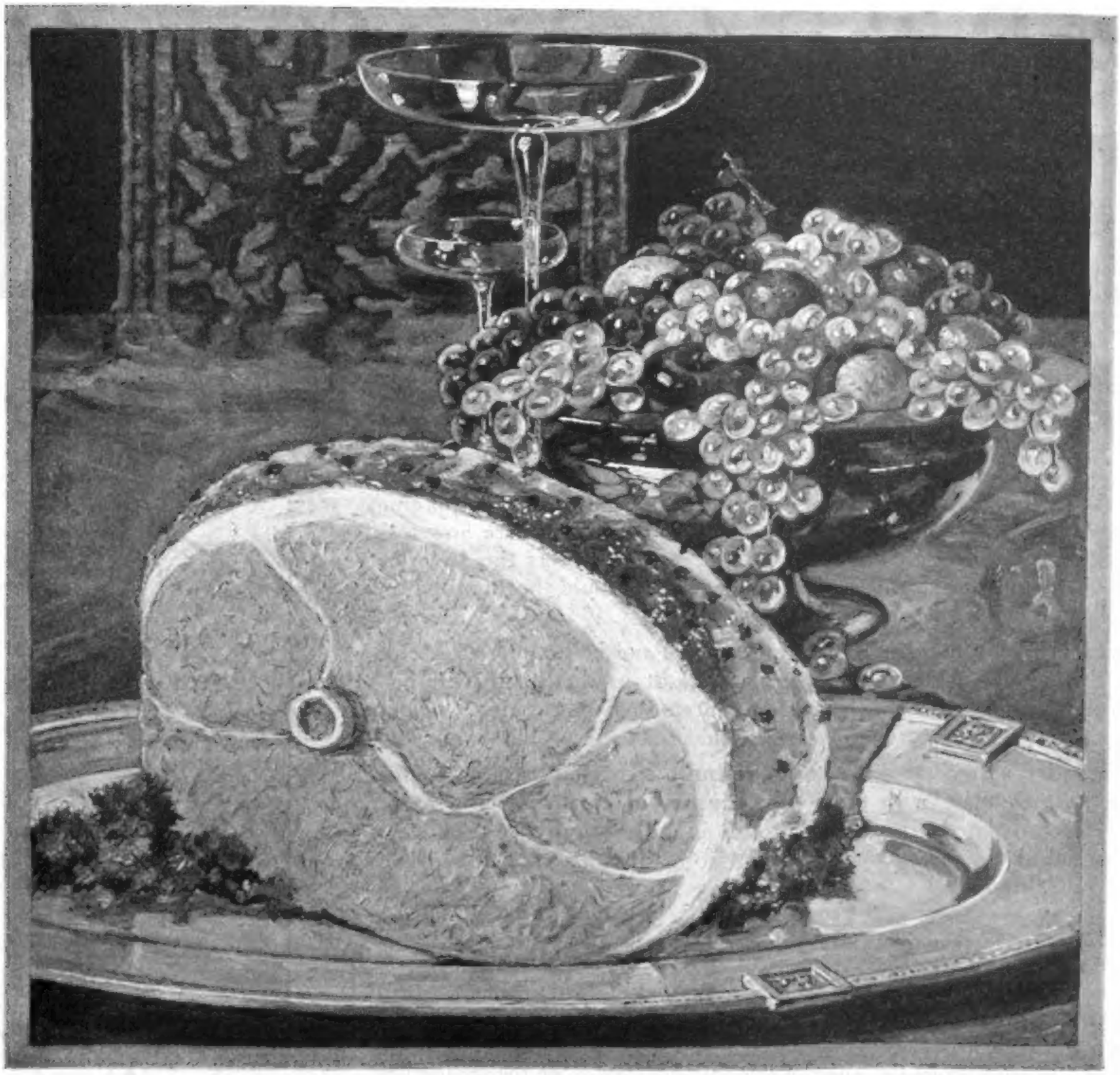


The Velie Model 58—with Velie-Built Motor



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